

*The Australian*

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BIRTHDAY  
OF THE  
LAWSON QUINS**

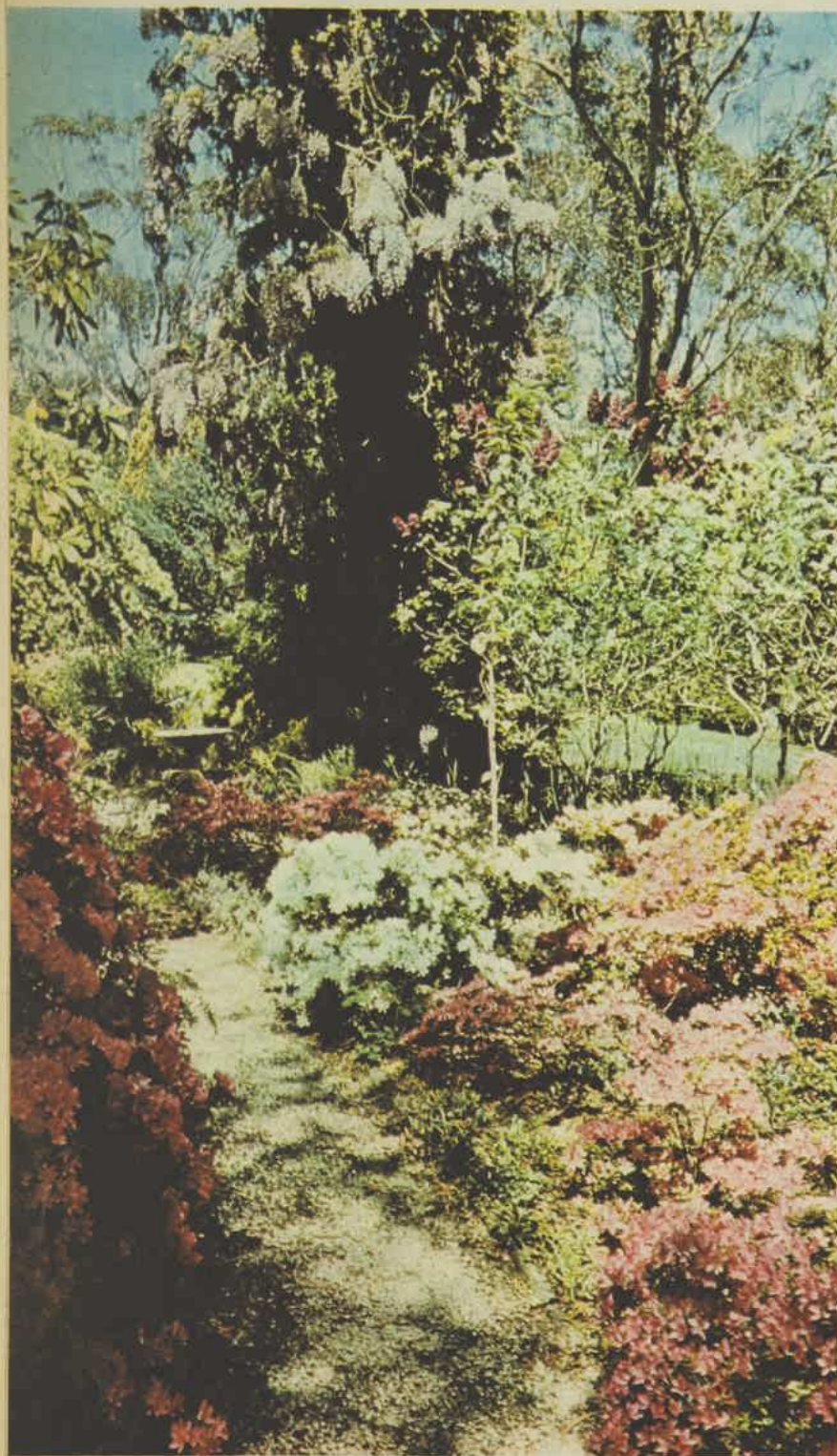
More pictures — page 19



**INDEX — SEE PAGE 22**

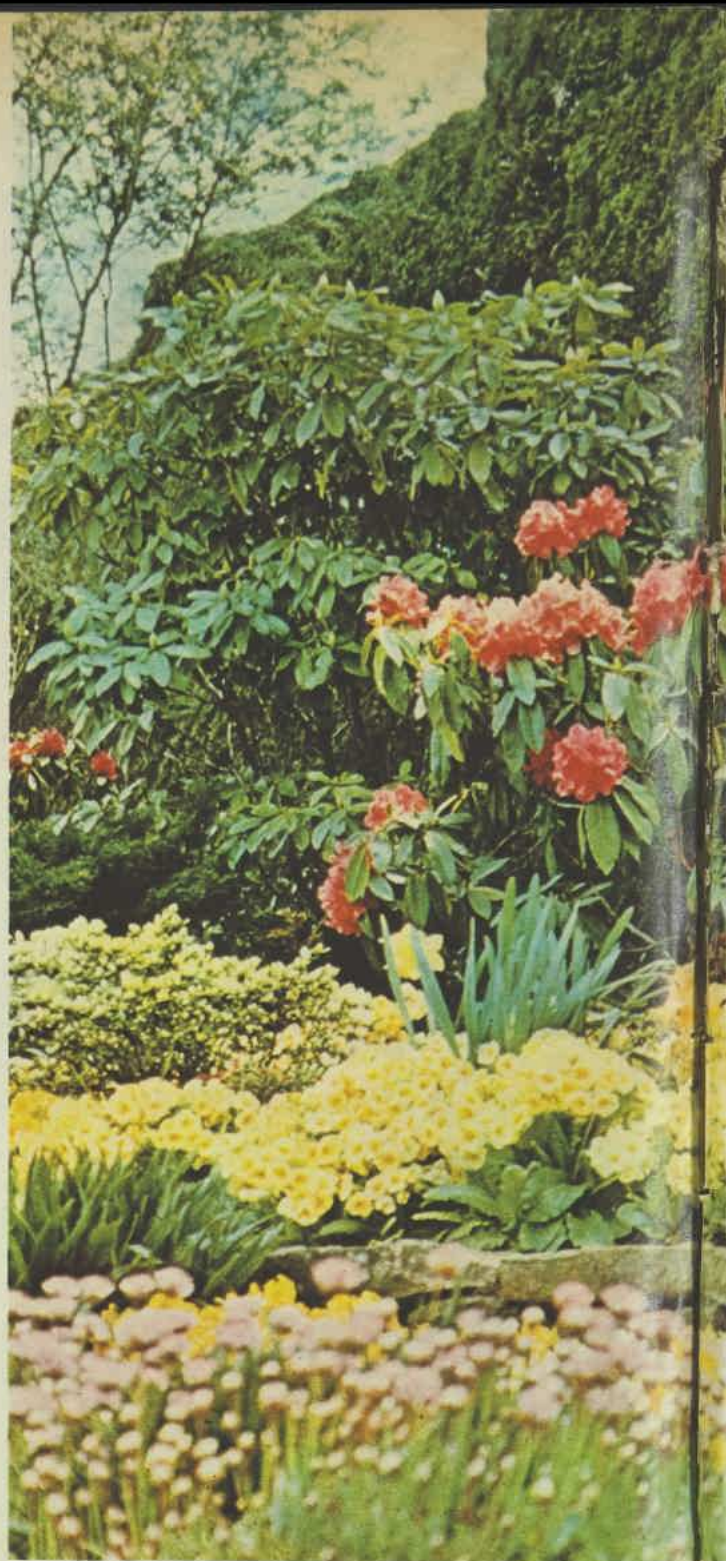


## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA



● Shaded walk featuring azaleas with a magnificent wisteria climbing a tree in the garden of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. North's home at Elourea, Leura, N.S.W.

The gardens pictured here are two of six that will be open for public inspection during the Leura Gardens Festival on October 15, 16, 22, and 23 to aid the Blue Mountains District Anzac Memorial Hospital.



## The Bounty of Spring

● Spring in the cooler areas of Australia brings a rich bounty of color in flowers to gladden the heart of every beauty-lover. Gardens that have seemed bare and lifeless in winter suddenly cascade in a riot of bloom and blossom. Trees take on new green and everywhere the colors mix and match in one splendid salute to the new season. These two gardens are at Leura in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W.





● Galaxy of color (above) in Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Stevens' garden at Ewanrigg, Leura, with rhododendrons, azaleas, polyanthus, violas, and thrift.

● Another charming scene (right) in Dr. and Mrs. A. L. North's garden. Azaleas are brilliant with color and low-growing plants add interest; typical of the bounty of the Australian spring.







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# WALT THE WOMBAT HAS A FUTURE IN FILMS



**NATURALIST** Eric Worrell with the reluctant wombat at his Gosford animal sanctuary.

*... But training animals for a movie  
can be a frustrating occupation*

**W**ALT the hairy-nosed wombat was definitely not amused. Admittedly the sun was shining, but the morning air was crisp, so what better place to be than curled up in a warm hollow log?

Instead, here he was with his head pulled out of the log, persistent voices hammering in his sleepy ears: "Come on, Walt, lift your chin up, put your paws out a little further. Come on, boy."

He blinked into wakefulness and his re-

signed expression clearly said, "Strange creatures, but I suppose if I do what they ask they'll go away and leave me in peace." So he lifted his chin and pushed his paws forward.

Staff photographer Keith Barlow and I met Walt and his friends recently when we called on Eric Worrell at his zoo sanctuary at Gosford, N.S.W., to photograph some of the 200 animals, reptiles, and birds he and his staff have been trying to train.

Mr. Worrell's task is to get them all accustomed to being handled so that they can be used effectively in a forthcoming Australian film, work on which is about to begin.

The film, "Boomer," described as one of the biggest of Australian productions, is the story of a migrant couple on a far outback sheep property and their relationship with a red kangaroo.

A combined English and American pro-

Story by GLORIA NEWTON, pictures by KEITH BARLOW

Continued overleaf



# WALT THE WOMBAT HAS A FUTURE IN FILMS



GREY KANGAROOS are much the easiest to handle.



MAMA SNARLED at him, her bottom lip jutting.



DINGO PUPS are friends with Kim Worrell, 16.

From page 5

duction, it will be directed by Paul Kenworth, an acknowledged master of animal films, who made "The Living Desert."

Our job, we found, couldn't be hurried. The animals seemed like inquisitive children. They showed flashes of temperament, were docile and angelic — until a second before the camera clicked — or took the whole thing as a game.

For instance, the four roly-poly dingo pups much preferred a romp round the park to sitting together, patiently facing the camera.

We started our tour with the wombats. "They are lovable animals with lots of personality and fairly easy to photograph," Eric told us.

Walt had personality, all right. He captivated us with his large, appealing hazel eyes, twitching nose, and soft, warm fur, and when he did surface from his dreams he was ready to join in anything.

He loved being scratched behind the ears and showed a star's temperament when Tuesday, an ordinary wombat half his size, was brought into the party.

But Tuesday had only one idea, to get back as fast as he could to the warmth of his little hut. And don't get the idea that wombats are slow creatures. Tuesday took off like a greyhound through the scrub, his little legs bobbing in a peculiar motion with Keith, camera aimed, after him.

We tried holding him in a pose, letting him go a second before the picture was taken. But before Keith could click the shutter, Tuesday was nuzzling his ankles, while Walt, appalled at such manners, bared large yellow teeth in criticism.

## Koalas quarrel

"Koalas," suggested Eric. "They are placid creatures and they stay in one place." But when we called on a family of four in their tree they were not in the mood to pose.

Balanced on a stool, Keith pleaded with Mama to "just look this way." The bright-eyed baby on her back was all for it, beaming into the camera, but Mama was sulking.

A shrill, rasping roar hit the air. A young koala had reached across for a nibble at a nearby leaf, and Mama let fly a stream of abuse, her bottom lip jutting, her ears quivering. Then she bit him on the paw.

"Come and see the red kangaroos," said Eric. "I have about 30 here in a bush paddock, and we need a hundred for the film."

"Ten years ago it would have been a simple thing to find a wild herd in the bush—today all you find are carcasses."

"For the past year it has been a matter of

scouring small private zoos, seeking out private owners and begging them to let us have their pets.

"Some of the reds in our herd haven't been trained to mix with the public."

We approached the paddock, a piece of bushland with not an animal in sight.

The two men went ahead into the bush. Suddenly I became aware that I was being followed — and the follower was no lightfoot.

Thump, thump, thump, thump! I quickened my pace and so did the thumps. I aimed to look round, I did an eyes-right and there, level with them, was one enormous, intelligent, inquisitive, friendly brown eye.

It belonged to Fred the emu, and with perfect clarity it was saying, "Hello there, who are you? What's going on around here? Can I be in it?"

Fred thoroughly enjoyed the hour we spent on his home ground and proved an enthusiastic guide and technical adviser, even selecting the kangaroos he thought would make the best models.

The red kangaroos were timid but not frightened. Indeed, one, carrying a joey in her pouch, after trying to evade Keith for a while, suddenly stopped and settled herself into a classic pose as if to say, "Well, here I am—get your picture and leave me alone."

## Kangaroos knew

The afternoon was fading, but Keith wanted to photograph a herd of kangaroos all jumping together.

So we went into the public section of the park, where, on grassy slopes, dozens of tame grey kangaroos lay sunning themselves, scratching lazily or hopping up to lay delicate paws on our arms, pleading with tender eyes for a taste of the puffed cereal that can be bought at the little kiosk.

From some pouches bright-eyed joeys watched; from others only dangling paws were visible.

Busily tearing open a bag of the cereal, one young matron didn't object when Eric reached and brought out her long-legged, bright-eyed joey from her pouch. Between mouthfuls she stooped to let the baby climb back in while the camera clicked rapidly.

"I'll see if we can fix that herd shot for you," said Eric. "It's not their feeding time for another hour, but I'll get the food out and pretend to put it in the trough. That should bring them hopping down together."

Keith stationed himself halfway between the roos and the trough, where Eric, laden with bags of feed, started calling them to dinner.

At the sound of his voice, the roos, as one, became motionless. Then they turned and stared at Eric, at Keith, at each other, sniffed the air, looked at the sun—and went on languidly cropping the grass.

They knew it wasn't their dinner-time.

Defeated by superior intelligence we retreated to Eric's office, where we extracted defenceless little Bartholomew, a pygmy possum, from his nest and set him up on a dead tree branch.

There, with questioning eyes like black currants, tiny ears quivering, he clung with paws and tail while we took his picture.

TUESDAY retreated . . .



PYGMY POSSUM quivered.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 21, 1966





"SHE SETTLED herself into a classic pose . . ." Only male red kangaroos are, in fact, red.

## A JOEY GOES BACK HOME

● This mother of the grey kangaroo species munches placidly while her offspring, not yet ready to look after himself, climbs deftly back into the pouch and, once inside, turns round till his head reappears. Now he can survey the world in safety.







Creamy Carnation...  
richer than milk  
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**Recipes!** The new Carnation Cook Book has many tempting new recipes, all made better with Carnation Milk. Write to Mary Blake, Home Economist, the Carnation Company, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne.





## PATCHWORK BEDCOVER TO CROCHET

● This magnificent bedcover can be a long-term project. Work it to a preselected color scheme, or for a more random effect ask friends and relatives to save scraps of wool from winter sweaters. Directions on page 78.

Picture: Laurence Le Guay.

Model: Del Hancock.

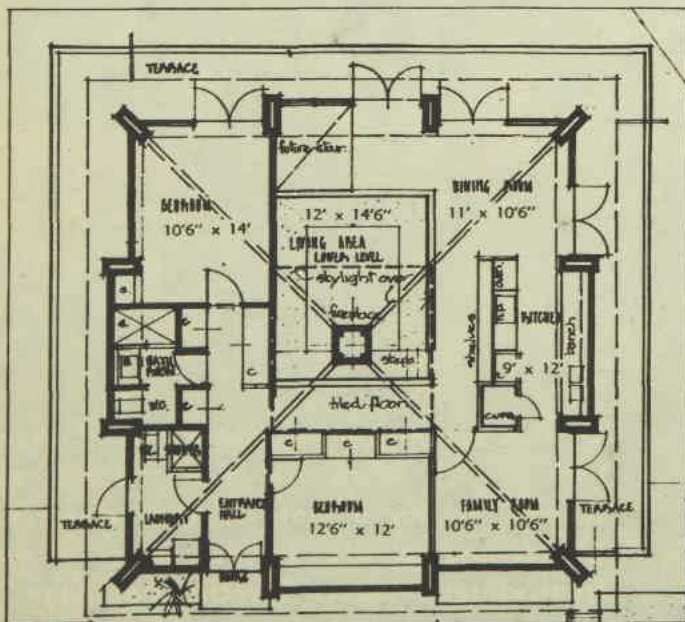


# HALF THE SITE WAS A GULLY



EXTERIOR of Mr. and Mrs. John Stokes' home at Turramurra, N.S.W. Slates on roof came from a demolition.

KITCHEN is between dining-room (beyond archway) and family room. Open shelves hold constantly used articles.



PLAN shows first stage of house. When lower floor is added bedroom at right of entrance hall will become a study.

● Architect John Stokes designed this square timber-and-brick home for his family on a beautiful but restricted site at Turramurra, N.S.W. Half the block consisted of a deep tree-lined gully. So he built the house above it on an area about 60 feet square.

Mr. Stokes planned the house to be built in two stages. The first stage consists of a large, central living area, two bedrooms, bathroom, laundry, kitchen, and small family room. When his two children are older he will add two more bedrooms and a bathroom beneath the present floor.

The interior of the house has a strong feeling of light and space. Ceilings slope sharply to meet a central skylight, and the many sliding windows and glass doors open on to wide, tree-shaded decks. Focal point of the interior is the open living area, with a sunken conversation pit built round the chimney. This sunken area is carpeted, but the walk-round, which forms a passage from the entrance hall, is covered with colorful terracotta tiles.

There are no interior supporting walls. Built-in storage units, seven feet high, some with glass above reaching to the ceiling, are used to separate most rooms. One such wall has storage on the living-room side for books, glassware, and a stereogram, and on the kitchen side, cupboards and a wall oven.

Pictures by Ron Berg  
Story by Ennis Money

MAIN BEDROOM opens on to deck. Glass section of wall at right provides extra light.







SKYLIGHT over conversation pit (above) is of glare-resistant fibreglass. Built-in seats can accommodate 16 people comfortably.

DINING AREA (right) is extension of conversation pit's tiled surround. Family room is at right of polished ash and oak storage wall.





# JOIN THE G-E FLOOR CARE REBELLION!

Down with old-fashioned floor-care methods! Here are the two appliances which have swept America and the world—the appliances that have brought new ease and leisure to over seven million housewives! Why settle for less? Join the rebellion! Demand the finest in a Woman's World — General Electric.



COMPARE THESE TWO, ALL-NEW, 1966 G-E "FLOOR CARE" APPLIANCES WITH ALL OTHERS, THEN STRIKE A BLOW FOR FLOOR-CLEANING EASE!

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Up to 75% more power for real deep-down cleaning!

**JUMBO-SIZED BAG!**  
Up to 2½ times larger! Saves you hundreds of emptying trips!

**EASIEST TO USE**  
Swivel top lets you reach every corner without dragging! Special castors glide at a touch!

**PUSH-BUTTON WANDS!**  
Can't stick, can't rust like old-fashioned push-in types!

**SPECIAL 'DEEP GROOMING' HEAD!**  
'Floating brush action' cleans on both forward and backward strokes! You finish faster, fresher!



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● These two long coats of floating sheer, worn over straight-cut, ankle-length dresses, are from the Nina Ricci spring collection. The slip-like dresses are cut to a bare minimum; the flower scattered fabric converts the design into the glamor class.



## THE SUMMER FLOAT —NEWEST TO WEAR OVER A SLIP DRESS

● Here's the evening coat every woman will covet for her summer wardrobe — and overleaf are the newest at-home pyjamas. The coat is sleeveless, made in diaphanous sheer, and falls straight to the ground. This new floating coat looks ravishing made in such colors as tender green, apricot, blush-pink, and summer-blue. It's designed to veil rather than conceal the dress it's worn over. Isn't it romantic? And it's summer, 1966.

—BETTY KEEP





## why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

### 1. Why it is important that Strained Baby Foods should be "taste matched" to Junior Baby Food.

### 2. The new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme and how it will help your baby.

When baby is born, his five senses—sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste, are quite undeveloped. Gradually he learns to use his separate senses and with them he carefully explores the world. Learning, with your help and guidance, to recognise what's nice, what's nasty, what's good or bad for him.

He tends to be suspicious of new things, especially new tastes. That's why your choice of baby food is so important. Nestlé's Strained and Junior foods are carefully "taste matched." They lead baby gently from Strained to Junior baby food when a change in taste might easily upset him.

At the age of six months it can be a big jump for baby from Strained to

Junior foods . . . strange new lumps and strange new flavours. But Nestlé's help you make the change as easy as possible by taking a great deal of extra care to "match" the flavours of Junior foods to all the Strained ones that baby has already learned to welcome.

Later, you'll find other, even more grown-up Junior foods that have no Strained equivalent. Add these to baby's menu gradually, to maintain his interest and broaden his "taste education."

#### A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book

on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding — month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

#### Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

#### Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

#### Suggested programme 9-12 months

*NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.*

On Waking: Breast or Lactogen feed.*	
Breakfast:	Nestlé's Junior Food may be gradually introduced, e.g., Junior "Egg and Bacon Breakfast." A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Follow with breast feed or drink of Lactogen.* (Encourage Baby to start drinking from a cup if weaning.)
Dinner:	Nestlé's Junior Food, e.g., "Chicken Dinner" or "Liver, Bacon and Vegetable Dinner" followed by a dessert. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
4 p.m.:	Drink of orange juice and rusk.
Tea:	Junior "Egg Custard with Rice" or "Chocolate Custard," "Mixed Fruit Dessert," or a fruit variety mixed with cereal and milk. Drink of fruit juice. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
Before Bed:	Breast or Lactogen feed.
N.B.: At least 1 pint of Lactogen or milk should be given daily.	

\* Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

# Nestlé's

## BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



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GLASS

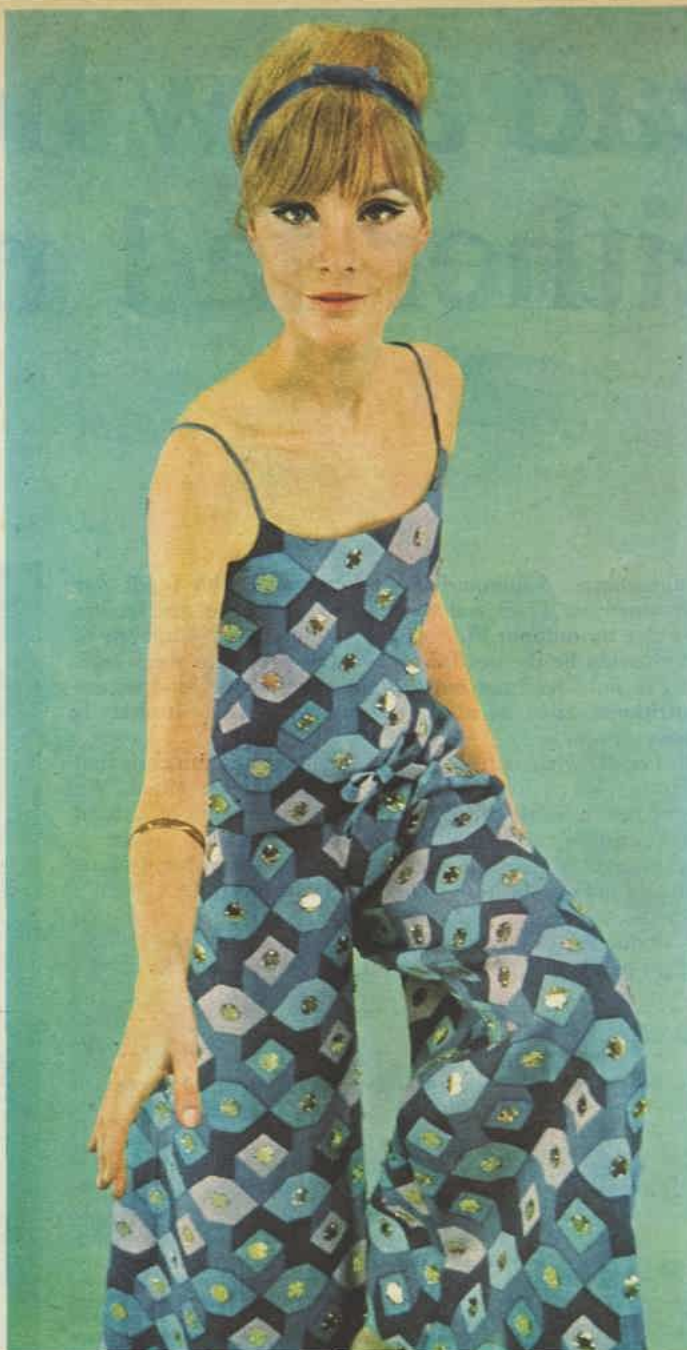
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 21, 1966



## PYJAMAS ON THE EVENING SCENE FOR AT-HOME ENTERTAINING

● On the international fashion scene, pyjamas are the new rage for home entertaining. They express the current taste of ease and freedom; they also portray the at-home mood in glamor. The two designs shown here are the inspiration of two great Paris fashion houses — their cut and flow are the end of the road in complex seaming and stitching.



● Yves St. Laurent's summer pyjamas suit (below), made in white embroidered cotton. The "cage" top is frill-trimmed to match the wide trouser legs.

● Lanvin's evening pyjamas (above) are brim full of color and cut. Extra glamor is added by the scatter of glitter on the printed silk fabric.





# Read a few home truths neither fad nor fashion

Ours is a society of abundance. Supermarkets are crammed with foods our parents never even dreamed of. Fruit and vegetables are plentiful and fresher than ever before. We live an outdoor life. Active. Wholesome. Children of the sun. All in all, we should be the healthiest, best-fed people in the world. We should be. But we're not. And the reason? So much of the food we eat lacks the essential nutritional value we need. Because so much of it today is processed-away in mass production.

At Sanitarium Health Foods, what natural protein, vitamins and minerals that may be lost in manufacture, we put back. Equal to what nature provided. We honestly try to make the best possible products we can. Foods rich in natural goodness. And we make certain they reach you just as wholesome.

So, if you're prepared to take more of an interest in the food your family eats, don't think of it as either a fad or a fashion. Think of it as a fact of life. We do. Health is our middle name.

You'll recognise the wonderful family of Sanitarium Health Foods by the symbol in the lower right-hand corner of this page. Look for it at all food stores.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

Check the foods shown on these pages. Some of them you may not know; so we've included some interesting recipes for you to enjoy.



These golden breakfast biscuits give you all of the build-up goodness of whole wheat. 24 man-size breakfasts in every large packet. Compare the price, weight for weight. Weet-Bix give you more value for your money than any other breakfast cereal. Try them this delicious way as well—

**CAULIFLOWER & MUSHROOM CASSEROLE:**  
1 cauliflower, 4 Weet-Bix, 1 tin mushroom soup (10½ oz.), 2 dessertspoons margarine.

Slice layers of cauliflower into small casserole. Salt slightly. Cover with mushroom soup. Bake 30-40 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove cover. Cut Weet-Bix into small squares with serrated knife, and cover cauliflower. Pour over melted margarine. Bake a further 10 minutes until golden brown, with cover removed.



Our new Skippy Corn Flakes are wonderfully crisp and satisfying. Try this wonderful new dessert—

**APPLE CRUNCH:**

1 lb. apples, 2 oz. dates, little sugar to taste, 4 oz. Skippy Corn Flakes, water, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar.

Put sliced apples and dates with very little water and sugar into saucepan, cook slowly until mixture is nearly tender and thick; transfer to pie dish. Cream margarine and sugar, add corn flakes, press on top of apples. Bake in moderate oven until top is crisp. Serve with cream or custard. Do not use apples that are too juicy, as the mixture on top will "sink in." Any other fruit is equally good in this recipe.

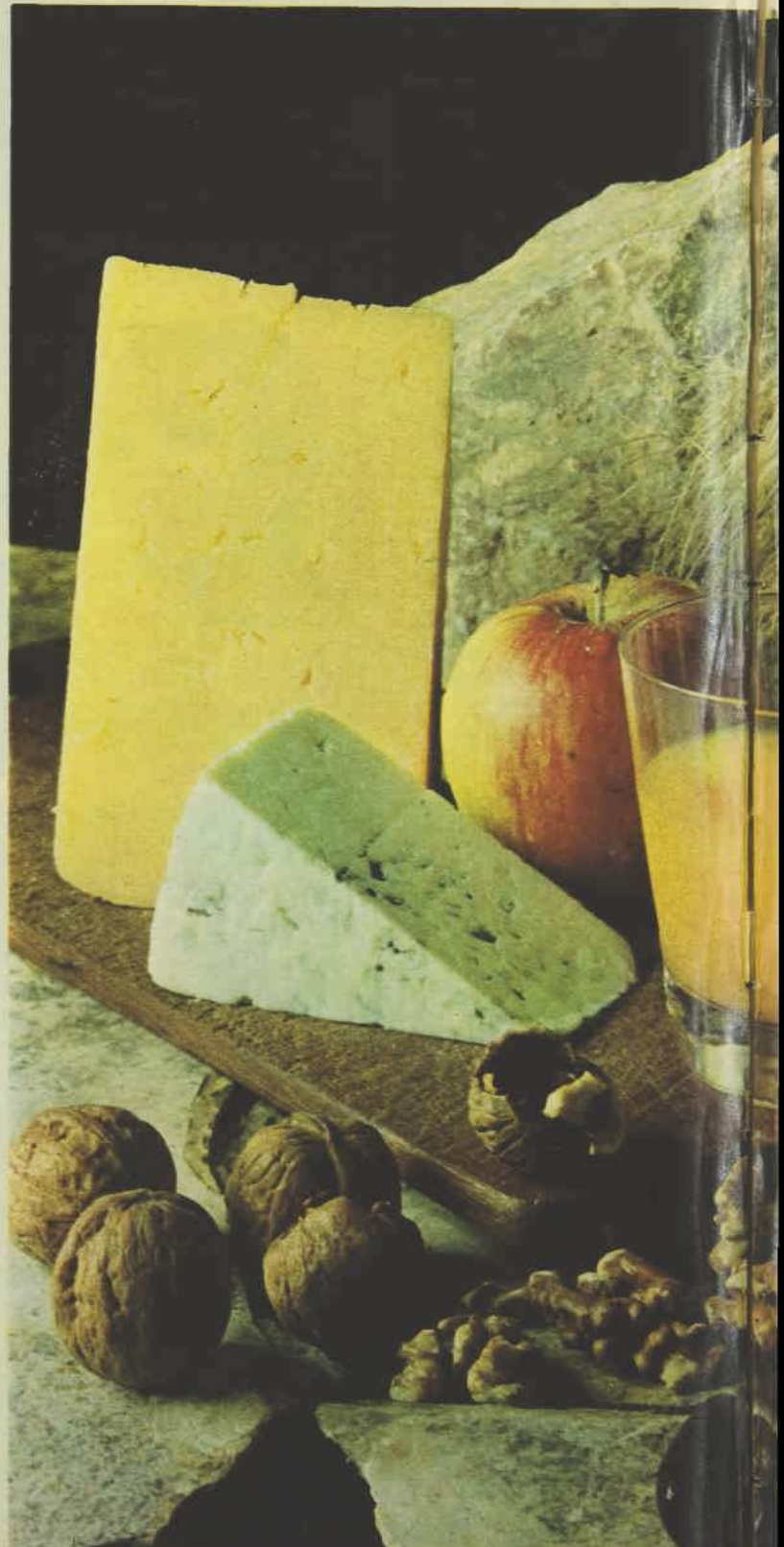


Marmite is a rich source of Vitamin B1 and a wonderful appetite builder. Here's a tasty new way to serve it—

**FRENCH ONION SOUP:**

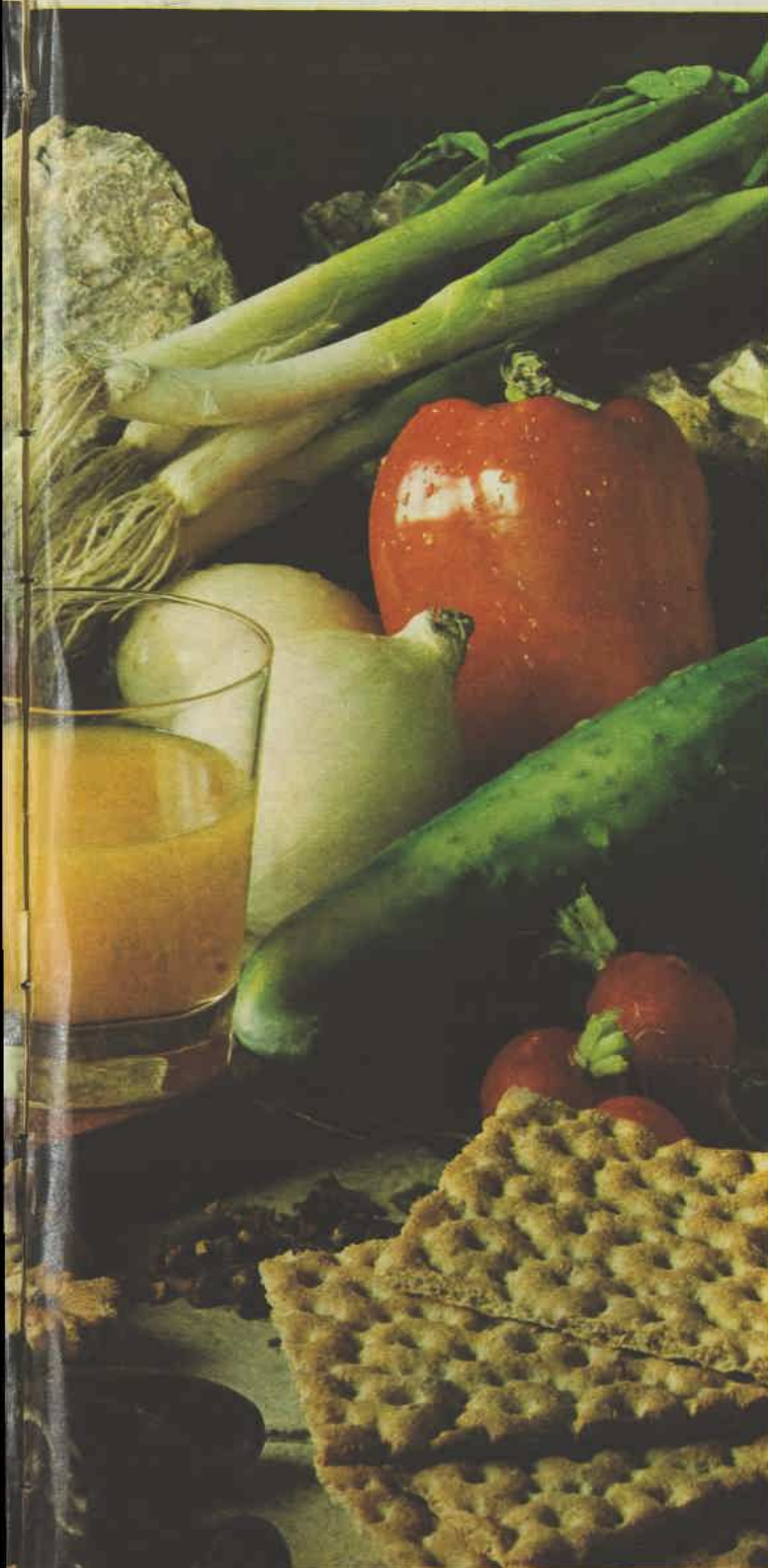
5 tablespoons butter, 4 cups thinly sliced onions, 1 dessertspoon Marmite, 5½ cups boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup diced fried bread, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Heat butter, add sliced onions and saute till deep golden brown, add salt. Add 5½ cups boiling water and Marmite, and stir well. Simmer for 1 hour, covered. Pour into soup bowls, sprinkle with grated cheese, add a scattering of fried breadcrumbs and serve at once. Serves 5.





# about health, and why it's today, but a fact of life!



Made from plump, golden peanuts, "Sanitarium" Peanut Butter is a real storehouse of energy. Two tempting varieties: Smooth and Crunchy (studded with peanut chips). Here's a good idea—

#### "CRUNCHY" PEANUT BUTTER BARS:

1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 oz. butter, 1 cup "Sanitarium" Crunchy Peanut Butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and salt twice. Cream butter and peanut butter, gradually add sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and beat well. Sift in dry ingredients, add coconut and vanilla. Spread into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Cut into bars while still warm, dust with sifted icing sugar.



Blend honey and glucose together, and you have a superb natural energy builder. Sanitarium Honey and Glucose. Wonderful this way, too—

#### SANITARIUM HONEY-GLUCOSE TOFFEE:

2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon Sanitarium Honey and Glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter.

Grease saucepan well with butter. Place all ingredients in pan; bring to boil. Boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water becomes hard; do not stir at all. Pour into patty cases; leave until set. If desired, sprinkle coconut or nonpareils to decorate.



Two delicious cereals from Sanitarium. Both are made from whole wheat and puffed many times their original size. Toasted to tempting crispness. To Weeta Puffs we add maple syrup as well. You'll love them this way—

#### WEETA PUFF HONEY BALLS:

3 oz. Sanitarium Honey, 1 oz. butter, 6 oz. sugar, 1 cup chopped marshmallows, 4 oz. Weeta Puffs.

Place honey, butter, sugar and marshmallows in saucepan; cook gently until sugar has dissolved. Set aside until almost cool. Pour over Weeta Puffs; stir, coating well. Shape into small balls, refrigerate until set.



Nutolene and Nutmeat—high protein that's good to eat, interesting to cook—and surprisingly moderate in cost. Try this appetising meal—

#### NUTOLENE CASSEROLE:

1 large tin Nutolene, 1 large tin tomato puree, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 clove garlic, chopped parsley, 1 capsicum, chopped, grated cheese. Seasonings—Mono Sodium Glutamate, herbs to taste, 3 tablespoons oil.

In the oil saute the onion, garlic and capsicum (all finely chopped) until clear but not brown. Add the tomato puree and seasonings (1/2 teaspoon sugar and pinch of herbs, 1/2 teaspoon Mono Sodium Glutamate). Simmer together for 10-15 minutes while dicing the Nutolene. In a casserole place alternate layers of Nutolene, hard-boiled egg slices, tomato mixture and grated cheese. Bake in 350 degree oven for 45 minutes.

Ry-King is the world's best-se. g crispbread, with all of the unique flavour of Swedish rye. If you want to be slim and trim, try a Ry-King lunch like this—

#### RY-KING 300-CALORIE LUNCH:

2 Ry-King crispbreads spread with 1 oz. butter and Marmite (120 calories). 1 hard-boiled egg (80 calories). 1 sliced tomato (30 calories). 1 piece fruit (apple or orange—70 calories). Plus your favourite hot beverage without milk or sugar.



Health is our middle name

AP73.6





## Mrs. Gordon Barber of Burwood was the first woman to decorate with New Westminster

What's new Westminster?

A revolution. It's Westminster carpet made with a unique new fibre combination. It lasts twice as long, has a deeper pile and a heavier weight.

Mrs. Barber knew none of that.

She saw a "perfectly gorgeous gold" in the Westminster range of colours. She knew she had to have it in her living room.

And when she discovered? Well, imagine it. New Westminster still has all the wonderful things that she and her husband

liked about Westminster. It still gives more carpet for the dollar than any other brand of comparable quality.

It still comes in generous 40" widths that save on laying costs. Still has the biggest and best range of colours (nine new ones have just been added). Cleans easily, very important for the Barbers who have two children, a dog and two cats. And it's still moth-proofed for added protection. As you can see by the photograph of Mrs. Barber in her living room,

Westminster's beautiful plain colours make a room look spacious and luxurious.

Mrs. Barber took all the history-making business quite calmly, asked her Westminster retailer to quote and enquired about terms. Her retailer quoted, and said "certainly".

Mrs. Barber is planning ahead now. She reckons on that beautiful carpet lasting until her children are through school and university.

Because it's new Westminster we think she'll get away with it beautifully.



**Westminster**  
GENUINE BRANDED CARPET





A happy family birthday party . .

## When Five are One



ABOVE: Lawson family, including the quins' grandmothers, watch the children open their presents. BELOW: Birthday cake, with each of the babies' faces delicately hand-painted on the icing, made by Mrs. Allan Berry, a family friend.

● It was a happy birthday five times over when New Zealand's Lawson quins were one, with a party for children in the afternoon; a buffet for adults later.

**E**ACH quin (see cover and page 22) was dressed in pastel blue. There was embroidery on the girls' dresses, but Samuel's outfit was unadorned — more fitting for a man of the ripe old age of one.

Each baby tried very hard to walk on that special day, but not one made it — though Selina almost did. They all can say words like "Mama," "Dada," "car," "ta-ta," and Lisa managed a "Nana" for her grandmother, Mrs. H. Menzies.

As a birthday treat, they were allowed to experience the wonder of doing just as they liked with cakes and ice-cream. Faces,

hands, hair, paper hats—anything within reach—was soon awash with party fare. Two indulgent Karitane nurses looked the other way and two indulgent parents dabbed at faces and adjusted party hats.

A five-fold change of clothes, and the babies were ready to open their presents. It was all great fun, and, if the paper and ribbons seemed as absorbing as the gifts themselves, nobody cared.

Telegrams and congratulations from all over the world will be kept in a separate book for each child.

About 50 guests gathered at the Lawson home during the afternoon. But it was not long before, far from the music and voices, five very tired, very happy babies slept soundly.





# Coty makes lips talk with luscious new Frosted Cremestick Colours!



## Coty 'Luvender'

A summertime sensation . . . softly-silvered lavender . . . the most ravishing shade sun-lovers can wear — especially if they dote on delicate pastels. Try it over Mauve Mist . . . 1,000-Watt Rose!

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## Coty 'Honey-on-Ice'

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All with complimenting Nail Polishes.

**COTY**





HUSBAND Gary Morton, daughter Lucie Desiree, 15, Lucille Ball, son Desi IV, 13.

Lucille Ball  
recalls:

## "MY DEAREST MEMORIES"

MODELLING DAYS: At 17, Lucille worked for Hattie Carnegie, on low wages. Recognise her?



**T**HESE are the moments I will always cherish: my secret dreams in high school; my hungry years of modelling; the arrival of little Lucie. And, now, happiness with a husband who makes me laugh with joy.

Remembrances have a way of tugging at you—like kids. They weave in and out of my mind as if they were mischievous children playing musical chairs.

There are moments I enjoy remembering, and there are memories I try to forget. Feelings change as years pass. That golden halo around a long-gone hour may vanish—poof, like a magician's handkerchief.

My first memory is of sitting in a maple highchair when I was just two, in Wyandotte, Michigan. I see the old-fashioned room with stiff armchairs, spare brown furnishings, musty butterscotch walls. Mother, who is called Desiree, is pouring tea . . .

Next: moving to Montana, where my dad, Henry Dummell Ball, a rugged electrical lineman working for the copper mines, caught typhoid fever. Doctors with black leather satchels hovered around us like moths.

Dad died a year later, when I was four. I recall being photographed with him, but not much else. Mother was pregnant with my brother Fred when Dad died, and I would sneak into Mr. Flour's grocery store when she wasn't looking and sit on the counter and sing songs. I collected pennies, and sometimes—just to be ornery—tried to eat them.

We came east to New York, where Mother remarried: a sporty, six-and-a-half-foot salesman, Edward Petersen.

"Are you our new daddy?" I asked our strange second father, who appeared proud, but never loving, although he was thoughtful in other ways.

"Don't call me Daddy," he snapped. "Call me Ed."

Fred and I were dumbfounded. We didn't know what to make of him or our gipsy lives. Usually I stayed with our stepfather's Scandinavian mother, who incessantly censured me in her strict, old-country style.

If I danced or jumped over good news, I was "nervous." If I looked in a mirror to comb my hair I was "vain." Dishwashing was always a "drudgery," never a pleasure (singing while washing dishes was taboo—I had to "pay attention to the job").

Continued on page 32



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Vol. 34, No. 17

# OUR COVER

What a party it was (with LOTS of ice-cream) ... the celebration of the Lawson quins' first birthday. On the cover the famous five are (top, from left) Selina and Deborah; (bottom, from left), Samuel, Lisa, and Shirlene; more pictures are on page 19.

# CONTENTS

## SPECIAL FEATURES

My Dearest Memories, Lucille Ball . . . 21  
Centre lift-out . . . SPRING DESSERTS.

## COLOR FEATURES

The Bounty of Spring . . . 2, 3  
Walt the Wombat has a Future in Films . . . 5-7  
Patchwork Bedcover to Crochet . . . 9  
When Five are One . . . 19

## FICTION

Relative to Death (Serial—Part 2), Stanton Forbes . . . 39  
Quetzalcoatl and the Lady, Patricia Farrell . . . 69  
Alive Again, Isabel Johnston . . . 72, 73  
The Chinese Temple, Mary Drake . . . 77

## REGULAR FEATURES

House of the Week . . . 10, 11  
Social . . . 22, 23  
TV Parade . . . 30  
Compact . . . 35  
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell . . . 37  
Stars . . . 45  
Teenagers' Weekly . . . 50-53  
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 83

## FASHION

The Summer Float . . . 13  
Pyjamas on the Evening Scene . . . 15  
Fashion Frocks . . . 45  
Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . . 49  
Butterick Patterns . . . 83

## FAMILY AFFAIRS

Gardening: Daphne . . . 55  
Readers' Stories . . . 59, 61  
At Home with Margaret Sydney . . . 63  
Collectors' Corner . . . 65  
Home Hints . . . 71  
Transfer . . . 74  
Prize Recipe . . . 81

Page 22

# NEXT WEEK

## In COLOR . . .



MODELS WHO HAVE "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"

## HOW TO BUILD A BIRD HOUSE



FASHIONS FOR THE JELLYBEAN JET SET



## THE CHARM OF AN 80-YEAR-OLD TOWN HOUSE



SOPHIA LOREN—WITH A \$150,000 DIOR WARDROBE IN SCENES FROM HER NEW FILM, "ARABESQUE"

★ PLUS:

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO  
**DIETS AND DIETING**  
16-PAGE LIFT-OUT BOOKLET

## AND:

★ There are Nostalgic Smiles — plus All the Charm of Edwardian days — in 7 miniature stories (adventures from life) taken from "Fables for the Fair"



# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

THE family chapel on "Widden," at Kerrabee, will be the setting for what sounds like a charming double-christening ceremony on September 24. VIPs for the day will be the tiny daughters of Mr. and Mrs. "Bim" Thompson, of "Widden," and Mr. and Mrs. Brian Carter, of "Linton," Barraba. The Thompsons are calling their daughter Anita, and the Carters (who have two boys, James and Angus) have chosen Sarah for their daughter. After the christenings Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson will entertain about fifty guests to a luncheon party at "Widden."

WHEN I rang Mrs. Cook Rudwick I interrupted her in the middle of opening a parcel from the United States which had arrived for her birthday. Inside was a colored photograph of her ten-month-old grandson, Lloyd Knepper, who lives in San Anselmo, California, with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Knepper, the former Gael Rudwick. (The Kneppers also have a daughter called Rachel Elizabeth and a huge Dane called "Rudwick.") In a letter to Mrs. Rudwick they told her they had just returned from a holiday at La Jolla, on the coast just below Los Angeles.

GIMMICK of the week — the pearl each guest found in the oysters at the 500 B.C. Banquet, and the little card of pills making up the Moon Flight Menu — a green one for breakfast, a cyclamen-and-white-striped one for lunch, and a round red one for dinner.

WITH two architects in the family, the house Harry and Penny Seidler are building at Killara should be well worth seeing. They brought back with them from their trip abroad many interesting pieces including chairs from Italy, a couch from Finland, a vivid orange rug from Ireland, and a series of eight abstract paintings by a French artist, Vasarely, from Paris. The house, which is built of concrete blocks, has timber ceilings and stone floors and is on a sloping site. Mrs. Seidler has just returned from a week in the snow at Thredbo with her small son, Timothy.

BEING presented to the Dutch royal family, deer-hunting in Austria, and a six-week tour of Scandinavia are just some of the things Kay Vernon wrote about to her mother, Lady Vernon, in a letter from London this week. Kay, who has been abroad for eight months, is at present touring Scandinavia with Sydney girls Di Thompson and Di Maddox. The girls will travel by car for part of their trip and by boat through the fjords. In Austria, Kay was the houseguest of Maria Christine von Reibnitz and her aunt and uncle.

MRS. ALASTAIR URQUHART is looking forward to the formal dinner party she and her husband are giving on September 16. She told me she is trying to return outstanding invitations before Christmas arrives with its new round of celebrations and parties. Among the guests at the party will be the Brian Massy-Greenes, the John Marks, the Norman Jones, and the Douglas Perkins.

WHEN I spoke with Mrs. Simon Heath she told me that the wonderful sun-tan she brought back with her from a three-week cruise to Noumea and Fiji is fading quickly. While they were away, she and her husband were lucky enough to have a preview visit to a new island resort called Castaway, which is shortly to be opened for tourists. Since she has been back, Mrs. Heath and the other four members of the Junior Guild of the Metropolitan Opera Audition Council (Mrs. Sam Walder, Mrs. John Robinson, Mrs. Ian McFarlane, and Mrs. Laurie Le Guay) have been busy with plans for the Sunday luncheon party they are having on October 2 at the Heaths' home.

BY the way, Mrs. Heath has had her sister, Mrs. Denis White, of "Havilah," Mudgee, and her two sons, Nigel and Andrew, staying with her for a spell. The White family has just returned from three months in England, where Mr. White had been invited by the Devon Breeders to judge cattle at the Royal Show.

ARRIVING from Rumson, New Jersey, America, on October 5 are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clathan, who will stay with the Bill Northams at their lovely house on the waterfront at Bayview for one week. There are a number of sightseeing trips planned for them as well as visits to some of their friends who live in Sydney. After a week at Bayview they will go on to Melbourne for a stay and then, they hope, to the Barrier Reef.

AND, speaking of the Northam family, Mrs. Northam was so excited about a letter she received from their son, Rod, who is at present in England. He has just finished a business course at Sussex University and is off on a tour of the north of England before crossing over to Europe on a business trip to Hamburg, Zurich, and Rome, spending a month in each place. He will later go to America to work and (in the Northam tradition) hopes to be in Newport in time for the America's Cup.

LOVE the sound of the holiday house that the Tony Oxleys have just had built on their property, "Mereworth," at Berrima. Based on a French provincial farmhouse, it has tiled floors throughout. They have already spent one week there and will be going up regularly with their two sons, Philip and Christopher, and their daughter, Amber.

WHAT a marvellous gift Elizabeth Buckley was given by her cousin, Miss Meta Blood Smyth—a five-month world trip with her through Europe, America, and England, where they stayed with friends in Essex. They are returning to Australia in the Canberra and during the voyage Elizabeth will celebrate her twenty-first birthday on the high seas between Vancouver and Honolulu on October 11. Highlight of the big day will be the telephone call she will receive from her parents in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Buckley.

ART SHOW: Miss Jan Dutch, Mr. John Newton, and Mrs. David Hewson (left to right) at "The Oz Super Art Market" exhibition held at the Clune Galleries. The art show consisted of arrangements of super-market products displayed by John Allen, Michael Clashen, Peter Kingston, Martin Sharp, and Garry Sheard. It will remain open until September 28.





**BANQUET:** Miss Diana Fisher and Mr. Martin Marshall, the British Trade Commissioner, chatted with Elisabeth Ford (right), who was dressed in 15th-century style at the 500 B.C. Banquet at the Carlton Centre which was arranged by the Town and Country Committee to aid The Smith Family. Mr. Marshall was the guest of honor.



**BELOW:** Mrs. Sidney Sinclair, Mrs. Ed Clark, wife of the American Ambassador, and Mrs. C. Watkins, president of the American Women's Club (left to right) at the Club's 20th Birthday Celebration Luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel. Mrs. Clark was guest of honor.



**JUST WED:** Mr. and Mrs. David Cromer leaving the Old Chelsea Church, London, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Ann Strong, daughter of Dr. T. A. Strong, United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation representative to Tanzania, formerly of Canberra, and of the late Mrs. Strong. They will honeymoon in Portugal. Dr. Strong will marry Mrs. Joyce Telling, Lord Vestey's granddaughter, in London at the end of September.

**AT LEFT:** Miss Antonia Vaughan and Mr. Leslie Valentine, who have announced their engagement. Miss Vaughan, who is wearing a solitaire diamond engagement ring, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derek Vaughan, of Dural. Mr. Valentine is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Valentine, of Dee Why.



**AT RIGHT:** Visiting Dyson Memorial Lecturer for 1966, Senator Raul S. Manglapus (left), with Mrs. M. Cumagun, wife of the Consul-General for the Philippines, and Mr. Alan Manning, president of the Australian Institute of International Affairs, at the reception given for Senator Manglapus at St. James Hall. Senator Manglapus was the third candidate in the elections for the Presidency of the Philippines in November.





● When Sydney artist Kevin Connor decided to take himself, his wife, and four-year-old son Paul to Spain for 12 months, his dream was to rent a large villa in Granada, where they could all live in comfort while he concentrated on painting. But they had to settle for a small cottage in a village near Malaga.

LUCK was on the Connors' side, however. It was the only cottage in the village which had a toilet and a bath.

"Looking at it now I suppose life there would be considered dreadfully monotonous, but the people were warm, extremely honest, kind, and generous, and we were really sorry to leave," Margaret Connor told me.

Margaret, who is the daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Kitto, is staying at her parents' Castlecrag home with her husband and son.

Kevin, 34, made painting his full-time career about four years ago. He won the grand prize at the Sydney Waratah Festival competition in 1962. He has held one-man exhibitions in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

This year he was awarded a Harkness fellowship which,

worth \$7000, gives him 21 months of study and travel in America. After an exhibition in November of his paintings at the Macquarie Galleries, Sydney, Kevin and his family will fly to New York.

"The reason we decided to go to Spain was to give Kevin the opportunity to paint in a different environment and to develop his style," Margaret said.

"We went to Granada with dreams of one of those big, romantic Spanish villas about which you hear so much — but there just weren't any villas, so we started driving round the country looking for anything.

"That's how we found our little cottage. Sitting on a deserted stretch of beach on the edge of the village Almayte, it had been built by a German for his retirement.

"He must have found it a bit too retired, I think. But, at least, it had a bath, a toilet, and a reasonably good

kitchen — most unusual in that part of Spain.

"The tales of cheap living in Spain didn't hold while we were there.

"It cost me as much to housekeep as it does in Sydney, and, as the country is very restricted in imports, variety is limited.

"Meat was poor, expensive, and scarce, and it took me quite a while to pluck up courage to buy it. The butcher shops are not refrigerated and the sight of scraggy bits of meat, festooned with paper flowers, hanging in the windows was not very inviting.

By Gloria Newton

"Entertainment? There was none really, except the village cafe where the men liked to gather and gossip and drink vino.

"For women the only entertainment was talk around the washtub or down at the river-bank, where a lot of washing is still done.

"Paul used to have great fun helping the fishermen haul in their catch on the beach. We used to buy our fish from them — straight out of the nets.

"On other days we would struggle up the goat tracks to visit hillside villages,

which were fascinating and had not changed for centuries. Some you can only reach by donkey, but once up there you can see for miles across the Sierras.

"At times it was a little lonely — we were the only English-speaking family in the village — but then I would write countless letters, which made me feel very virtuous.

"The women of Almayte were the most conscientious housekeepers. The homes gleam with white paint and are spotless inside.

"Few of the village children went to school.

"One little girl of 11, who practically adopted Paul, worked in the fields all day. She told me that next year she was being sent to Granada to go into domestic service!

"She invited Paul to her house on one of their innumerable feast days and, when I asked her what happened on this day, she gave me a most happy smile and said, 'We eat meat.'

Margaret is looking forward to America, but she is also looking forward to returning to Sydney to settle.

"Kevin and I both believe this is a country you can do things in. We love Australia, and we both want to have a hand in its building."



MARGARET CONNOR and son Paul, 4.

● "Australian women want to get more with it. Go modern. Move with the times. Why, their hairstyles haven't changed for three years!"

## ANGLES, TRIANGLES, AND RECTANGLES



HAIRSTYLIST Robert Butcher.



ABOVE: Barbara Young models the softer version of the Sassoon cut. Cut in the same way as Anne's, it can be worn perfectly straight or set, as it is here, in the style used for older women. LEFT: Robert's wife, Anne, shows the style her husband created for her.



THE speaker, a young man, his chin decorated with an elegant beard, faced me earnestly in the salon of one of Sydney's leading hairstylists.

He had just returned from London, where he worked with Barry Kibble, one of the West End's leading hairstylists, for two years. And, if enthusiasm is any meter, he won't be resting until every woman in Sydney is wearing her hair cut in London's geometric style.

In fact Robert (his full name is Robert Butcher and he is a 27-year-old Sydney hairdresser), who was just putting the finishing touches to the angular style worn by his wife, Anne, assured me that within three months he would have 50 percent of women clients wearing the new look.

With a shrug he admitted there were hurdles ahead. "It is hard to get across to Australian women that what was fashionable three years

ago just isn't now. But times are changing and you have to move with them—regardless of age.

"Just look at this," he said, laying a professional hand on his wife's black tresses. "Simple and angled. The three points at the back are a must, as is the long side and the short side.

"Angles, triangles, rectangles — that's what makes a hairstyle today.

"When I arrived in London I spent a solid month being retaught the art of cutting the style introduced by Vidal Sassoon, the acknowledged top hairstylist of the world. And it is an art that is still only in the hands of a few English stylists. Even the French haven't got the hang of it yet.

"Let's face it. Today England dictates the fashion to the world. Hairstyles, clothes, make-up.

"Pick up a French magazine and you will find it full of English fashions.

"And everything is geometric. Even eye shadow is applied in triangles over the eyes.

"The stores are selling modern clothes in Australia, but only the young are wearing them. In England every woman is wearing them, regardless of her age.

"English women are easier to convince that they need something new in hairstyles.

"Even women over 40 are having the Sassoon cut. Admittedly theirs is curled slightly on top to give it softness — but, they are having it.

"A good hairdresser should insist on changing his clients' hairstyle regularly and not let her wear the same one for months. When this happens, any change is too sudden and she can't take it.

"Since I started work in August, many of my clients have had this new cut.

"In fact, just before you came in, a woman of about 50 with grey hair had Anne's hairstyle. Admittedly I softened it a little, but you can be sure people will look at her when she walks along the street."



# ROSALIND RUSSELL TELLS HOW TO LOSE —AND KEEP—A MAN

From ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff



1941



1966

● At left: Rosalind Russell and husband Freddie Brisson. Below left: Her wedding-group picture, with Loretta Young, Cary Grant, Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, Frank Vincent, and Charlot Winters. Picture at bottom right was taken on a railway station when Freddie left for a U.S. Army camp. He served overseas.



1942

A FEW years ago on Broadway, Rosalind Russell used to bring down the house nightly with the show-stopping hit song of her memorable musical, "Wonderful Town."

The name of the song: "One Hundred Ways to Lose a Man." And she sang it as if she knew them all from long experience.

Next month, however, Rosalind and her husband, Freddie Brisson, will celebrate their 25th anniversary.

Obviously, there has been a lot more to Roz than the public image she so assiduously cultivates — the tomboy, the career woman, the cut-up for whom a crinoline-and-lace role would be as out of place as snow in Brisbane.

Brisson says he fell in love with her before he ever met her. He is the son of the late Carl Brisson, the Danish international musical star.

Now he is a first-rank Hollywood agent and producer. Way back then he was just coming to the United States to take his first job as an actor's manager. On the trans-Atlantic liner the only film aboard was "The Women," which starred Roz — along with Paulette Goddard.

"Wherever I went on that ship, I couldn't escape the sound of that voice," Brisson recalls. "It was a siren call."

In Hollywood, Brisson stayed for a while with his friend, Cary Grant. Grant

and Roz were then making "His Girl Friday."

"On the set Cary kept mentioning this Danish character to me," Roz recalls. "But I was getting along very well socially and didn't need any more dates. One night, though, Cary showed up for dinner, and he had Freddie with him. 'Not bad at all,' I told myself."

Roz steadily resisted Brisson's numerous proposals of marriage, always putting him off by saying, "Never ask me at night."

Then one day the doorbell rang at dawn. Roz sleepily answered, and there was Freddie. He placed his handkerchief on the doorstep, knelt on it, and asked,

After all, she could climb better and hit more home runs in a baseball game than most boys.

She remembers spoiling her chance for romance at a Princeton University house-party.

Her family's hopes were riding on this trip and she was warned to be demure. Nonetheless, when some college lads invited her to the billiard-room, she took a cue and promptly did a trick shot with one leg propped up on the table.

Much later in Hollywood, Roz had a crush on a big-time director — this was before she met Brisson — and he invited her to play golf.

"I made the mistake of shooting 92 when he shot

One of her boyfriends compared long-limbed Roz to a gazelle. The intention was romantic — but Roz responded by leaping round the room.

It was her youth full of such experiences that Roz drew upon when "Wonderful Town" was being written. She suggested to the authors that they write her a number about the fact that she couldn't get a man. Then she practically wrote the song for them.

That song virtually made her second career — the one she undertook on Broadway when she was through in Hollywood.

Rosalind Russell's father put himself through Yale Law School by playing pro-

on Broadway was that her husband and son were both with her. Brisson had two highly successful musical productions running on Broadway — "The Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees" — and son Lance was in college nearby.

But Roz undertook her role of Sister Kenny from the heart. She had studied the life of the dedicated Australian nursing sister, and met her when she came to California. She admits that she virtually blackmailed her studio to do the film.

Roz, now 54, has begun to coast just a little. She and her husband live most of the time in their comfortable Beverly Hills home. Her great regret is that she did not have more children. Lance, 23, is a journalist.

Brisson is a very active Hollywood and Broadway producer, and he often brings his problems home. But so does Rosalind, and they attack each other's problems with humor.

"I married a saint back there in 1941," Roz says. "I give Freddie full credit for the success of our marriage."

"He gives me a lot of rope. We argue and argue, but never fight . . ."

"I'll tell you frankly, to make a success of marriage you have to make up your mind what is important. I've offered to quit work, but Freddie tells me, and he's right, that I wouldn't be happy. But if it had come to a choice between family and work, I would never have hesitated to give up my career."

**"Men are deathly afraid of a girl who makes the mistake of not at least pretending to be a cuddly idiot"**

"Is this early enough?"

They both took their marriage seriously. Roz had learned through bitter experience the "tricks" of being a woman in a man's world.

In a recent confession, written for "The Saturday Evening Post," she traced her study of the "male beast" from her childhood.

"When I was six years old," she said, "I found that males are not as hot stuff and as omnipotent as they think they are."

Roz found herself unable to accept male superiority and to "lavish upon the little monsters the admiration they expected."

96," she recalled. "So long, director."

So, from the vantage point of a 25-year marriage, here is Roz's prescription for romance:

"Men are deathly afraid of a girl who makes the mistake of not at least pretending to be a cuddly idiot. Men want to do all the talking. They want women to listen."

"It's not difficult. All you need to do is trill one of the following phrases whenever a male pauses: 'Really? . . . When did that happen? . . . What do you know! . . . Ooh, I wish I were that smart.'"

Another point: Men have to believe that their love-making is taken seriously.

fessional baseball. She was named after a steamship, the SS Rosalind, on which her parents took a holiday trip.

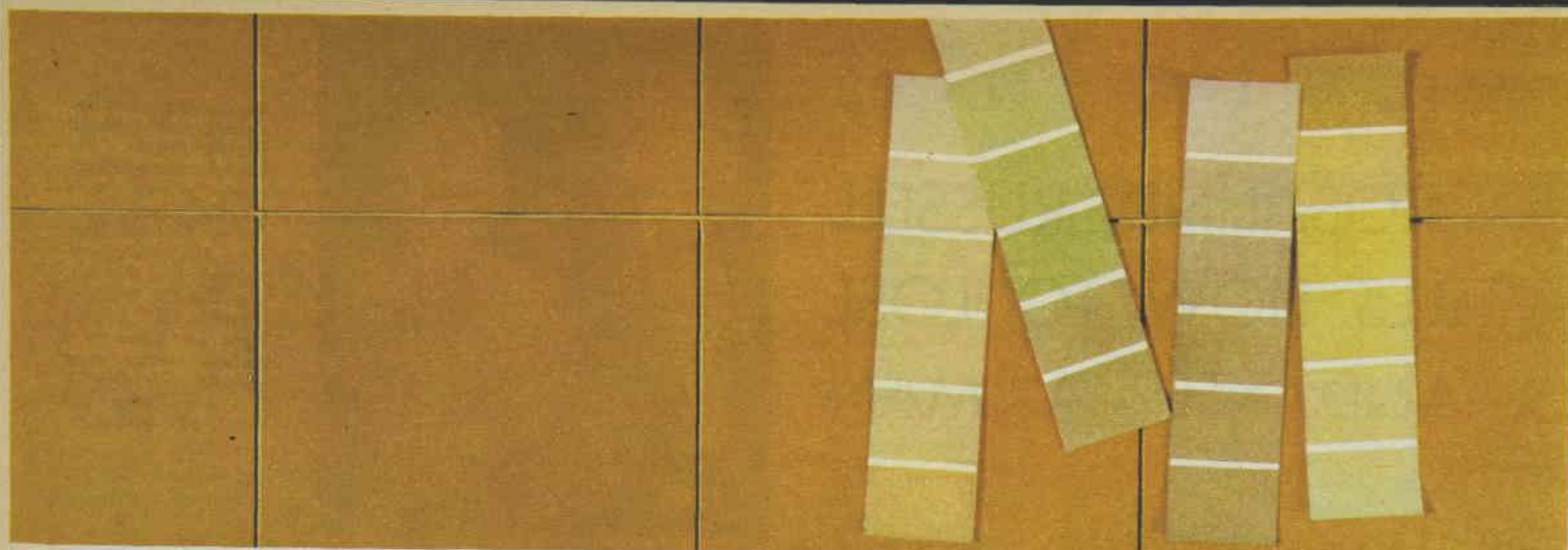
From her three brothers Roz learned how to play poker and ride horses.

She took Hollywood by storm in the 1930s.

After years on the screen career-woman beat, Roz finally faded out — to go to Broadway and do "Bell, Book, and Candle" in 1951, and "Wonderful Town" in 1953. Then came the unforgettable "Auntie Mame" — she did both the play and the film (the latter grossed a near-record \$15 million).

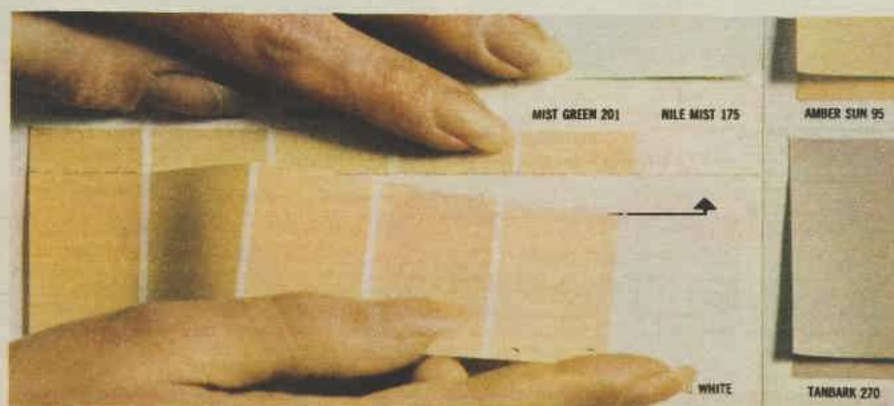
One reason Roz stuck with the play for its two-year run





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# She cares for the babies nobody wants

By Kay Keavney

"GIVE me a baby nobody wants," said Isabel Reilly. The officer of the N.S.W. Child Welfare Department stared at her wonderingly.

Isabel Reilly was small, frail, stooped, past 50 years of age, and a spinster.

"A baby so sick or so handicapped," she went on, "that no other foster-parent would take him. If I can make him well, you'll be able to find him a home, won't you?"

"He'd have the same chance then as other wards of the Department," said the officer.

"And sometimes foster-parents are allowed to adopt their foster-children, isn't that true?" she asked.

"Quite true, and not well enough known," the officer said. "But nobody would nurse a child to health for somebody else to take."

"I would," said Miss Reilly, very quietly.

"But you couldn't. You'd learn to love him."

"Of course," she said. "That's why I couldn't stand in the way of his finding a family and a home."

Impossible, thought the officer. But over the next seven years little Miss Reilly was to take 24 sick or handicapped babies into her house and heart, nurse them to health, then give them up.

Some of them were blind, deformed, retarded.

Sometimes she cared for two such infants at the same time, while looking after her own aged father.

She wore (as she will wear for the rest of her life) a neck and body brace.

Isabel Reilly was, and is, an invalid pensioner crippled by osteo-arthritis following a near-brush with death from meningitis 14 years ago.

She has also a rare gift for nursing and loving sick children back to health.

After weeks, or months, or sometimes years in the tiny 64-year-old Penshurst cottage with Miss Reilly, every one of "her" 24 children ("hopeless cases," "babies nobody wants") has found foster-parents or adopting parents and a happy, normal home.

All this was in the future seven years ago, when she made her request to the Child Welfare Department.

Its officers were accustomed to applications for "a blue-eyed baby girl about three years old."

And there could be none for the truly lost ones, the sick and the handicapped, who would be cared for, well and kindly, but institutionalised all their lives.

Yet here was this offer from Isabel Reilly.

An imaginative Department knew how individual love and care in the atmosphere of a home can heal. But its rules, in the children's own interests, were positive. A foster-home should be normal and happy, presided over by a father and mother.

Isabel Reilly was unmarried and an invalid. Meningitis had first robbed her even of the power to walk, and ended (or so it seemed) a remarkable record of nursing sick children back to health.

For the next seven years she had put up a heroic battle, teaching her muscles to function again, teaching herself to walk again. Now she wanted to resume her life's work, not now with private cases but with wards of the Department.

At 4.30 p.m. on a Friday in 1959, when she was 53 years old, Miss Reilly's application passed through all channels.

"At five minutes to twelve on the following Monday," she told me, "my first baby boy was put in my arms."

It had begun, the 24-hour-a-day job, which included washing baby-clothes and nappies in a rough outhouse with an earth floor late at night by candlelight.

("That's until my church and the Beverly Hills Lions Club heard about it," said Miss Reilly. "Now I've got Mary Jane. She's my second-hand washing-machine. They also put in power so I could

## "They owe me nothing"

run her, put down a proper floor, painted my house, and repaired my fence.")

Six baby boys in a row were brought to the little house, to Miss Reilly and her elderly father.

Baby No. 4, whom we'll call Tommy, came to her at eight weeks. He was sick, deformed, was thought to be retarded.

"He wasn't," said Miss Reilly stoutly. "But I soon suspected he was blind. When you're with a baby all the time, you detect things a doctor or hospital may miss."

"Poor little Tommy was blind, all right."

"The Department wanted to take him back, but I wouldn't hear of it. 'Not till he's old enough to go to Blind School,' I said, 'and I can visit him and have him for the holidays. But if there's another baby you want to send me, send him.'"

So little Peter arrived.



MISS REILLY with one of her charges.

She took Tommy to an orthopaedic surgeon to be treated for a twisted hand. She was told to bring him back when he was 12 months old.

She massaged Tommy's hand day and night. When he was 12 months old, the hand was normal.

"What," a friend asked her around that time, "would you like for Christmas?"

Miss Reilly thought carefully and answered: "I'd like a bunny rug, a good home for my Peter, and a little sight for my Tommy."

She worked and she prayed and her prayers were answered.

Tommy's sight came back very slowly, and who shall decide whether this was a miracle or only a miracle of love and devoted care?

"Tommy's seven now, a most beautiful boy. His adoptive parents bring him to see me. And my Peter did find a home."

"I'm the only old maid," said Miss Reilly, twinkling, "with children scattered all over N.S.W."

All the children, when they could speak, initially called her "Mummy."

One of them, Nancy, always will. She is now Miss Reilly's own foster-child. She is nearly seven.

"She came to me at nearly 12 months, weighing 11lb. 3oz.," Miss Reilly told me. "She'd been in hospital since she was born. They said she would never walk or talk and never know anything. Now she's out of boots and callipers, though she wears a body brace and still has hearing and eye trouble."

"She's going to school now to the Part-Sighted Unit at Tempe and she loves it."

"She loves all our babies, just as my father did till he died just lately."

Miss Reilly added: "I spent most of my own childhood sick in bed, listening to other children outside playing."

"I was the eldest of five children of a laborer. I was born with an ugly harelip, and children can be cruel."

"When I was five, a little brother was born who lived

only 10 days. Right then, at five, I made up my mind that with God's help I would care for sick babies. And everything I did after that was working toward it."

"But I had to take jobs where people wouldn't see me. In a factory, for instance, that made baby shoes."

"When I was in my late 20s, a surgeon repaired my lip, and then I could begin on my real work."

In the ensuing years, in their parents' homes or occasionally in her own, as a private nurse, Isabel Reilly performed miracles with sick children. Twice her work took her abroad.

Her latest charge, Jenny, crowded on Miss Reilly's knee. ("They thought Jenny was retarded, too, but I found the real trouble was diet. It often is.")

Miss Reilly's love for little Jenny was so evident that I asked the obvious question.

"How can I let them go?" she repeated.

"When they're well enough, how could I stand in their light? Would that be love?"

"Oh, I weep. I put them to bed and know it's for the last time. And when they've gone I'll go back and look at the imprint of their little head on the pillow."

"But sometimes their new parents will come here to get them. Sometimes I've even found the new parents myself. Well, the new mother will take the baby in her arms and seem to float down that path on a pink cloud."

"Things like that make parting bearable. They mean more to me than the MBE. I was awarded a few years ago."

"My children owe me nothing. They've given me great joy."

"They're my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

FOOTNOTE: "Jenny has been adopted," Miss Reilly told me on the telephone just a few days ago. "Her mother and father came to fetch her, and the mother's the prettiest little person. There are two brothers for Jenny, both of them adopted, too."

All tears had been shed. Miss Reilly's voice was full of joy for rosy-cheeked Jenny, as she and Nancy waited for the 25th sick baby to be carried up the path.

In the crazy hubbub of the discothèque, a few blemishes can get by untouched.



But zoom into close-up, and you'll bless the day you discovered Innox's Solution 41.



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P 184

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EVERY DAY  
IS  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
DAY





SEATED IN THIS FAMILY GROUP are Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacDonald Whitehouse. Behind them are their twin daughters, Mrs. W. A. Corbett, holding her eight-month-old baby, Dominique, and Mrs. P. Taylor with her youngest child, Cameron, nine months. The Whitehouses' twin bachelor sons (at back) are Alexander MacDonald Whitehouse (called Mac jun.) and Wilson MacDonald Whitehouse. In front are grandchildren Drew Corbett, aged one, and Sean Corbett, two. The daughters not in the picture are Mrs. P. Byrne, of "Brookvilla," and Mrs. A. O'Dwyer, "Mount Manning," both of Clifton, Queensland.



# New faces at the Chevron

## Twins (two sets) in the family

QUEENSLAND hotelier Mr. Charles MacDonald Whitehouse, head of the family company that bid successfully for Sydney's Chevron Hotel, is first and foremost a family man.

He drinks little himself, and none of his six children, all now grown up, drink at all, though all smoke.

"It's a good start, isn't it," Mr. Whitehouse said, sitting at an empty table on the veranda of The Regatta on Coronation Drive, one of his Brisbane hotels.

It could be said that Mr. Whitehouse's family runs as smoothly as his 16 hotels (this number doesn't count the Chevron).

Their mother has never taken a drink, nor does she smoke. "It's unusual nowadays," her husband said, "but it is a big help in bringing up a family."

"I know a lot about children," he said. "At one stage we had four children under 16 months old — two sets of twins, one set boys, the other girls."

He is proud of his family. They're all good looking and obviously proud of "Dad."

Charles MacDonald Whitehouse — generally known as "Mac" Whitehouse — is not Queensland born.

By JEAN BRUCE

His mother, a Canadian, was visiting Toronto in 1911 when Charles MacDonald arrived, but returned to Australia soon after.

He has lived in Queensland ever since.

Now 55, he appreciates good clothes, as is evidenced in his London-tailored suit of grey check, Austrian felt hat, and conservative dark grey and blue silk tie.

Mr. Whitehouse is pleased with the prospect that the family will have the Chevron. "It is a beautiful hotel, only six years old and has been well looked after."

"When I bought the Riverview Hotel in Innisfail, North Queensland, in 1933, I never thought I would one day buy a hotel like the Chevron."

He was 21 then, and resigned his job as a clerk with the Queensland National Bank. He was Queensland's youngest licensee.

He laughed when asked how to make money.

"I couldn't tell you that," he said, then added seriously, "The most essential ingredient in making money is commonsense and hard work."

This is his formula for making a success of a hotel:

"We run the hotels ourselves, and we don't let the hotels run us. We are in and out of them all the time, seeing everything is going right."

"I plan to run the Chevron myself, with my son Mac to help me."

"The plan is that I will be the licensee and managing director of the Chevron. Mrs. Whitehouse will go to Sydney with me, and we'll live in the hotel's penthouse."

There is nothing haphazard about anything Mr. Whitehouse does. "I think you have to plan your life and decide what you are going to do with it," he said.

"But I had wonderful parents."

"Any success I have had is due to them. My father was an outstanding man, although he died young, and I had a wonderful mother. She died in Brisbane in 1961 at the age of 89."

"She had a tremendous personality."

"My two brothers are lawyers, one in Brisbane, Eric B. Whitehouse, and one in Melbourne, Alec B. Whitehouse."

"I was probably never especially interested in hotels," he said, "but I am interested in making a success of anything I do."

Asked what he considered the most important thing in life, Mr. Whitehouse thought for a moment before replying: "I think to go to church regularly is the most important thing, irrespective of what religion anyone is. Next, courage and commonsense."

The purchase price of \$3.6 million, offered by the Whitehouse family company for the Chevron, was less than half what it cost when it was built.

Whitehouse Properties Pty. Ltd. includes Charles MacDonald Whitehouse, his sons (both young bachelors), Wilson MacDonald Whitehouse and Alexander MacDonald Whitehouse, all described as company directors, of Brisbane. Thomas Owen Jones, solicitor, of Darling Point, Sydney, is also named as a director.

The Chevron has 16 floors (14 above ground level) and 232 rooms. The banquet hall will seat 1000.

When a receiver was appointed in 1961, the Chevron was losing up to \$500,000 a year. There have been a number of moves by syndicates and companies to take it over, but all fell through.

Mr. Whitehouse, after buying The Riverview at Innisfail, dotted the years following with hotel purchases:

In 1937, the Corner House Hotel, Gordonvale, and 1941, Babinda Hotel, Babinda, both in North Queensland.

In 1948, in Brisbane, he purchased a half-interest in Queen Street Hotels, which then owned the British Empire Hotel. The next year he bought the whole company.

In 1951 he bought the Kedron Park Hotel, Kedron, Brisbane.

In 1953, he added The Carlton, Queen Street, in the heart of Brisbane city, and the next year, Coolangatta Hotel.

His company also owns The Regatta (Coronation Drive, Brisbane), The Aspley, Osborne Hotel (in The Valley), Seaview (at Sandgate), Oxenford (on the way to the Gold Coast), Tumbulgum (northern N.S.W.), Currumbin Hotel (South Coast, Qld.), and Tweed Heads Hotel.

His hotel group buys more liquor in a year than any other in Australia — the total purchases exceed \$4,000,000 a year.



MR. WHITEHOUSE outside The Regatta Hotel, a Coronation Drive, Brisbane, one of the 16 hotels he owns in Queensland and northern N.S.W. Inset is part of the well-known Hotel Carlton, Brisbane



"It's a beautiful hotel," he said



• The 14-storey Chevron hotel, which was opened in 1960 at a cost of \$12 million, was the first stage of the three-stage building originally planned by Melbourne financier Stanley Korman. Stage two was to have been a 35-storey building with 200 additional bedrooms, retail shops, and offices. Excavation for this still lies beside the hotel. Chevron Sydney Ltd., a subsidiary of Stanhill Consolidated Ltd., one of the Korman group, was formed to own and operate the hotel. Public company debentures were issued to the tune of a little over \$6 million, plus shares worth \$1½ million. Later a second mortgage debenture was issued, but, while trading was profitable, the company could not meet the interest bill. In 1962 an attempt was made to raise additional debentures, but this failed, mainly because it coincided with the credit squeeze. The same year the late Mr. B. O. Smith, known in Sydney as the "company doctor," was appointed receiver. He continued to run the hotel along the same lines, increasing its profitability. When he died in 1965 the receivership was taken over by his son, Mr. Bruce Smith. The hotel has been considered by many a white elephant since it went into the receiver's hands. In 1964 a joint Australian-Hong Kong syndicate made an offer of \$5 million. But the deal fell through when the Government refused to approve an \$18 million plan for further developing the site. Since the acceptance of the Whitehouse offer was announced it has been disclosed that other offers were made during August. One bidder was R. W. Miller (Holdings) Ltd.





LAUREL AND HARDY, famous comedy duo of the '20s and '30s, whose performances are still considered to be in the genius class with their perfect timing and mime.



MABEL NORMAND, one of the famous Mack Sennett beauties, who will be seen in TCN9's special, "When Comedy Was King," on September 17.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN, who appeared in his first film role in 1913 in the character of the little man with the baggy pants and oversized shoes.



BEN TURPIN, whose trademark in the days of silent movies was his cross-eyed look. He was another of the original Mack Sennett comedians.

# TCN9 BRINGS BACK THE OLD-TIME GIANTS OF COMEDY

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "When Comedy Was King," a two-part special beginning on TCN9 on Saturday, September 17 at 7.30 p.m., is a revelation of the styles of the classic funny men of silent movies.

LAUREL and Hardy head the band of old-time movie greats whose filmed silent comedies with a narration and suitable musical background will tell the story.

Other stars featured include Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin with those wonderful cross eyes, Harry Langdon, Charlie Chaplin, the Keystone Cops, and some gorgeous girls.

Mabel Normand is one of the girls, plus all the Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties — without a bikini among them — and Jean Harlow, the girl who became Hollywood's first platinum blonde sex siren, but who started as a comedienne with Laurel and Hardy.

Her first movie role is included in the program — Jean walking into a revolving door in a floaty skirt that gets caught in the door.

Hardheads from TCN9 were carried away with the work of Laurel and Hardy, too. One laconic character who has seen so much TV that he rarely says anything is more than "Not bad," surprised me by saying Laurel and Hardy showed themselves to be in the genius class in "When Comedy Was King."

"These are old silent films," he said, "and I tell you these two men were geniuses. Their timing is magnificent, their facial expressions also."

## Afternoon viewing for the housewife

HOUSEWIVES with families are probably TV's most important viewers in the early afternoon.

I watched these TV hours recently after an irate viewer demanded to know why

ATN7's serial "Morning Star" was now shown at 3.30 instead of 2.30 p.m.

"Now I'll never know what happened," she said. "I can't possibly turn it on when the children are at home."

I thought I must look for myself, and after two days of "Morning Star" I don't wonder that the viewer was



riled. "Morning Star" is a kind of daytime "Peyton Place."

(The changed timeslot is part of a necessary reshuffle of afternoon programs that nothing much can be done about.)

I watched it rather perfunctorily until I found it was all about a woman's magazine called "Carousel."

I watched closely then.

The editor is very sick and confined to bed. She wears a nightie with a crochet yoke that would be a good pattern to include in her magazine. Mr. Manning, her husband, has the most doubtful intentions.

There is quite a suspicion of dirty work with her sleeping pills, and a submissive housekeeper called Miss Alison, who is obviously after Mr. Manning.



JEAN HARLOW, one of Hollywood's first sex sirens, with Clark Gable. She started her film career as a comedienne with Laurel and Hardy in the days of silent movies.

It is difficult to say what anything is about when you step into the middle of a long-run serial, but out of the plots and counter-plots I do know that the housekeeper has had a triumph.

"Why don't you call me Stan when we're alone?" Mr. Manning asks her, and clinches the deal with a kiss.

Early afternoon TV is a different kingdom from night-time TV. On Channel 7 the strong "lub-dub, lub-dub" of a pounding heartbeat sets the pattern for the whole afternoon.

The heartbeat is the theme of "People in Conflict" in which the problems are presented to, and dealt with, by

a trio of experts: Mr. Gordon Hawkins, a behavioural scientist, a woman social worker, and Dr. John McGeorge, a psychologist.

The problems are presented by people chosen to play the roles of those in trouble.

"Beauty and the Beast" is another problem-setter, but on a lighter level.

I must say I was glad to escape from the heart-clutching department on ATN7 to the more frivolous tone of TCN9.

"It Could Be You" starts off their early afternoon programs.

Tommy Hanlon certainly uncovers some heart-rending

problems, but he helps them along with good tangible solutions in the form of gifts.

After Hanlon there is more fun and prizes on TCN9, with Frank Wilson's "Take The Hint" and Howard Craven's "Concentration."

One thing did strike me about these early afternoon programs. They are where the good-looking men have gone.

Stuart Wagstaff presides over "Beauty and the Beast," looking tweedy and cosmopolitan in a gentle, charming way; Geoff Stone steers "People in Conflict."

On TCN9 there is debonair Wilson "Taking the Hint," and Howard Craven, who is cast in the same mould as Wagstaff in a harder, tougher way.

## Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "Well, now that spring is here everyone is outdoors digging, planting shrubs, and sowing seeds, and the next morning waking up with aches and pains from muscles they never knew existed. And there are a few people planting a garden for the first time. If you are in this category and perhaps a little confused about which are the weeds and which are the plants, you can be sure that if it grows like a weed, it is! And also remember . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "A gentleman always calls a spade a spade, even when he trips over one."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 21, 1966



**She got  
15 birthday cards,  
3 letters,  
67 candles on a cake  
and one overseas telegram  
from Australia.**

**Have one guess  
what gave her  
the biggest thrill?**

**You write your message,  
in Italian if you like,  
on the form available at  
your Post Office.**

**That's all.**

**And very soon  
a friend or loved one will  
know how much you care.  
A 22 word letter telegram  
costs only \$2.75 to Italy,  
and most**

**European countries;  
\$2.20 to the U.S.A.,**

**Canada and  
the Netherlands;  
\$1.87 to Britain;  
\$0.55 to New Zealand.**

**But can you measure  
the thrill in  
dollars and cents?**

**The Overseas  
Telecommunications  
Commission  
(Australia)**



OT170





# (Continuing) Lucille Ball:

FROM PAGE 21

Mother's mother — Grandmother Flora-elle Orcutt Hunt — was my favorite, and of all my early influences she, I suppose, was the strongest. Why? She was fearless in facing life without making any fuss over it.

What makes one person so unforgettable, such a integral part of a child's heart? Love, yes, but there was something more. Maybe it was because Grandmother Hunt was a doer; she throbbed with life.

Her hair was curly — a mix of salt-and-pepper, her grey eyes were as shiny as emeralds, and her skin usually tanned from picking berries or planting corn in the garden.

A midwife, Grandmother Hunt was also a wonderful cook who wasted nothing. She butchered our pet pigs and chickens while I screamed like a silly. Yet I ate everything she prepared.

Years later, after I had a wrestling match with death, memories of her meals helped to restore my appetite.

Grandmother's hands were powerful and comforting, and her fingers made noise on silk — their ruddy skin was rough from lathering with lye soaps.

## Beautiful gift dolls

"Working hands," she called them, and they never stopped working.

She sewed our clothes and made beautiful gift dolls with custom wardrobes, while Grandfather Hunt, a woodturner and cabinetmaker, made the doll beds and miniature tables and stools which we found under the decorated evergreen on Christmas morning.

When Grandmother Hunt fell ill — those were my loneliest childhood days.

Fred and I weren't allowed to visit her sick-bed. Warnings rumbled like storm-clouds; rumors circulated that she was wasting away. In those years cancer was a shocking word, unspeakable.

I trembled for weeks, wondering why Grandmother didn't get better. Neighbors shook their heads when they mentioned her name.

The day Grandmother died, I wanted to know, "Can't I ever see her again?" and nobody answered me.

Fred and I sobbed a well of tears, as all baskets of gladioli arrived and we sensed the terrifying eternity of death.

I prayed all the way to her grave, Please, please bring Grandmother Hunt back . . .

One spring twilight, when the town was quiet and lilac blossoms flirted with the breezes, I sat on our front-porch railing and strummed my ukulele. In the evening shadows, Ed Petersen, leaning back in the armchair, gazed at me strangely.

"Am . . . am I disturbing you?" I asked, afraid that I had interfered with his rest.

"Don't stop," he said. "You're getting very good on the ukulele. You've got the hang of it."

I couldn't believe anyone liked my music or would encourage me to play the ukulele, saxophone, or piano. I couldn't believe anyone even listened. But Ed egged me on.

I first became aware of the make-believe magic of the stage when I watched the monologist Julius Tannen perform at Celtron High School. My inspiration soared and I sensed a special thrill in pretending.

Tannen could be eight different people in eight minutes, just by changing his expression, altering his voice, varying his posture. One second, tears ran down his cheeks. In his next breath he exploded with laughter.

I was hooked. I yearned to be "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Madeline in the Zane Grey tales, Pauline in "The Perils of Pauline." High-school plays became an obsession.

Was I in for a surprise!

My secret dream was vaudeville — it offered the loudest form of appreciation: laughter.

I left home and school, and headed for New York, where I spent a wretched summer studying drama. Our star pupil was Bette Davis. When I saw her act one afternoon, etching a character with such ease, I became tongue-tied for weeks.

"Lucy's wasted her time, and mine," the teacher at the drama school complained to my folks. "She's too shy and reticent to put her best foot forward."

The instructors advised me to stay on the farm, look after the chickens, and raise a pack of kids.

I returned to high school, although I never graduated. A restlessness in my bones convinced me I could accomplish more by working in New York.

To survive, I modelled for a pittance. Always down to my last cent, I'd call home collect, and Mother would wire emergency money. That first blizzard winter I suffered acute homesickness and hunger. One Saturday I called Mother, bawling, "I want to come home and visit."

Mother promised to send the fare. I checked out of my hotel and picked up the funds to catch a slow milk train home. Arriving at the station an hour and a half early, I almost froze. The air was icy, so I ducked into a nearby newsreel to warm up and pass the time.

The minute I slumped into a seat on the aisle, I dozed, worn out from the days and nights of starvation and loneliness. While I basked blissfully in the warmth, somebody tried desperately to get by me.

I had been asleep. Standing upright, I quickly collapsed, like a rag doll. I was helpless.

"Some girl over here is acting funny," a man yelled, pointing to me as if I had rabies.

"Get a doctor," a woman alongside me shouted. "She's having a fit."

Crawling out of the aisle like a worm, I snapped, "I'm all right — my legs are asleep." But nobody believed me. They were positive I was nuts, coming up the worn carpet on my hands and knees like a baby.

When I think of that Saturday now, I howl. It's my goofiest memory, and I just wish I could act out that clownish scene on TV.

Seventh Avenue modelling was a struggle. Finally I landed a snazzy job: modelling for Hattie Carnegie. The salary was only \$35 weekly — small in America, even then.

But the Carnegie name carried prestige, and I worked nights for extra cash posing for commercial photographers.

That year I was 17, and I modelled fantastic clothes for Miss Carnegie's best customers. They included Constance and Joan Bennett. One day when I was "showing" an elegant ensemble to the Bennett sisters, I side-stepped to do a "slouch turn" (where I would drag the coat and slouch like a cat). Then I panicked.

## Legs like matchsticks

In a split second, knives seemed to pierce my insides. Writhing in pain, I rolled on the floor. Was I dying?

Sirens screeching, an ambulance arrived and delivered me, doubled over with pain, to an uptown clinic, where I became a guinea pig for ten days. I was injected with horse serum until finally I was able to waddle with the aid of crutches, plus 20-pound weights in my shoes.

"One of the worst cases of rheumatic arthritis," was the diagnosis. Back to Mother — where my legs became matchsticks, skin and bone. For two years I couldn't move without canes and crutches.

What caused this? Malnutrition, exhaustion, overworking at day and night jobs, grabbing a piece of pie and a sip of soda pop, instead of eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Just like some of the kids today who wreck their health by living on snacks.

I paid for this with pain and patience, and I had to learn to walk all over again. Now, when I see a friend working around



LUCY (far right) went to Hollywood in 1933 to be a Goldwyn Girl.



DEEDEE (left), Lucy's mother, encouraged her second marriage.



LUCILLE with little Lucie (18 months) and Desi IV (ten weeks).



# "MY DEAREST MEMORIES"

LUCY'S childhood home at Celeron — a modest house.



the clock, I tip them off. Not long ago, singer Eydie Gorme collapsed, and I sat down and wrote:

*"Dearest Eydie, Please believe me, nature has a way of calling a halt when things get out of hand. Have respect for the phenomenon. The time is overdue for you to be good to Eydie, and to preserve Eydie for bigger and better things to come."*

*"Resting is an art you must learn like singing — only much more pleasurable. Resting for an Eydie, or a Lucy, starts off as an impossibility because it is guilt-ridden. Why? There should be no guilt. Unless we rest, we are unable to function, and then those around us really feel a loss."*

*"Let the world come into your bedroom and be beautiful, gay, and gracious. Do not apologise to yourself or to anyone for taking the time to regain your health. All of your loved ones need you healthy and functioning properly, and only you can bring that about."*

*"Use your hours to do something you want to do . . . reading, manicures, having tea with a girlfriend you haven't seen in years. I guarantee that everyone will envy you this chance to catch up with Eydie."*

*"Eydie darling, put on your most beautiful bed jackets and negligees, and look at your bedroom for the first time as a place to enjoy, rather than to run in and out of hastily. Lie back and for a change be on the receiving end."*

Love, Lucy."

A well-paid apprentice, that was me in the summer of 1933, when I got off the cross-country express to be a Goldwyn Girl in Hollywood, my good-luck town. I was to appear with a bunch of showgirls in "Roman Scandals," starring Eddie Cantor. The girls were professional showgirls, I was Miss Nervous.

"I'm going to let you go," the director announced one day on the set.

"What did I do?" I asked him, quite shattered.

"No . . . no . . . I'm going to let you go! You have a knack for comedy, and I want you to go all the way in this scene."

That dialogue still rings in my ears. I hear the other girls saying, "No, I won't do this . . . I can't do that." I was so happy to be working, I did everything, and for years. Why is it so many young people today expect to start at the top? In show-business that leads to instant failure.

I arranged to bring my mother, brother, cousin Cleo, and grandfather to a neat house nestled in the Hollywood hills, and I plodded along as an RKO contract player for \$75 a week, acting with such stars as Jack Oakie, Jack Carson, Jack Haley, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Phil Baker, the Three Stooges. If there was ever a college for comedy, this was a grand alma mater.

In 1940 I created my own crisis, asking for a release from RKO and switching to MGM. Everything was going too well at RKO — but I needed to be "shook up" a little.

I got shook up — faster than I expected. In my last RKO film, "Too Many Girls," I met Desi Arnaz, a dashing Cuban bandleader and bongo player who followed me all the way to New York, where I was promoting the movie.

As I finished discussing "Why I'm Not Ready for Marriage" with a newspaper reporter, Desi whisked me off to Greenwich, Connecticut, where we became husband and wife on November 30, 1940.

Desi and I wanted a baby. For ten years I stuffed cheap scrapbooks with clippings of babies and scribbled, "Hey, when are you going to have me around the house?"

I lost two children, one in our first year of marriage and another the year before my first child.

Anticipating the baby in June, 1951, I was deliriously happy. Heaven, at last — except that baby was taking its time. It was overdue. I expected it in mid-June. By mid-July I was still waiting.

My doctor was more fidgety than I, and badly in need of a vacation. He waited and

waited. Nothing happened, so he scooted off for a weekend.

An hour after he left, I started to fret. Upset, I visited another doctor, who pounded his fist on the desk, "Now! Your baby has turned." He phoned my doctor in the desert and insisted on delivery by caesarean section. The baby was over four weeks late . . .

Lucie Desiree Arnaz was born on July 17, 1951, at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles. I credit little Lucie with the ovation our "Lucy" television series received that autumn; she was the harbinger of success.

I was so excited after the delivery that I practically crushed her with hugs. Every time I looked at her teeny marshmallow face I sobbed.

"You are in no condition to hold the baby in your arms," the doctor scolded. I was weak from surgery.

Little Lucie's first burp from her mother: Picture me trying to sit up in a hospital bed. Lucie is wrapped in a disinfected cone of a blanket, which is stiff as cardboard. I coo and play with Lucie's teeny fingers for a second. Lucie slips down — whoops! — in her cone. I lift her up for a burp, pat her back, and she bounces out of the cone and falls on the pillow behind me on her head!

## "Lucie, keep walking"

An auburn brunette with navy-blue eyes, Lucie today is 5 feet 7½ inches, an inch taller than I.

She is hypersensitive, alert, introspective — normal for a 15-year-old who likes to act, pantomime, sing, and dance. She's edgy about being the daughter of a celebrity.

Her goal? To study drama. The main problem now? Boys. No sooner are we out on the street than the flirting begins and I have to shout, "Lucie, keep walking!"

One night she screened a cheeky movie at home for her girlfriends from high school. I walked in on the film and didn't like it. I snapped on the lights.

"Mother!" she shrieked furiously.

After her friends had gone, she tiptoed downstairs and mooned in the hallway with a valise in one hand and a birdcage in the other. She turned away and walked down the path, slowly around the corner.

In five minutes she was back, wailing, "Aren't you even going to try to stop me?" I cried, she cried, we clutched, kissed, and all was well.

Our son, Desi, jun. (actually, Desi IV), was born a year and a half after Lucie, in 1953 — he'll be 14 on January 19.

He's blue-eyed and hammy, but in the nicest way. He emulates his daddy — drumming, fishing, forever on the run.

His birth, because of the success of the "Lucy" series, was heralded around the world, and I hope he never reads the mushy clippings — he may be embarrassed.

When Desi, jun., was three, he was thrown from a horse which reared up.

Luckily, as it stepped away, it missed him. I almost choked, but Desi, jun., wanted to get right back on — just as his daddy would. I couldn't say no.

That same year, when we were in Hawaii, Desi, jun., cried for a surfboard. He went out on an outrigger which disintegrated. Fortunately he was wearing a Mae West (life preserver).

But when he returned to our penthouse, I hollered, for I had seen the whole thing through binoculars.

"Some show," I scolded. "Who do you think you are? Daddy?"

"Yes, Mommy. You know what? I better learn to swim."

My hope is that I will be successful in teaching him moderation. I have too much of it, his father hasn't enough . . .

Desi, jun., is now part of a musical group: Dino, Desi, and Billy (Dino is Dean Martin's son). He's outgoing, not as sensitive to criticism as Lucie, and enrolled at the

Beverly Hills Catholic School with a B-plus average. That could easily be an A, if only he worked at it.

Both children are Catholics. Before I married Desi, I took instructions in the Catholic faith. My folks were Dutch Reformists. But as a child I attended the nearest Sunday school — Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, and grew up to appreciate religion in general.

To me, God is a hill, a cloud, a tree, a Christmas eve on top of a high bridge, my grandmother Hunt's backyard during a rainstorm. That backyard is where I sensed the presence of God.

Every nook was utilised, beautifully arranged with flowers and rocks, young bushes and fruit trees. The seasons seemed holy — an incense of hyacinths each spring; oak golds and purples in autumn; a snow-covered stillness in winter with the hieroglyphic tracks of birds, rabbits, cats, and dogs in the drifts.

Is it possible for a backyard to be a church for a child? It was for me — it was my sanctuary.

After 20 years together Desi and I were unhappy. Each heart had its reasons, yet I didn't want a divorce.



BESIDE THEIR POOL: Lucille, her two children, and Gary Morton.

But when I saw how we exposed our deficiencies to the children, I came to the conclusion that it was wrong for me not to divorce the man I loved.

Divorcing Desi in May, 1960, brought on complications besides those involving the children. Our business, Desilu, which produced the "Lucy" show and other TV series, had to be sold or dissolved.

Rather than sell what we had built single-handed, I bought Desilu from Desi and became president of a public corporation grossing \$25,000,000 annually.

## Doldrums, depression

That's a story in itself, and all I can say now is that I'm glad I'm not president of General Motors!

Divorce doldrums and depression gnawed at me. I became a lump — useless and uninterested. I needed a change, and accepted an invitation to star on Broadway in the musical "Wildcat."

I couldn't laugh at anything, even myself. Yet, in spite of my misery, "Wildcat" was a smash success. But after each performance I ducked from everyone like a recluse.

Two friends, Jack Carter and Paula

Stewart, picked me up one night after the show to join them in a Times Square pizza parlor.

A nightclub comic, Gary Morton, was with them, and his jokes tickled me. All of a sudden, in the middle of that meal, winter, I was listening to my own roaring laughter . . .

I began seeing Gary, a Bronx boy, tall, strapping, and a golf maniac with a family chockful of clucking uncles and aunts. Never, for even an instant, did I consider marrying. In my heart marriage was ended. Buried. A part of the past.

Just when I was laughing again exhaustion knocked me out and my health fizzled. Pneumonia, bursitis, osteomyelitis in my legs — illness plagued me like a curse, and I flew back with Lucie and Desi, jun., to California.

Should I sell the house, the business take the children and move to Switzerland? Daily I debated what to do.

Gary came out to see me, and we hoote over nonsense. I told DeeDee (my nickname for Mother) I might go to Europe.

"What about Gary?"

"Gary? I have my children, and I can always come back to my work."

"Don't you want to share it — make someone else happy? You like him . . ."

Boom. DeeDee said it: I did like him. I liked his humor, inquiring mind, the way he listened, his spirit. With Gary was happy — and tranquil. Could we go along? He was a road comic and I was a celebrity. I didn't want him to be tagged Mr. Lucille Ball.

"Why are you such a golf-nik?" I asked him one afternoon.

"I compete with myself."

His reply shook me. What a challenge to compete with oneself. Gary and the children became friendly, and when he proposed, I could only say "yes."

On November 19, 1961, I became Mr. Gary Morton. We came back to my white "California colonial" house on Roxbury Drive and redecorated it in contemporary design with an occasional French Provincial accent.

Colors? Gary and I lean toward happy hues — bold golds, lush greens.

Weekends we drive to our modern ranch house in Palm Springs, where Gary golf and I whip up goulash and persimmon cake for Sunday-night supper.

Weekdays we enjoy our work. We live for today, not yesterday or tomorrow. It wonderful to be alive again!





## Koratron perfect press, permanent shape clothes are here. You never, never iron them.

Koratron\* clothes are in Australia at last . . . and look what Koratron means to you. Ironing? Forget it for Koratron garments. Because they never, never need ironing. Just wash, and then simply drip-dry or tumble-dry.

The Koratron company's process gives everything *real* wash-and-wear, press that *is* permanent, true wrinkle-freedom shape retention like nothing you've ever seen. (Or will ever see except with

Koratron.) And saves you so much on dry-cleaning.

So look for the Koratron seal when you're shopping. It's your promise of performance, guaranteed by the Koratron Company.

You can buy Koratron slacks and shorts for men and women right now. Soon there'll be dresses, skirts, shirts, blouses, children's wear . . . and it's worth your while to wait for them. The Koratron

seal on the garment label is your proof of the process that's swept the world. Look for it in stores now.

Koratron clothes are in Bradford Cotton, Bruck and Prestige fabrics from selected top-name manufacturers; Aywon, Casben, Centreline, Dale, Gina, Glo-Weave, Sackville, Sportscraft, Whitmont.



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AUSTRALIAN PATENT PENDING

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 21, 1966





• From top: Keith Conlon, Martin and Peter Wesley-Smith.

## TRIO'S DISC IS CHILD'S PLAY

ALTHOUGH they are "not in it for the money" (in fact they are about \$100 out of pocket), the Wesley Three, a folk-singing trio from Adelaide, have just made their sixth record.

The album, "The Wesley Three Presents in Story and Song Mr. Thwump and Banjo the Singing Rabbit," is different from their usual releases.

It's aimed at the four-to-nine-years age group. But the trio hope it will have the adult appeal of Lewis Carroll and A. A. Milne, too. Peter and Martin Wesley-Smith, 21-year-old twins, and Keith Conlon, 22, formed the Wesley Three while they were still at school. They are now at the University of Adelaide.

This is not their first attempt at children's songs. They adapted "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," and set to

music a nursery rhyme, "Little Tommy Suck-a-Thumb."

These records were so successful that they decided to try an album especially for children. "Mr. Thwump and Banjo the Singing Rabbit" is the result.

The themes of both stories are distinctively Australian. "Banjo" was written by a Sydney engineer, Ted Roberts. The recording company's producer, Sven Libaek, composed the music.

Peter wrote the story of "Mr. Thwump" and hopes to publish it in book form.

Although the story is pure fantasy, he has tried not to "speak down."

The group feels that too many people avoid using "big words," and consequently children do not get a chance to widen their vocabulary.

Twin brother Martin composed the music. To produce the right sound effects, they have used over a dozen different instruments.

## COMPACT



★ Vangie, left, and Margaret.

## SHE HAS STARS IN HER EYES

★ Hell's Gate, a Rotorua, N.Z., thermal area, now has an "instant" geyser. At the flick of a switch a roaring geyser playing to about 40ft. comes into action. A new steam bore is being used to feed the artificial geyser, as well as providing heat at the resort's refreshment kiosk. Down to a depth of 288ft. the bore has 120lb. pressure. The geyser can play all day, or be turned on just before tourist buses arrive.

MEETING film stars and famous personalities is enough to put anyone's head in the clouds, but it doesn't affect American Evangeline Casillas. She's up there, anyway.

For the past 11 years Vangie, as she prefers to be called, has been an air hostess for Bonanza Airlines, which flies daily between Phoenix, Salt Lake City, Las Vegas, Reno, and Los Angeles.

Vangie often meets stars flying out to their holiday homes from Los Angeles.

They include Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Richard Chamberlain, Bob Hope, and Danny Kaye.

"Most of the stars you meet prefer to sit quietly, and discourage any conversation, although they are pleasant," said Vangie.

"Danny Kaye, however, is the exception," she added. "He's a regular commuter and he always seems bright."

"In fact, he's just as funny to us and the people he meets on our flights as he is on the stage."

Of Mexican descent, Vangie is spending several weeks here working aboard Airlines of N.S.W. planes on

country flights, "getting to know Australians."

An Australian counterpart, Miss Margaret Leys, of Coogee, N.S.W., flew to Phoenix, Arizona, recently to spend several weeks doing similar "exchange" hostessing aboard Bonanza Airlines flights.

"I think it's a great idea," said Vangie, who spent her first weekend in Australia visiting the N.S.W. outback town of Bourke, where she attended a picnic race meeting and a ball.

## Thereby hangs a tail



● Olly, claimed to be Britain's smallest poodle, until recently was "on the shelf" in other ways. The pocket-book-sized-dog's owner, Mrs. Dorothy Brauer, spent four years trying to get the Kennel Club to officially recognise her toy-poodle club.

Soon the club will have its first championship show under Kennel Club auspices.

Mrs. Brauer is making quite a song about it. As well as plastering London with posters telling of the show, she has engaged pop star Brenda Marshall to cut a disc in praise of toy poodles. The song is called "Buy Me a Poodle, Daddy."

Truly a case of hopping on the banned wagging?

## Ships that pass...

WHEN Sir Roden Cutler, Governor of N.S.W., cut a ribbon to open the new Harwood Bridge over the Clarence River, on the north coast of N.S.W., recently, he deprived motorists of their only free ride on the highway between South Australia and Queensland.

Minutes before the \$3,800,000 bridge was declared open to traffic, the last ferry service to operate on the highway linking South Australia, Victoria, N.S.W., and Queensland "died."

To part with the service, which had operated at Harwood since 1885, is to many locals like parting with an old friend.

And for any traveller with the time to enjoy it, there was nothing more restful after driving for miles than to pull on to the slow-moving ferry, and watch the beauty of the river.

THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN 20 YEARS

# wash corns and callus away!



FAST, EASY, SAFE, UTTERLY DIFFERENT

Why suffer? Walk and play in comfort. Now you simply take Heros, soap, water, and with a few rubs corns and callus disappear before your eyes. Heros is entirely different. New to Australia but recommended for years by chemists in Europe.

Feet and hands are kept smooth, beautiful and healthy. Heros smooths away dry or horny skin, rough edges and recurring callus. You wash them away like you wash your hands. There is no messy, long treatment.

Heros is not medicated. It cannot chemically affect soft skin or tissue. There's no danger of cuts from razor-sharp blades. It's safe, easy, quick.

Not expensive  
Why suffer corn agony and weary aching feet caused by callus? Try Heros—it really works. In the economical pack, only 79 cents at all chemists. Lasts about six months with continuous family use.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER  
15 YR. OLD CORN VANISHES  
40 Kerferd Road, Glen Iris.  
20 July, 1966.

"For at least fifteen years I suffered with corns which were most painful. I tried numerous so-called cures to no avail. I have used Heros for the last 3 months, with only two treatments, and I have now no sign and my feet are no worry."

Yours faithfully,  
(sgd.) R. E. Smith.



chiropody sponge





## oriental risotto

Look what a delicious meal you can whip up in minutes with Rice-a-Riso and Golden Circle Pineapple . . . Oriental Risotto . . . a succulent sweet-and-sour dish, exotic yet economical. Try serving it tonight.



**RECIPE:** Empty a packet of Chinese flavour Rice-a-Riso into pan. Add 1 cup sliced pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced celery, 1 chopped onion. Fry in butter or oil till lightly browned. Add 1-1/8 pints boiling water, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sultanas. Cook 15 minutes. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  a 15 oz. can Golden Circle Pineapple pieces, and 1 tablespoon vinegar, cook further 10 minutes. Fork through 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup green peas. Wait for the compliments.





## LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Birthdays' solution

IT is difficult to know just how to celebrate birthdays when the family is large and the purse small. This was the way a neighbor's family managed in the ten years I lived next to them: The birthday child was given breakfast in bed (a most unusual treat in that busy household). On the tray was a birthday hat and serviette and a card on which the child wrote his or her choice for a birthday dinner. Any reasonable request was considered, even "no vegies." The child was the guest at this meal, and was presented with small gifts or a bigger communal one. Afterwards there were games or suitable entertainment, and Dad usually finished with a little speech about the birthday and the particular child.

\$2 to Mrs. Margaret Harry, Camberwell, Vic.

### Explaining creaks in the night

KNOCKINGS and bangs in the night often have an ordinary explanation. Some years ago, when my husband was at the Rocket Range in South Australia, I was alone with our baby. Every night the door on our medicine chest used to come open. It never worried me, but it did puzzle me until a friend told me to listen and see if the old goods train, which used to chug up the long hill, went by at the same time as the door creaked open. Sure enough, that was it — vibrations from the train!

\$2 to "Observant" (name supplied), Woodville, N.S.W.

### A well-remembered scientist

A CORRESPONDENT quoted a mnemonic (dictionary meaning, "of, designed to aid, the memory"), she uses to teach her grandchildren the correct order of the colors in a rainbow. Another, commonly used by secondary school students in physics class, is the name of an eminent fictitious scientist — Roy G. Biv. It just so happens that a laboratory spectrum contains the same colors as a natural rainbow spectrum, and each letter in "his" name is the first letter of the colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet) in the correct order.

\$2 to Mr. J. D. Carroll, Kingaroy, Qld.

### Formula for a happy marriage

AFTER 40 years of marriage, Grandpa still obviously adores Grandma. So, when I set the date for my own wedding, I asked for her secret formula. "No matter what's gone wrong during the day, always remember that he has probably had a frustrating day, too," she replied. "Greet him with a smile and a kiss, even if the effort almost kills you. And if you must tell him about your troubles, wait until he settles down after a good meal. Then, instead of moaning, ask his advice."

\$2 to Miss P. Burkett, Ballarat, Vic.

**Ross Campbell**  
writes...

**G WHIZZ**

DO you ever stop to think what a splendid job animals are doing in the entertainment world?

They provide us with moving pictures suitable for General Exhibition.

Most of the pictures made about humans now are for Adults Only.

A family friend named Mrs. Propworth was talking to me on this matter.

This lady does not have children of her own, but has some nieces and nephews. It is her kindly custom to take them to the pictures now and then.

"But you've no idea how hard it is to find suitable shows," she sighed.

"I wanted to give little Susan an outing on her birthday, so I had a look to see what was on."

"I didn't much like the sound of 'Women By Night,' with 'the world's first striptease puppet.'"

"I didn't want to take Susan to 'Madame X' — 'there was always a man, never a name.'"

"I wasn't very keen on the film that showed 'a moving mass of frenzied human flesh.'"

"And I had doubts about 'the picture with something to offend everyone.'"

"I was just deciding to go to the Museum instead, when I saw this ad for a picture about lions. I don't know where we'd be without animal films today."

This is an era of daring, shocking, challenging pictures.

It is great fun for those who like being shocked and challenged. But it puts difficulties in the way of aunts, grandmas, and parents of conservative tastes, who are planning treats for the young.

There is an acute shortage of pictures that do not unleash raw, primitive passions, bare forbidden secrets of the harem, etc.

One man who woke up to this

situation was smart old Walt Disney. He has made millions by producing films that are neither fearless nor challenging, but are suitable for the school holidays.

Walt is, of course, very keen on the animal kingdom. He has done well out of pictures on the private lives of horses, dogs, and cats.

A few others have followed his example, like the makers of the lion picture that solved Mrs. Propworth's problem.

These animal films are hard work for the actors and actresses.

Instead of playing love scenes, they have to co-star with wild dogs, growling lions, and bucking horses. But the pay is good if they can stand it.

There are plenty of animals that have hardly been touched. Mrs. Propworth can look forward to G pictures on tigers, monkeys, and giraffes.

And — who knows? — some day there may be G pictures about humans.

"Bored with London vice? Tired of Roman orgies? Here is a new thrill — the shockless movie!" It could be sensational.

### Sugar and spice . .

IN a few months I am going to have a baby and, of course, I am wondering if it is going to be a boy or a girl. In the country I come from they say you can tell by your appetite during pregnancy. If your appetite is for sweet things you surely will have a girl, but if you like to eat pickled cucumbers, rollmops, or sour cream it will be a boy.

\$2 to Mrs. Franna Lubbe, Kingswood, N.S.W.

### Question of age

THE difference in the letters in this page and the ones in Teenagers' Weekly never fails to surprise me. The letters here are usually very cheerful and frequently about children, husbands, or houses. The ones in Teenagers' Weekly are frequently serious and about government, wars, and conscription. Are the teenagers of today more serious than we were or do people cease to air their serious views once they become 20? I find it rather a fascinating question.

\$2 to "Crayon" (name supplied), Mt. Isa, Qld.

### Basic need for 84 towels!

IN a "Girls' Own Annual" which belonged to my grandmother before her marriage, there is "A Simple Trousseau for a Present-day Bride." Among the curiosities listed are eight pairs of combinations, six sleeping vests, 12 chemises, and 30 pairs of stockings. Under the heading of House Linen come six washstand sets, ten basin towels, servant bed-linen, sideboard cloths, carving cloths, and seven dozen towels. It is explained that these are only the basic necessities for setting up house! This makes my own adequate trousseau, 60 years later, look positively miserable.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Russell, Woollahra, N.S.W.

### An added pleasure

A LIST of possessions intended to go to various dear ones after one's death may not be sufficient to guarantee that they will be allocated as desired. I have several articles in my possession coveted by various members of my family, and, as I am well over my allotted score, I am giving them to the right people as gift times arrive. I have the added pleasure of seeing their appreciation.

\$2 to "Don't Wait" (name supplied), Murray Bridge, S.A.



## VAIN HOPE

• By means of a new machine, new bricks can be made to look old, having the fashionable weathered appearance.

Our house, though new, appears antique,  
Likewise its decoration,  
And visitors, admiring, shriek  
Their hearty approbation.

"Such lovely weathered bricks," they cry,  
"How pretty iron lace is."  
Oh, that the fashion would apply  
As well to wrinkled faces.

— Dorothy Drain

## Pets teach love

THERE is no need for Mrs. Price to feel guilty about feeding her children's pet cat while people starve in other countries. Caring for, and feeding, a pet develops a child's capacity to love and to realise that all living creatures are capable of feeling hunger and pain. I feel that the people who are working to ease human suffering today perhaps owned and loved a pet in their childhood.

\$2 to Mrs. Doreen Chipman, Morwell, Vic.

★ ★ ★  
THE world's problems will have to be faced eventually by the children of today. Meanwhile, do not deprive them of love for their animal pets. Caring for these is part of the character training of children, teaching them affection and responsibility for all animals. If the pets were not fed, they would only add to the world's list of hungry creatures.

\$2 to Mrs. Joy Wynne, Hillcrest, S.A.

★ ★ ★  
FEEDING our pets well, or even stray animals coming our way, is not only justified, but it is our duty as long as we allow ourselves all kinds of little luxuries we do not really need or deserve. My twinges of guilt about the world's hungry people occur while indulging in luxuries, and it is there that I try to economise and to give my share to such charitable causes.

\$2 to "Also Guilty" (name supplied), Fishery Falls, Qld.

★ ★ ★  
CHILDREN can learn kindness and consideration through their devotion to pets. One "rice-bowl" type of meal occasionally, with the money saved given to the starving and underprivileged, would benefit the character of any child owning a pet.

\$2 to Mrs. Toni Lynch, North Manly, N.S.W.

## Keep Your Home Free of Insect Pests



Powerful high - potency Pea - Beu insecticide should be regularly sprayed into dog blankets and kennels to kill off all harbouring fleas. 'Safe' umbrella-spraying action Pea-Beu penetrates every crack and crevice and can be used in the presence of animals. The powerful 'safe' easy-to-use Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is now available in Australia mainly through leading chemists and stores.

## 'I won't eat any'

What to do when your child refuses food

When a good-eater turns finicky, suspect childhood constipation. A simple answer is chocolate Laxettes, given at bedtime. Children actually like taking Laxettes. Laxettes contain an exact dose of a gentle laxative, but all the child can taste is the chocolate. While your kiddie sleeps, Laxettes work gently to correct irregularity. Next morning the constipation attack is over. Keep Laxettes handy. Only 3/6 (35 cents). Always fresh in the air-sealed packet.

LA-13

## DARE YOU WHISPER CLOSE?

You may be careful about "personal freshness" but does your breath say so? Fresh sweetness of mouth is an essential part of your charm. That's why Binaca concentrated Mouthwash could be as important to you as any cosmetic. Just three golden drops in water makes a gloriously refreshing rinse which instantly destroys odour-forming bacteria and leaves your mouth feeling clean for hours. One drop of the concentrate on the tongue has the same freshening effect. Handy size for purse, pocket or glove box. 5/- Large, 21/- Ciba of Switzerland also send us the superb Binaca Toothpaste which cleanses by detergent action and prevents formation of tartar. 7/6 tube from chemists and dept. stores.

## BACKACHE

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYB-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feed young and fit again. Get Scientific, Laboratory-tested and Certified CYB-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 4/6.



NEW!  
NEW!  
NEW!



GAYE

Slim! Beautiful! Elegant! An exquisite floral garland carved with intricate beauty.....in the gleaming radiance of silver

Complete 44-piece setting with silver handles \$48.00 (£24/0/0), with pearlex knives \$37.00 (£18/10/0), with xylonite knives \$36.00 (£18/0/0).

  
*Grosvenor*  
TABLE SILVER

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# RELATIVE TO DEATH

Final instalment of  
our dramatic serial

By STANTON  
FORBES

There were thrills  
and excitement at  
the carnival, but  
underlying all this  
was a feeling of  
something sinister



FOR a nine-year-old, CORNELIA FRASER is amazingly composed after the death of her mother, JUDY, in a car accident. KENT FRASER, Judy's second husband, whom Cornelia calls Father, decides he and Cornelia will stay with GERTRUDE (TRUDY), Judy's sister, at her house by the sea. MRS. HILDRETH, the housekeeper, and CONNORS, the chauffeur, close the house and drive Cornelia to Trudy's home before they go their separate ways. Trudy is the widow of WHITNEY FRASER, Kent's uncle. Kent had met Judy after her first husband, TERRY INNES, had died, leaving her a very rich widow.

At the beach one day Cornelia speaks to RAMON, a stunt performer from a nearby carnival, but he swims away when Trudy calls Cornelia for lunch. Cornelia longs to visit the carnival, so secretly leaves the house that night to the spot where it is being held. Here she meets PIDGE, the Barker, and makes friends with him. Quietly entering the house later she overhears Kent telling Trudy he had killed his wife. But she doesn't hear him go on to say that he and Judy had quarrelled and he had allowed her to drive off by herself knowing she had had too much to drink.

He says he doesn't understand Cornelia and startles Trudy by saying it may be best for him to remarry as soon as it is proper. The next morning, while Kent and Trudy are out, SARA, the daily help, sends Cornelia up to play in the attic, where she finds a book of clippings and learns that her father had committed suicide. Later Trudy has a visit from Ramon, whom it appears she knows quite well. He has brought a present for the child and says he just wants to be nice to a millionairess. Trudy realises Ramon is a danger to plans she has regarding Cornelia's future. NOW READ ON:

WHEN Kent came down late in the afternoon he wanted a whisky, and they were out of it. Trudy explained that it had been ordered, and tried to get him to lie down again. Well, she thought, living with him under the same roof was no bed of roses. She almost felt sorry for Judy.

"I'm going to get out of this place," He glared at her. "Back to the city. That's where I belong. I don't know why I came to this forsaken dump in the first place."

Trudy steadied her voice. "You came so that I could help you."

"Did I really?" He peered at her owlishly. "And what can you do for me, Trudy? Are you going to make me feel better? Are you going to fix it so that I can live with myself? Are you going to make me forget that Judy and I fought from morning till night and that I let her go off in that car to die? You going to do all that, Trudy? Well, you can't. Only a bottle can help me do that and you can't even supply it!"

She was disgusted. "Don't be a damn fool, Kent." He laughed, mimicked her. "Don't be a damn fool, Kent. Do you think I don't know why you're so eager to have us here? If I didn't I would be a fool. You don't give a damn about me—or Cornelia."

"She's my own sister's child." "Hah! You and Judy hated each other. I know all about you and Judy and dear old Terry. You almost got away with it, too, didn't you? Only Judy finally found the letters, didn't she? And then when that happened—boom!" He threw his hands up toward the ceiling. "No more nice allowance for Trudy and poor old Whitney."

Her lips felt stiff. "It's no crime to be in love with your sister's husband. I was young and stupid. I paid for my sins."

"Did you, now? Did you? Well, I'm paying for mine. And I want a drink, I tell you! So, out of my

way and I'll get one." He pushed at her and went to the door, stopped still. Cornelia was standing just outside the screen.

"What are you doing, you little sneak?" he yelled at her. "Eavesdropping as usual." He pushed the door open as she moved out of the way. "Did you hear anything good about yourself?"

Her eyes were wide and round. She shook her head and the blonde hair fell over her face. "Only you yelling," said Cornelia.

He opened his mouth and shut it, flung himself down the steps. "You can jolly well be prepared to leave here in the morning," he shouted over his shoulder. They heard the sports car roar to life as Cornelia came inside.

Trudy put her arm around her, felt her stiffen. "Don't fret, Cornelia," she said softly. "He doesn't mean a word of it."

Trudy was really very nice about Cornelia's having gone to the carnival without telling her. "Honey, you must ask when you want to do something. I won't say no—not if it's a reasonable request. But we just can't have a little girl like you wandering around a carnival late at night all by herself. Now can we?"

"No, ma'am." "Tell you what, Cornelia. I'll take you myself. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Trudy." She tugged at the ears of the big red dog Ramon had brought her. "I like the carnival."

"Of course you do. All little girls do." Trudy changed expression, took off the blinding smile and said, "Cornelia, do you know a John Baldwin?" Her voice sounded as though she didn't care whether Cornelia knew him or not.

To page 40

## Achieve Springtime Beauty



Margaret Merrill  
Beauty Skin Care  
Consultant

Let spring herald the birth of new loveliness for your complexion. Plan a beauty programme for spring; you'll be surprised at the new loveliness that will emerge from a little simple beauty care. Here are some suggestions that will bring youthful vitality and clarity to your complexion.

### Springtime Loveliness

To gain the smooth bloom of springtime while preventing wrinkle-dryness and Keratinization (coarsening texture), begin each day by beautifying your complexion. Start by toning the skin cells with a little lemon Delph freshener, then smooth a film of moist tropical oil over the face and neck to nourish and beautify your complexion, giving it a dewy petal-soft loveliness all through the day. This oil of Ulan serves also as an ideal foundation for the perfect application of your make-up.

### Flower-Fresh Skin

Give your skin a delightfully toned, clear feeling after cleansing by patting over your face and neck with pure, gentle lemon Delph freshener. The light, tonic effect of Delph is felt immediately because it contains the natural skin refining and cleansing action of lemons. Moisten a pad of cotton wool with this ideal beauty aid and press it lightly to the pores so that the skin is stimulated and blemish-inducing impurities are cleared away. Afterwards, to hold the natural bloom on your complexion, smooth on a film of oil of Ulan.

### Golden Rule for Teenage Beauty

The teenager wishing to enhance her emergent beauty should observe the golden rule of using cosmetics as moderately as possible, so that the youthful good looks are revealed to the best advantage. The ideal powder base is a light, invisible film of moist tropical oil. The isotonic base of oil of Ulan is particularly recommended, because it has a beneficial ingredient which nourishes and guards the temperamental young skin so well and yet gives it a subtlety that adds charm rather than years to the face.

### Eyes that sparkle

To revive tired eyes in just a few seconds, moisten two pads of cotton-wool in lemon Delph freshener and place them over your eyes while you relax with your feet up. Then, to ease away the fine lines that develop around and beneath the eyes, pat in tropical moist oil of Ulan. This moist oil is excellent for smoothing dry skin and easing away wrinkle-dryness.

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## New Way to Reduce Weight

There is now available in Australia a harmless tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction. You can now be thin by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day, to dispel and neutralise the fat and starch content of the food eaten, and lessen body weight until normal. These Mervon extract tablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.

"Yes. He used to come to see Mother quite often. He takes care of the estate, she told me. She said he was a very wise man."

Trudy nodded as if she knew all the time. "Run along and tidy up for dinner. After we've eaten, we'll take in the sights."

The sights included a ride on the ferris wheel (Cornelia liked it), a ride on the astronaut (she was frightened and it made her stomach feel funny), a spill of cotton candy which turned wet and sugary when you touched it, and an apple on a stick (green under the red candy covering).

They must keep an eye on the time, Trudy said, so they'd be sure not to miss the Seven Wonders of the World show, especially Ramon. He went on at ten. When they arrived at the platform where Pidge was extolling the virtues of the forthcoming performance, Cornelia was surprised to see Ramon standing near the tent flap, almost as though he were waiting for them.

"Mrs. Fraser, Cornelia." His smile was most certainly for them and he held out his hand in a most friendly manner. To Pidge he said, "My guests."

HE walked with them around the lot when the show was over. He told them that the rides were the most expensive pieces of equipment. The oldest concession was the high striker where the customer tried to strike the platform so hard that it sent a weight up to the bell and made the bell ring. "The boys like to show off to their girlfriends," said Ramon.

The Seven Wonders of the World was a ten-in-one show. They were called ten-in-ones because they usually featured ten special acts. One dwarf, one Cardiff giant (King Phillip), one fat woman, one headless woman. "We had one but she pulled out a couple of towns back. So we make do without her."

Trudy wanted to know, "And just how does one produce a headless woman?"

He grinned. "With mirrors; everybody knows that."

"Then all of the — freaks, is that the word — are contrived?"

Freaks was not the word. And no, they were not all phony. Take knife-throwing, for instance. That was the real McCoy. So was fire-eating.

"How did you get into the carnival?" asked Cornelia. "I wasn't born into it the way Pidge was. With me, it was an uncle who was in the business. Pidge and Isolde, they go back three generations."

"Pidge and Isolde?" Trudy's brow wrinkled. "Oh, yes, she's the snake dancer. But I don't remember a Pidgee..."

"He does the barking for the ten-in-one. He gets the crowd in. His full name is Julio Pigidaro. This is his show, inherited it from his father. Like I said, third generation."

"Is Isolde his wife?" asked Cornelia. They had stopped now near the entrance and she hoped fervently that they were going home.

"His sister." People were leaving and concessions were closing. Some of the lights had already been turned out.

"It's closing time," said Ramon. "If you would do me the honor of waiting until I have changed, I would be pleased to see you home."

"How nice of you," said Trudy. "We'll have an escort, Cornelia."

"I will only be a moment." Again the bow. "If you'll excuse me..." and he was off through the lot, the jewels on his shirt sparkling in the semi-darkness.

"I thought you didn't like carnival people, Trudy." Cornelia covered her mouth

## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

to hide a yawn. She was suddenly very weary.

Trudy laughed, a tinkling little laugh of embarrassment. "I did say that, didn't I? It just goes to show — never judge a book by its cover. You must take people as they are — not as you think they are. And I'll make a confession — your Ramon is very charming."

Cornelia couldn't see her face so well now. Her jewelry glittered and there was a sheen to her red silk dress. Aunt Gertrude was a stranger, standing beside her in the almost-darkness. Why did her voice sound so gay? Why were they waiting here when they could have been part way home? What was she thinking, this woman who had been Mother's sister, then Aunt Gertrude, then Trudy, then — a stranger?

Cornelia was sent straight to bed when they reached the house and she went without argument. It was an effort to wash her face and brush her teeth. She could hear faint murmurings from the living-room as she went back across the hall. She shut off the lights and got into bed, hid her head in the pillow because she could still hear sounds from downstairs.

She was almost asleep when she heard the door close and footsteps in the hall. She was almost asleep again when the voices downstairs grew suddenly louder. Then in a few minutes there came the sound of a door banging and voices outside. Cornelia tried to listen longer but she drifted off.

She was awakened, sometime later, from deep sleep by the sound of a scream. It started out loud and high, went on and on, growing fainter, and then died away.

She slid out of bed and hurried down the stairs in bare feet. The living-room was dark and the swings cast deep shadows like tethered beasts. At the far end of the hall she saw a faint light. She went toward it, toward the hurricane candle that flickered on the porch, on the very strange porch that once had a railing, but now was open to the cliff, to the sea.

Cornelia ran back through the house, through the kitchen's back door to her special path. She looked down and could see nothing. The house behind her was silent and the candle made only a tiny spot of light. She could hear the sea below. She began to slide and crawl down into blackness.

Aunt Gertrude had been crying. Her face was washed looking and there were dark marks around her eyes where her mascara had smeared. She was saying to the policeman, "I don't know if he fell — or jumped. The railing was in bad repair. Goodness knows, I've warned everybody often enough. But he'd been so despondent ever since his wife's death... Oh, I should never have gone out and left him here. When I think of what might have happened to Cornelia..."

"Would you mind going over it with me again?" the chief of police asked. He had questioned Cornelia and told her to go to bed, but she sat at the very top of the stairs, where she couldn't be seen, and listened.

"Ramon and I were having a drink and Kent came down. He wasn't sober — that was part of his problem — and he took offence at Ramon being here. I tried to explain, but he was most unreasonable. It was terribly embarrassing and when Ramon suggested we go to the hotel for our drink I'm afraid I agreed because I was angry. That's the last I saw

of him. Until I came back and found him — with Cornelia sitting beside him on the sand."

She began to cry again and Cornelia could hardly make out her words when she added, "Oh, the poor child. Now she has nobody in this world except me."

"All right, Mrs. Fraser. You can go to bed now. You look pretty done in. I'll leave a man here and we'll talk again in the morning."

Cornelia moved then, slipped into her room and into bed. Now voices were unintelligible sounds and doors shut and cars started up and drove off.

There were shadows in the corners of her room. Something there that changed position, size? No, nothing there. Of course, nothing there. She was cold. She pulled the covers up close and shut her eyes. She could hear her breathing, her heartbeat. Her door open.

Trudy was looking in. She kept her eyes closed and her breathing regular. Trudy looked in for a long time but then the door closed and she could open her eyes. It was better to have them open, even with the shadows that moved, because then she couldn't see Father's body, arranged so oddly as it had been, beside the ebbing tide.

In her room, Trudy slowly removed her clothes. She was tired, she realised, very tired. All emotion had left her. There were procedures now to follow. There would be an autopsy and an inquest, the chief had said. After that, the funeral. People she would have to notify. No relatives. Judy, Whitney, Terry — decaying underground. Sooner or later, the grave waited for everybody.

Don't think about that, she told herself — mustn't think about such things. Think of things that were small but still important. Such as black for mourning. Cornelia. Black for Cornelia? She managed to get her nightgown over her head, fell into the bed. Did a child wear black? She didn't know. She must ask someone about these things. Who? She giggled foolishly in the night. Was there an etiquette book for funerals?

Trudy woke up suddenly. What time it was, she didn't know; but night was deep around her. She was grateful for the waking at first, but after a while, when sleep would not return, she got up and went down the hall to the bathroom.

In the medicine cabinet she found the little bottle of sleeping pills. She let two roll out into her hand. She looked at them blankly for a moment, then put them in her mouth and swallowed them with water. She replaced the almost full bottle. It had been a long time since she had needed sleeping pills. She knew exactly how long it took them to work — she'd timed them. Half an hour. Lie awake and think for thirty minutes. Then — nothing.

But thirty minutes could be a long time. Time enough to remember. Things like... Judy and Kent were about to be married and Judy was preparing a place for him. Cleaning out the things that were Terry's from the den that had been Terry's. Trudy had managed to get away, "just overnight. I need a change," from the sick old man's bedside and she came into Judy's house, was told she was in the den.

The sun was shining through french windows. It bathed Judy's sitting figure in gold, put radiant highlights on her red hair, lighter in color than Trudy's. (Just her luck, wasn't it, to have a

twin sister who was prettier!)

Trudy stopped in the doorway, said something cheerful, she'd forgotten because when Judy looked up at her, her face was terrible and tears had washed it for so long it looked like marble.

"How could you? How could you do this to me?" she said.

"What?" Trudy started to ask and then she recognised the letters that Judy held. Her letters to Terry. She'd wondered what had happened to them. "You found them," she said instead.

"You killed him," said Judy. She didn't get up, she just sat there.

"I loved him." There. Let her have it. It was the truth, they said, that hurts.

"Just as if you took that gun—you killed him."

"I only asked him to make a choice. Me or you. He was weak. He wouldn't do it on his own. So I forced the issue. I didn't know he'd — do what he did."

Judy stood up then, in one graceful movement because that was the way she moved, still clutching the letters in her hands. "Of course you knew. You knew—I can tell from these—how ashamed he was, how he couldn't stand to have, to have his daughter know that he'd..." She broke off. "Get out of my house."

"Judy, it's all done and over with."

"You're right. All done. Over with. Get out. I never want to see you, hear from you ever again. Never. You are dead to me. Get out!"

In the morning, there was a shiny new car parked in the driveway. It didn't look like a policeman's car. There was a man with Trudy in the living-room, a stranger who looked familiar.

"Cornelia, honey. Look who's here. Mr. Baldwin. He came all the way from New York to see how we are."

Aunt Trudy was smiling, yet not looking happy. Mr. Baldwin, standing beside her, held out his hand. "Cornelia, my dear," he said. She hadn't seen him for some time but he looked just the same, a small neat figure in a nice tan suit. He had silvery hair and a matching moustache. He was one of the few people Cornelia had ever seen with a moustache.

She put her hand in his. "How do you do, Mr. Baldwin? Did you come to take me home?"

"Cornelia, honey!" Trudy put her arms around her, pulled her close. She smelled sweet, from perfume. "I was just telling Mr. Baldwin how much you like it here."

"Mrs. Fraser and I have been discussing — ah, your immediate future, Cornelia." Mr. Baldwin sat carefully in one of the swings. "We haven't come to any decisions as yet. I have taken a room at the hotel. We shall have to hold several conferences." He smiled at her. When he smiled his moustache curled up toward his nose.

"Yes, sir."

Aunt Trudy let go of her with a little laugh. "I almost forgot, honey, you got a postcard in the mail. From Mrs. Hildreth. Over there — on the table."

Cornelia walked slowly to pick it up. It was a brightly colored picture of green country and blue sea. On the back Mrs. Hildreth had written, "Having a wonderful time. Hope you are, too." She took it in both hands and said, "It's a very nice scene. It's my first postcard. May I be excused, Aunt Trudy?"

"Of course, honey." She turned to Mr. Baldwin. "She's such a dear child, such lovely manners."

Cornelia went upstairs and

To page 41

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 21, 1966



## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

into her room. After she had shut the door she lay down on the bed and looked at the postcard. *Dear Mrs. Hil-dreth*, she whispered.

The day had turned unseasonably and miserably hot. Trudy pulled off the sticky black taffeta dress, threw it across the bed. Heavens, she was tired. She'd had an appointment at the mortuary right after lunch and she'd made arrangements, but the funeral would have to wait until the day after tomorrow, because the inquest would be tomorrow morning.

**S**HE shoved the black dress to one side and lay down. If she could have a little nap, she'd feel much better. Cornelia was on the beach; the child spent most of her time there. Good thing she wasn't an overimaginative little thing. . . . Some people would think twice about playing on the very sand where a man had died. . . .

They had taken the railing away. All that remained for Cornelia to see was the open space on the porch, where the railing had been. Cornelia had looked at the side pieces that still stood. There were posts at each corner and the wood of them was damp and crumbly. It was, as Aunt Trudy said, a dangerous railing.

She looked up at it now. The house was quiet, no figure moved in the brilliant sun. Sara, she supposed was in the kitchen. Trudy had announced she was going to lie down. Cornelia pushed her hair back from her face. It was very hot. She slipped off her sneakers and socks, placed them neatly on the sand. The water felt very cold but very good on her feet and ankles.

She walked out farther and the water swirled around her knees. She stood and looked at it, then walked farther. The ocean bottom fell off then and she lost her footing, tasted salt water as she tumbled forward. Then she was moving her arms and her legs and the feeling was wonderful.

It was easy to think out here. It was easy to start from the beginning. Her father — her real father — had killed himself. She knew because she had read about it. And Father, when he was shouting at Trudy, had put the names together. You and Judy and Terence, he had said. Trudy had answered, "It's no crime to be in love with your sister's husband." Trudy in love with her real father? How could that be? Letters had been found, said Kent. That must have been the reason then for the quarrel between Trudy and Mother. So it was not her mother's fault. It was very important that she found out whose fault things were.

Then her Mother had been killed in a car accident. Father — Kent — had said it was his fault. He had acted as though he thought it were his fault. Then he had fallen off the porch and died.

Just as Angel had fallen and died. And whose fault was that? Why did things happen?

Why? wondered Cornelia. This was the reason for putting blame — so you could find out why. Because if you knew why, maybe it wouldn't happen again. Oh, don't let it happen again. Ever!

She rolled over on her back and looked to the land. It was quite far away. She felt a quick little stab of fear. Better go back, better not go out too far. Better not try to put her feet down, it must be far over her head. But she was tired and maybe if she tried to touch bottom — it might not be so deep. But it was and the sea water stung her eyes and she choked on a sudden intake of salt and water.

She fought it then for a moment until from somewhere, a swimming teacher's voice it was, words came back to her. "Never panic. Panic causes accidents. If you keep calm, you can't drown." And so she forced herself to float for a little while, then she began to propel herself to the shore.

The ground was beneath her feet before she knew it and she stumbled on to the beach. *That's the way accidents happen, Cornelia*, she told herself. *That could have been the way it happened to Mother—panic when the car went out of control. . . .*

She looked back up at the porch. Should there be nails in the posts that remained? Or had the nails come away with the railing? Because there were none there now. None at all.

Mr. Baldwin came for dinner. The three of them ate by candlelight. Sara had prepared a very good roast beef, and there was wine with dinner for Aunt Trudy and the guest.

He left soon after Cornelia went to bed. She heard him saying good night from outside. "I'll pick you up in the morning," he told Trudy and she answered, "Thank you. It's a shame that Cornelia has to go, but Chief Ronson said she must give evidence. I shall never forgive myself for leaving her in the house."

"You mustn't blame yourself, Mrs. Fraser. She was — after all — with her stepfather. The fact that it happened in your home. . . . I always thought the man was unstable. But I had no idea. . . . If anything had happened to Cornelia, it would really have been on my conscience as well." . . .

Cornelia sat up in bed. They hadn't told her she would have to go to the inquest. They would ask her about finding Father. She lay back to think. If they knew that she hated him, they might say she did it. They might take her to jail and put her in a cell and throw the key away. She shivered under the covers.

She heard the car drive away and the sound of Trudy coming back into the house. Sara had already gone. She

lived in town somewhere, left every night after dishes were done. It was quiet downstairs; it was quiet everywhere. Her eyelids were heavy. Then she heard the sound of someone singing. . . . Aunt Trudy was singing, very softly so she couldn't make out the words but the voice was lovely. It was like a lullaby. . . .

"I didn't see much of Mr. Fraser," Sara testified at the inquest. "He spent most of his time in his room."

The coroner made a little noise in his throat. He was a tall thin man who even managed to look tall while sitting down. "Did—ah—the deceased — ah — drink heavily?" he asked Sara.

Sara looked out of the corner of her eye to where Trudy sat next to Cornelia. "I didn't keep no track of the bottles," she said.

"But you did notice that Mr. Fraser was a habitual drinker?" the coroner urged her on.

"Well, it's a little hard not to see a man with his nose in a glass right after breakfast," said Sara defiantly.

"Would you say that the deceased was — ah despondent?"

"He didn't kick up his heels and crack jokes. But he'd just lost his wife. I didn't expect him to."

"Then you wouldn't describe Mr. Fraser as being in a suicidal frame of mind?"

The coroner cleared his throat, more loudly this time, and asked her what time she went home the night of the accident. She told him nine o'clock and he thanked her and asked her to step down.

While Aunt Trudy was taking Sara's place, Cornelia looked around the room. Except for Mr. Baldwin, who sat on her other side, the chief of police and the policeman who had stayed at the house all night, she didn't see anyone that she knew.

Aunt Trudy told the coroner she had taken Cornelia to the carnival and had brought her home. After making sure she was in bed, she'd gone down the road to the hotel. Kent Fraser had been up when she left. He was having a drink in the living-room. Yes, he did drink too much, she admitted. She had tried to reason with him, but he was so upset about his wife's death.

Did she think he might have taken his own life? She shook her head slowly. She had warned him time and time again about the railing. She didn't think he had deliberately taken his own life. She thought he had leaned, as he often did, on the railing and it had collapsed. She would never forgive herself.

Aunt Trudy was coming back now and they had called Cornelia's name. Mr. Baldwin gave her a little squeeze on the arm and Cornelia got up and went to the chair that awaited her. The coroner had pale blue eyes and freckles. Funny for a grown man to still have freckles.

He was nice, though. He spoke in a very gentle voice and asked Cornelia to tell the

To page 43

## meet the Potter and Moores



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By RUDD





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## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

story in her own way. She described how she went to bed and how she was awakened by the cry. She related how she'd gone downstairs, out on the porch, and what she'd seen. When she had finished she looked up at the coroner for his questions. There weren't any.

"Thank you, my dear," was all he said. "Could I ask you a question?" said Cornelia. The coroner looked surprised. "Of course. What is it?" Cornelia pleaded the material in her dress. "Were there nails in the railing?" The room was very quiet. The coroner looked at Chief Ronson, who raised his eyebrows. "Why, yes," said the Chief. "Yes, of course there were," Cornelia said. "Thank you."

**T**HAT was almost all of the inquest. The autopsy revealed, they said, that Kent Fraser had died of a broken neck upon impact. There was, they added, a considerable amount of alcohol in the blood. The verdict was death by accident. The body would be released. The funeral would be tomorrow.

"Poor, poor Kent" (Trudy smoothed back Cornelia's hair), "and poor little Cornelia." She'd be angry, Cornelia had thought. About the nail question. But she wasn't. She was very kind. Maybe she didn't understand what Cornelia meant. Because who else — other than Trudy — could have removed the nails? If they'd been removed, that is.

Mr. Baldwin took them to lunch at a very nice restaurant in town. Cornelia wasn't too hungry, but she ordered chowder and managed to get most of it down. Mr. Baldwin and Trudy talked about New York, about people they had known. Only when they had coffee did they mention anything about tomorrow.

"I presumed he would want to be buried near Judy," said Aunt Trudy. "Could you take care of that for me?"

"Certainly."

"I was very fond — more than fond — of Kent. He was still such a young man. It's so sad when the young die out of their time, isn't it? I don't imagine for one moment anyone ever dreamed — I don't suppose he had ever given it a thought himself."

"Probably not. Good thing he'd made a will. Ties up all the loose ends. It's a nuisance when one dies intestate."

"Oh, that's good. Seldom does a young man make a will."

"Mrs. Fraser settled an amount on him at the time of their marriage. At the same time, they made wills, identical ones, in fact. Left everything to each other. This is above and beyond Cornelia's funds, of course. But now she will inherit the remainder of her mother's estate and Mr. Fraser's, too."

"That's nice," said Aunt Trudy.

"Mr. Baldwin?"

"Yes, Cornelia."

"Could I give some of my money away?"

"Give some of your money away? My dear child. Whoever to?"

"I would like to give some of my money to Aunt Trudy."

"Cornelia! What a sweet thing to say." Trudy beamed at her, said to Mr. Baldwin, "It's just as I told you. She's the dearest child."

"Well, can I?"

Mr. Baldwin and Trudy exchanged indulgent glances. "I'm afraid not, Cornelia. As long as you're alive, it's all tied up in red tape with names like trusts. But it's very

generous of you, Cornelia, to want to do something for Mrs. Fraser. You must be very fond of her."

"Oh, she is, Mr. Baldwin. And I am fond of Cornelia. After all, why shouldn't we be? We're of the same flesh and blood, aren't we, Cornelia?"

Trudy felt like a conspirator as she entered the hotel. Ramon was waiting for her in the bar. He wore a knitted sports shirt and jeans, an outfit that would have looked tacky on anyone else. It was his physique that made it look — not cheap, but bold — casually bold.

"How did it go?" was his first question. He didn't stand up when she came to the table and Trudy sat down quickly, hoped that no one noticed. "All right," she said. "Accidental death, of course."

Ramon grunted and ordered drinks. Trudy took sherry, as usual. It was a habit of long years' standing. Singing in nightclubs didn't tempt one to drink much.

"When's the watchdog going back?" Ramon wanted to know when the drinks were before them. He was having beer.

Trudy let her eyebrows rise. "Mr. Baldwin? I'm not sure. He'll stay for the funeral, of course."

"Two more nights and we're gone. You can get over to Colton all right, can't you?"

"I'll have to be careful until after he goes. He might take a dim view of our friendship — he is the one who decides where Cornelia will stay, after all."

"Yeah," He raised his glass. "Here's to Cornelia and all her millions."

Trudy flushed. "Really, now, Ramon. It's the child's welfare that's important. How much money she inherits is not in the least an issue."

He grinned. "Course not. I'll come around after the show tonight."

"No — not tonight. The watchdog will be visiting. You wouldn't want them to take Cornelia away from me."

"No, ma'am!"

"Then wait until you hear from me. I'll send a message. By telephone, I think that would be best. I'll call and say your laundry is ready. That will mean, come see me. You can check at the desk."

He frowned. Then the frown went away and he raised his beer glass. "Here's to Cornelia," he said again. "And her millions."

Pidge wasn't in his trailer. The scrapbook in Cornelia's arms had become quite heavy. She took a few steps away from the trailer, then stopped and looked back at it. He wasn't there.

The door to the trailer beside Pidge's suddenly opened and Hop-O-My-Thumb climbed down the steps. He halted at the bottom, his wizened little face curious. "Looking for somebody, girlie?"

"Pidge isn't here?"

He came toward her. "Gone to Colton," he said. "Colton?"

"We move out tomorrow night. He went over to check on things. Something wrong?"

"Where is Colton?"

He waved a stubby arm. "Seven miles down the road. We play there a week, like here. Then we blow these parts."

Cornelia shifted the scrapbook. "When will Pidge be back?"

The dwarf shrugged. "In time for the show tonight. Hard to say when." He squinted at her. "I seen you around before, haven't I?"

Cornelia didn't answer him. "Thank you," she said and turned to walk away.

"Look, if it's important"

She stopped, looked back. "I don't know just where you'd find him — down at Memorial Park, I guess. That's where we set up. There's a bus that goes right by here. Every half hour. It'll take you into Colton."

Cornelia looked to the road beyond the ferris wheel. "Right here? The bus stops right here?"

"Down at the corner. Kinda far for a kid to go, though. Be better if you come back tonight. Pidge'll be here. You come back."

Cornelia nodded, added a mechanical "Thank you." She crossed the road and waited on the corner. The bus should be along soon, she thought.

Colton was a good-sized town. Cornelia stood outside the bus station and looked up and down a busy street. She had no idea where Memorial Park was, but she would ask.

A teenaged boy was stacking boxes of strawberries on a table in front of a grocery store. Cornelia asked him the question and he pointed back the way she had come. "Bout six or seven blocks down that way," he mumbled through a wad of gum. "You'll see it. You can't miss the stone posts."

She almost did. They were set at the back of a parking lot. The sign above them said Colton Memorial Park and just beyond it was a small cinder-block building with closed shutters. She could see no sign of anyone about.

Cornelia sat down in the shade of a stone pillar. She put the scrapbook down beside her and bowed her head. She was very hot and tired and besides she felt funny. She would rest just a little while before she decided what to do.

Only she didn't know what to do. She wasn't even sure why she'd come here, why she'd brought the scrapbook. She wished her mother were alive, or her real father. She didn't understand about Aunt Trudy, why she felt the way she did about her. Trudy had been nice to her, always, and yet — probably it was because Cornelia didn't know her well enough that she felt strange with her.

She wished suddenly that she hadn't come to Colton, that she was back at the house with Sara. Or, better yet, back with Mrs. Hildreth. Why did Mrs. Hildreth have to go all the way to Prince Edward Island?

"Cornelia! What in the — what are you doing here?"

"Oh, Pidge," she sobbed. She was disgracing herself but she didn't care. "I came to find you because I'm so afraid."

They sat in an air-conditioned restaurant. Pidge turned the pages of the scrapbook for the third or fourth time, she'd stopped keeping count.

"I just don't know what you want me to do with it." He wasn't wearing his sunglasses now when he looked at her with troubled eyes.

"I thought you could find out about her." Cornelia tilted her glass to get the last bit. "Ramon — she pretended she didn't know him, but I think she did. And I don't believe that Kent fell through the railing. I just don't."

Pidge's eyes narrowed. "Ramon's married to Iselde. That makes him my brother-in-law. He's not much, but . . . I'll ask him. Not that he's liable to tell me. He'd just as soon lie as not."

"I'm not sure I like getting older," said Cornelia slowly. "Can't you trust anybody when you grow up?"

"You have to be careful."

To page 44



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Cornelia touched her lips with a napkin. "That's what I'm doing."

Pidge grinned wryly. "You're a funny little kid."

"I know." Her voice was low.

"Ready to listen to me?"

She nodded.

He closed the scrapbook, leaned on his elbows. "O.K., here's the way I see it. You've had a tough time and you feel bad about it — right?"

"Yes, Pidge."

"You're all alone now and it looks like your Aunt Trudy is going to have to take care of you. Now, you're not too sure you want this. It's kinda like you got no choice in the matter, right?"

"I guess so." She frowned. She hadn't thought of it that way.

"Well, look—none of us get any choice of our folks, now do we?"

She shook her head.

"Then I'll level with you—I think it's a good thing you've got an Aunt Trudy. Suppose she wasn't there? Then what would happen to you?"

She looked down at the table. "I wish I could do what I want to do. Don't I have anything to say about it?"

**H**E smiled. "You're growing up fast, Cornelia. The truth is, you don't. You're a little girl and you just haven't lived long enough to know what's best."

"You're saying that I'm trying to find out something wrong with Trudy because I don't want to live with her."

"Isn't that it?"

"I don't know."

"You don't really have any basis for your suspicions, do you? Your father could have fallen off that porch, couldn't he? It wasn't a safe railing, was it?"

"No. She kept saying it wasn't."

"And the kitten—it could have fallen, couldn't it? It's not true, you know, that cats always land on their feet."

"I didn't know that."

"Well, it's true. Now as to this—" he touched the scrapbook, "I'd say the only thing this proves is that your mother and your father and your Aunt Trudy didn't exactly have a picnic in life either."

"No—I guess they didn't."

He turned his palms upward. "So what does it all add up to?"

"That I'm a suspicious little brat." She smiled at him. He was making her feel better. He made so much sense.

He grinned back. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Try to be better?"

"That's a good answer."

They looked at each other for a moment before he called for the bill. She could wait in the car for him while he finished his business, he said. Then he'd drive her back. She fell asleep at some point and didn't awaken until he pulled up at the carnival.

"Do you want me to take you home?"

"No. I lied to Sara. Should I tell her I'm sorry?"

"I don't think that matters as much as not doing it again. What are you going to do about this?" He held up the scrapbook.

"Put it back where I got it."

"Good girl."

She opened the door to get out and he stopped her by saying, "Cornelia if it makes any difference . . ."

"Yes, Pidge?"

"If I ever have a kid — a little girl, I hope she's just like you."

She knelt on the seat to kiss him on the cheek. Then, heart pounding, she ran from the car and home.

Trudy's new black linen

## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

dress was sticking to her shoulders. Of course it would pick this morning to be unseasonably warm — just because it was the morning of Kent's funeral. Her legs were hot in nylon stockings. Her hands were hot in white gloves. But worst of all, the pricking at the back of her neck was the direct result of Ramon's stare. He sat now, a few rows back of her, and watched her. What a lot of nerve he had to show up. He hardly knew Kent and surely he must see that she was occupied with John Baldwin on her right. It would hardly do for John to meet him. A carnival person. Cornelia, on her left, was fidgeting. Trudy reached out and touched her arm, shook her head warningly. The child looked up at her with those questioning eyes. Damn Terry Innes' eyes!

The minister was droning on. Trudy was glad that there would be no trip to the cemetery. John would accompany the body to New York, but he said he'd be back. In the meantime, there were things to keep her busy. Repairs on the house, including the porch. The screen porch door should be kept locked, but the hook had come off the door somehow — it was really very dangerous in its present state. She'd asked Sara to be sure and remind Cornelia not to go on the porch.

Hardly anyone came to the funeral. Kent must have had some friends — but she didn't know who they were; he hadn't introduced her to any of them at Judy's funeral. Cornelia didn't seem to know and the notice Trudy had put in the *Times* had been garbled. Well, she'd done her best.

When the minister had finished and the organist concluded his selection, the funeral director escorted them out. John went down the steps of the church to get the car, leaving Trudy and Cornelia to wait for him. Ramon appeared at her elbow as soon as John left.

"Ramon, how nice of you to come. Isn't it nice of Ramon, Cornelia?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go and see if John's bringing the car up." She'd get rid of the child for a few minutes, then she could deal with him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I've got to send my laundry out," Ramon said with an eye for onlookers. "I hope I can get one day service on it. Do you think I could get it back tonight? It's very important." People were looking at them and no wonder. Ramon's suit was a skimpy one and his tie a blaze of orange and red stripes.

"Your laundry? I suppose you could — oh, here's Cornelia. Are we ready to go, honey?"

"Mr. Baldwin has the car out front."

"We'd better run along, then. I'll see you later, Ramon."

Trudy inclined her head, and taking Cornelia's hand, walked to the car. One of the men from the mortuary held the door for them, shut it behind them when they were inside . . .

Trudy went somewhere in the afternoon, but before she left she asked if Cornelia would like to go to the carnival tonight. It was the last night.

Cornelia would love to go but, "Should we—right after the funeral?"

Trudy made a funny face. "I know, honey, we shouldn't, really. But I know how much you enjoy the carnival and Kent would want you to enjoy yourself, wouldn't he?"

Cornelia wasn't at all sure, but it would be her last chance to ever see Pidge. And even though they'd sort of said goodbye, she'd like very much to hear him tell—once more—of the Seven Wonders of the World.

There were more people than ever on the grounds when they got to the carnival. Trudy had been late coming back from wherever she'd gone and they'd rushed over, but even so, Pidge was concluding his spiel as they reached the platform.

"And last — but certainly not least—the Great Ramon." He saw Cornelia just as he said that. A small smile came and went on his face.

"You see that pole high above your heads?" The crowd looked up. "That pole rises eighty feet above the ground, ladies and gentlemen, and Ramon will climb to the top of that pole . . . There you are, ladies and gentlemen, as advertised, the Seven Wonders of the World! Step right up . . ." Aunt Trudy bought two tickets and they went inside.

The tent was full. They couldn't have got up close to Ramon even if they wanted to and Cornelia could only get a glimpse of him through the crowd. His head was bent and she couldn't see his face, only the glitter of his shirt.

"Goodness, what a mob," said Trudy as Pidge was extolling the virtues of Eleanor. "I can't see a thing. Can you, Cornelia?"

"No, ma'am." She had to stand very close to Trudy. People were jostling her.

"Well, never mind. At least we'll be able to see Ramon on his pole." They moved with the throng toward Isolda's platform, and Cornelia found herself near the edge of the stage. Isolda in her golden robe was staring in Ramon's direction. As Cornelia watched, she got up and climbed off the platform. In a few minutes she was back and her face was dark with anger.

"Honey, I thought I had lost you." Trudy was next to Cornelia now, had pushed her way through to stand beside her. "You hang on to me, Cornelia. We don't want to get separated." Her eyes were glittering and her hands felt cold on Cornelia's arm.

They didn't see Ramon until he was part way up his pole, climbing slowly, carefully putting each foot on to a rung of the ladder. He slipped once and the crowd oh-ed before he recovered his balance.

"They do that to make you think they're going to fall," said Trudy in Cornelia's ear. "It's part of the act—to make it more exciting."

The crowd gave another little cry when Ramon reached the platform. He seemed to lose his balance in slow motion and at the last moment he grabbed the edge of the platform and hung on, feet dancing in the air for long, slow seconds. Then he turned his body so that it and his legs were at right angles to the pole and everyone applauded.

He stood up on the platform then, stood not tall and straight as he usually did, but bent a little, almost in a position to back off the platform and climb backward down the ladder.

The music increased in volume and, as though he heard it, Ramon leaned over, put his hands in the hand holders and thrust his feet into the air. The pole began to sway and the spotlight followed the gleaming white figure back and forth in its arc, followed it even as it spun off the platform and fell,

like a doll, through the night. After the dead silence came the screams. Loudest among them were Cornelia's. She couldn't seem to stop.

The doctor had given her something and now Cornelia lay in her bed in her room half asleep and half awake.

"I'm so grateful to you for coming, Dr. Nelson," said Trudy in the hall. "It was a terrible shock to Cornelia—seeing that poor man fall. I was quite frightened about her. She seemed — so irrational." Trudy's voice sounded on the verge of tears.

"Not at all," said Dr. Nelson. "She's in a state of shock. Natural enough for a little girl witnessing that sort of accident. You were quite right in calling me."

"It was the first thing that came to my mind," their voices were fading a bit now as though they were moving toward the stairs. "When I saw her carrying on like that — why do you know, she was so upset that once she said something that sounded as though she thought I could have had something to do with it. Something about it being my fault. Did you hear her say that?"

Cornelia had to turn her head on her pillow to hear the doctor's answer. "I suppose she was subconsciously blaming you for taking her there — where she could see it . . ." His words trailed away and all that Cornelia could hear were murmurings. They were downstairs now. The doctor would be leaving soon and she would be alone with — what was Trudy, anyway?

A witch. She was certain of it now. She had done something to Ramon, put the evil eye on him, something, and he had fallen. She had done the same thing to Father. She had that kind of power and only Cornelia knew it. She didn't have to be anywhere near them to cause it to happen. She was an ogre, a demon—and only Cornelia knew it.

Only Cornelia knew it. Her eyelids were drooping and she fought to keep them open. If she was the only one who knew it, why, then she had given herself away. She had blurted it out, there at the carnival, "You did it. It's all your fault." And Trudy had heard her. What she had said to the doctor proved that.

Now she was in danger. She was so very sleepy. The doctor's needle hadn't hurt at all, but she wished she had been able to keep him from giving her whatever he gave her. She should stay awake. Because she was in danger.

To page 45

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Yet, she had felt that — well, not quite danger, but something strange—from the moment she had come to this house. From the moment the woman with the purple hair had stepped out on the porch. Oh, oh, stay awake, stay awake.

There. The front door had closed. Cornelia listened. Trudy was in the hall coming toward her door.

The door opened softly. She could hear Trudy breathing. Trudy was watching her, coming into the room, coming closer... after a few minutes she went out the door. The door closed without sound. Then—click, click. Trudy had locked her in.

Now that she wanted to open her eyes, she couldn't. She was so tired, so drowsy.

When Cornelia awoke and looked to the windows at the end of her room, she saw a sky of tarnished silver. She listened before she got out of bed, could hear nothing. She went to the door and carefully turned the knob. The door wouldn't open. She went to the windows then and looked out. All she could see was wind in the bushes and a froth of white on the waves.

**C**ORNELIA went back and sat on the edge of her bed. If she pounded on the door—right now—Sara would hear her. If Sara heard her, Trudy would have to let her out. And if she could get out, she would get to someone—to Pidge, no, he had gone to Colton—to someone, anyone. She got up, had her hand ready to use against the door, when she heard the doorknob rattle downstairs.

Cornelia put her ear to the panel. She heard the sound of feet crossing the room downstairs, the opening of the door.

A voice, Trudy's voice, said, "Yes?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Fraser? I came to see how the little girl is. She was so upset last night..." Pidge! It was Pidge's voice. Cornelia raised her hand to beat at the wood, but she hesitated.

"Oh—you're from the carnival."

"Yes, ma'am. Julio Pigidaro. I own the show."

"I see. And naturally you're interested in Cornelia's health? I mean—it couldn't have anything to do with the fact that a child could receive such a nervous shock that her whole system would be disturbed? Well, Mr. Pigidaro, Cornelia is ill, but I can assure you that we won't bring suit against you."

Pidge's voice changed timbre. "I'm happy to hear that. You understand, of course, that what happened last night wasn't—what you would call planned. I mean, it wasn't part of the show."

"You needn't get sarcastic, Mr. Pigidaro. My niece is my responsibility and it does seem to me that you should take every precaution to prevent such unpleasantness."

"I do assure you—of that very thing, Mrs. Fraser. Would it be possible for me to see Cornelia?"

"She's sleeping."

Cornelia rapped on the door, rapped hard. "Trudy," she called. "Trudy, I want to come out."

"There," said Trudy from downstairs. "You've awakened her. She needs all the rest she can get—she's such a delicate child anyway—and you've awakened her. Would you kindly leave the premises, Mr. Pigidaro. I don't think you really have any business here this morning."

"Pidge," Cornelia screamed. "Pidge!"

"Certainly, Mrs. Fraser. Whatever you say." Surely he must have heard her. She

## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

called again, as loudly as she could.

"Goodbye, Mr. Pigidaro." Trudy's tone was icy and yes, there it was, unmistakably, the closing of the door.

Surely he hadn't gone and left her. Cornelia ran to the windows, but she couldn't see the drive. She heard his car drive away. Then she sat on the floor and cried...

"Cornelia. Here, child. You'll make yourself sick." Trudy stood in the door, had left the threshold, was coming toward her. Cornelia stood up, backed against the windows, still sobbing.

"Keep away from me," she cried.

Trudy stopped and a pained look came on her face. "Oh, honey," she said softly. "If anybody heard you say that, they'd think you didn't like me. I know you're sick, Cornelia. In a state of shock, the doctor said. Now I'm going to go down to the bathroom with you while you wash your face and hands and then I'm going to bring you a nice breakfast in bed. Surely, honey, you don't think I'm going to hurt you."

"Where's Sara? I want

He put a finger to his lips and she understood. They couldn't talk. Trudy would hear them.

He mouthed words. "You—all—right?"

She nodded. She pointed behind her to the door, made motions of turning a key. Now he nodded.

He was saying something again, saying it silently. Something about a—signal? Yes, signal, that was it. A signal to show that she needed him. But what—how could she make a signal? Something that could be seen easily, day or night? Something that was there, in her room, would always be there and couldn't be taken out

She waved to him to watch. Then she ran back to the light switch beside her bed. She flicked it on, off, flicked it on and off again. Then she ran back to the window.

He was smiling. He made an O with his thumb and forefinger. He held up two fingers then and they both nodded. She was to turn the light on and off twice if she wanted him. He disappeared into the bushes.

### Mrs. H. WIFE



"How can I do business with you when you won't co-operate?"

Sara to bring me my breakfast."

"Why, Sara's not here. She wanted to go down to Boston to visit her son, so I told her to run along. We can manage for a few days by ourselves, can't we?"

What will I do, whatever will I do? wondered Cornelia. Don't panic, the swimming teacher had said. But how not to panic when you were so afraid... Be calm, be calm, pretend. What had happened to the way that she used to be able to pretend?

"There—that's better. Come along, honey, and you'll feel better after breakfast. I don't want to have to call the doctor again. We wouldn't want another needle, now would we?"

No, we wouldn't want that. Cornelia brushed her hand across her eyes and walked to the door without looking at Trudy. Maybe if she didn't look at her, she could almost forget she was there.

What did Trudy want of her? It had to be the money. If Cornelia died, then Trudy would inherit the money. She wasn't sure, but it must work that way.

After breakfast, Cornelia got dressed. There were no books in her room. There was nothing to play with, except that red poodle that Ramon had bought her. Something out her window in the bushes caught her eye then and she went to the window to see what it was.

It was something brown in the bushes. And then she saw the glint of green glasses. She dropped to her knees and looked down on Pidge, standing in the bushes.

Only—how would he see her signal? He couldn't stay day and night in the bushes. Of course, he couldn't. Then—how would he see a signal?

"Never mind, Cornelia," she whispered to herself. "Pidge will think of a way. Never mind. He can do it."

The best place for listening was on the floor in the corner of her room near the stairs. She could actually hear quite well there, Cornelia discovered when the telephone rang and it was Mr. Baldwin calling from New York.

"John! I'm so glad you called. The thing is—I'm worried about Cornelia."

Silence, then, and "I've had the doctor but it isn't anything you can put your finger on. She seems terribly distraught. It's only natural, I guess. So much tragedy for such a little girl."

There was another pause. "Yes, you're right, John. Some sun and fresh air—that's probably the best remedy. Only today—it's cloudy. I'll just keep her in her room today. If I can. She has a mind of her own, that young lady."

Every word that Trudy said sounded right, but it wasn't right. It was as though she was preparing people so that if they found out the things she did—like locking Cornelia's door—she could say, "But I told you so. I told you I would keep her in her room."

She was talking again. "All right, John. I'll look for you on Wednesday. If you think it's best that I move to New York rather than stay here, I won't go ahead with my plans for the house. I suppose you're right, anyway. It's

only that Cornelia seems to love it here."

Time for Mr. Baldwin to talk then. Trudy laughed. "Flattery will get you everything," she said. "Until Wednesday, then. Goodbye."

"How are you feeling, Cornelia?" Trudy came upstairs after the phone call.

"Much better, Aunt Trudy."

"Good—because I have to go out for a while. And I wouldn't want to leave you feeling under the weather. You lie down and rest while I'm gone, will you?"

"Yes, Trudy."

If there was only some way she could get out of the room while Trudy was away. Get out of the room and telephone. She didn't know Mr. Baldwin's number, but what you did, you called the operator and she got it for you. If only she could get out...

"Trudy."

"Yes, Cornelia?"

"Do you have to lock the door?"

The eyebrows rose. "You promise you'll stay in bed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Because if you don't you'll get even sicker." Trudy picked up the tray with supper dishes on it. "You aren't very strong and you don't always do what's best for you. That's why I locked the door in the first place—for your own good. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I promise. I'll stay in bed." She let her voice wobble. "I don't like the door locked."

"All right. We'll see if you keep your word. I won't be too long—maybe an hour. I'll lock the outside doors so no one can get in. All you have to do is stay here in bed and nothing will happen to you." She went out and shut the door behind her.

Cornelia waited anxiously but there was no sound of the key. She got up and put her ear to the door. Her heart was beating very fast. It seemed for ever before Trudy shut the front door.

She went carefully out into the hall, cautiously started down the stairs. Her legs were rubbery but she hung on to the railing.

Be calm, Cornelia, she told herself. She said she'd be gone an hour. There's plenty of time. Only somehow she felt there wasn't.

After she telephoned, she'd signal Pidge. He could get her out of here. She picked up the telephone receiver and dialled O for operator. It rang and rang. Would she never answer?

"Number, please?" said a loud voice.

"Would you please get Mr. John Baldwin for me in New York? I don't know his number."

"Mr. John Baldwin. Do you have his address in New York, please?"

Cornelia gave it to her. "I'll have to get New York information for you. Is this a person-to-person call?"

"Yes, ma'am." Oh, hurry, hurry!

There was a clicking sound and then another voice asked, "Number, please?"

"John Baldwin, Sutton Place East, operator," said the first voice. It sounded bored.

"The number is CRanston 9-9010," said the New York operator.

"Thank you. The number is CRanston 9-9010 if you'd care to make a note of it."

"Ring it! Ring it, please."

"What is your number, please?"

"Oh—" she couldn't make it out in the darkness and she had to find a match before she could tell the operator. The operator sounded funny as she repeated it and asked what name it was under. Cornelia told her in as grown-up a voice as she

To page 47

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 14

- ARIES** MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- TAURUS** APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- GEMINI** MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
- CANCER** JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, green.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- LEO** JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, brown, green.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- VIRGO** AUG. 23-SEPT. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- LIBRA** SEPT. 23-OCT. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- SCORPIO** OCT. 23-NOV. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, green, black.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS** NOV. 23-DEC. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, red.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- CAPRICORN** DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- AQUARIUS** JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, gold.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- PISCES** FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, grey, green.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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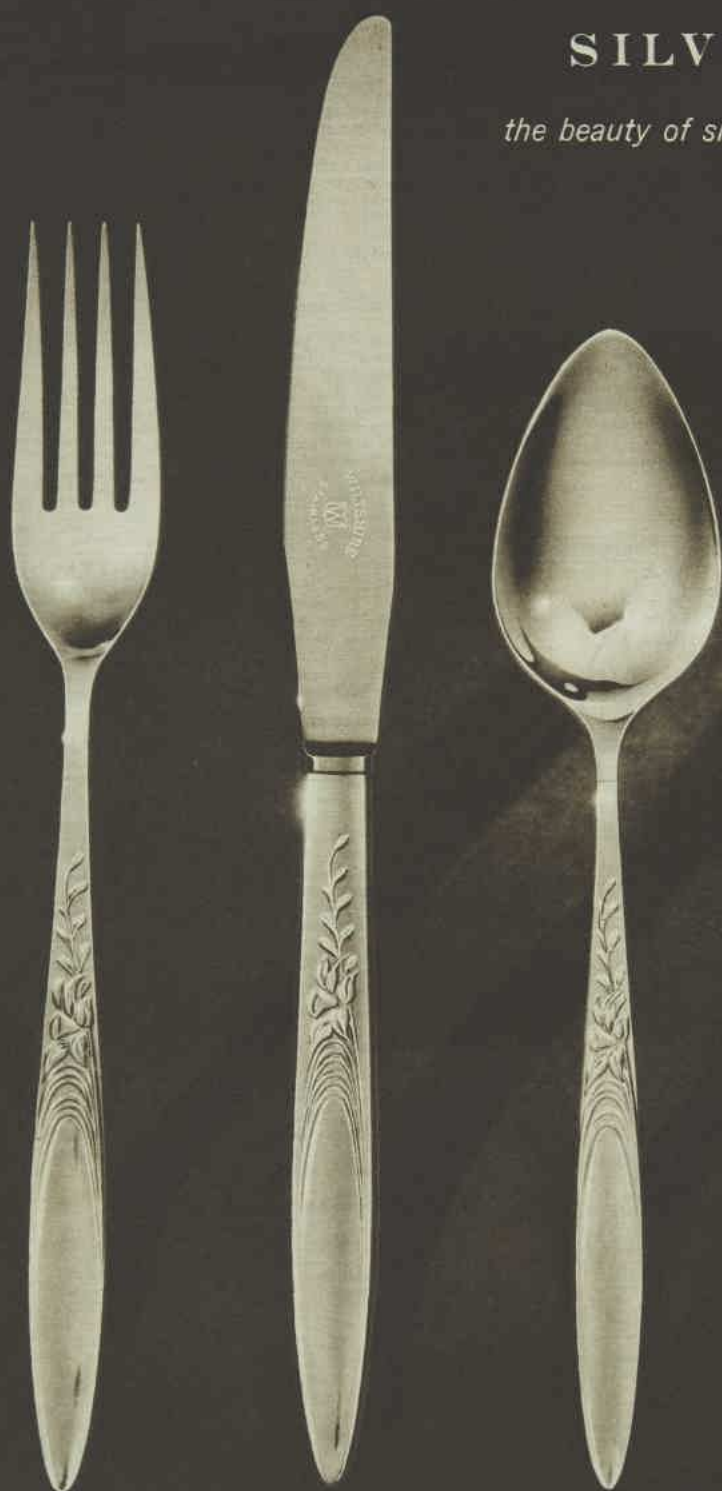


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could and at last the ringing began. Please be there, please be there, prayed Cornelia.

Click, "Hello." It was Mr. Baldwin's voice. Cornelia started to speak but the operator cut in. "Is this John Baldwin? I have a person-to-person call for John Baldwin."

"Yes, yes, it is."

"Oh, Mr. Baldwin!" said Cornelia.

"Here is your party," said the operator.

"Who is this? Cornelia? Is that you? What's the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Baldwin—come and get me. I'm afraid of Aunt Trudy."

"Afraid of your Aunt Trudy?" He sounded incredulous.

**S**HE took a deep breath, began again. "Aunt Trudy killed Ramon, I think, and I think she did it to Kent—to Father, too. Please come here right away, Mr. Baldwin, or I'll be dead."

"Cornelia, let me speak to her. She said you were ill, but I didn't realise... Let me speak to her at once."

"She's gone out. She didn't lock the door to my room this time so I came down to call you. Come right away. Don't you see I can't stay here, I can't stay with her because she's a witch or something and she'd do anything to get the money—that's what she wants, Mr. Baldwin. Not me. When are you coming?"

"Please, Cornelia. Go to bed. Dear, dear, this is so distressing. What is the name of your doctor? I'll call him from here."

"I don't know. I can't remember. Mr. Baldwin, you've got to come. You've got to—don't you believe me?"

"Believe you?" Her heart sank. "Why, Cornelia—look, you're upset and heaven knows you've had reason to be, but you can't expect me to... I'll tell you, we'll talk about it when I come down. Dear, dear, I had no idea..."

A hand reached out of the darkness and cut the connection.

## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"So this is the way you do what you're told," said Trudy. Cornelia could hardly see her, could make out only the pale gleam of her teeth and eyes.

"I—I—" she tried to move backward but she bumped up against a swing. It swung out and back, stopped against her, nearly knocked her off balance.

"You told Mr. Baldwin I wanted to harm you. And what did he think of that?"

"No, No, I didn't. I mean, it wasn't Mr. Baldwin. It was—a joke, that's what it was..." She pulled herself together, whispered, "Yes, yes I did."

taken. I decided to use your imagination, to put it to work for me."

"Please Trudy. Turn on the light. I'm afraid."

"Are you? Are you, really? But, of course, you are. Come sit down beside me on the swing, Cornelia. That's why you called Mr. Baldwin, because you were afraid. I said sit down!" And Trudy reached out and took her arm in a vulture's claws, pulled her to the swing and held her there.

Cornelia wiped tears of fear away with her free hand. "All right," she said. "Be mean to me. Like you've always wanted to. I knew. I could

Cornelia felt her eyes widen. "You want him to come? You wanted me to call him? Is that why you pretended to go away?"

"Who was it said—'Everything comes to him who waits'? Oh, yes, I wanted you to call. I couldn't be sure you would, of course. But I hoped and prayed, and you, like a good little girl, you did it. Just like you asked the police chief about nails in the broken railing. I could have hugged you when you did that, Cornelia!"

"Would you like me to tell you all about it? You're a very bright child. I'm sure

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

"That's better. The least you can do is tell the truth, because I heard it all, you see. I only pretended to leave. I slammed the door and hid—there. By the door to the porch. It's a very good hiding-place, isn't it, Cornelia? I've used it before, you know. I thought what a good hiding-place it would make when I found you there one day."

"Please," begged Cornelia, "turn on the light."

"Oh, no. We don't need any light. We can talk better in the dark. We can tell each other secrets in the dark and neither of us can see the other's face. I underestimated you for a long time. I told myself it was a good thing you weren't an over-imaginative child. My, my, I was mis-

tell by the way your eyes looked and your voice sounded even when you were calling me honey. You hate me. You hated Kent—Father—and my mother and maybe my real father, too. But you can't do anything to me now, because Mr. Baldwin knows and he's on his way." Believe me, Trudy, oh, please believe me!

Trudy set the swing going, slowly, evenly, as if they had all night. "Maybe he is. In fact, I hope he is. I want this thing over with tonight. I've waited long enough, been pushed around long enough. Now I've found out you don't need to be patient. You just—push back!" And she suited the action to the words by pushing the swing with her feet.

you've heard that over and over. Your mother was bright, too, and Trudy, good old Trudy, she was the stupid clod. Well, Trudy got smart in her old age and I'm going to tell you just how it is. I've learned a secret, you see. You gotta know people. That's quite a secret, those four little words. You gotta know people."

She must get her to turn on the light. Even if it weren't her bedroom, if she could switch it on and off and Fidge could see it...

"Now you take Kent. What a lousy one he turned out to be. But I could have put up with him except for two things. One—he might marry Trudy, out on her ear as

usual. Two—he was going to take you away, and there went the whole kit and caboodle."

"You want the money. I'll give it to you..."

"You asked Mr. Baldwin and he told you it was tied up as long as you lived, now didn't he? That's when I made my mind up—you're interrupting me, young lady. You be quiet when grown-ups speak. As I was saying, I had to get Kent out of the picture but the question was, how? After all, I didn't want to get my neck in a noose. Then, too, he was bigger and stronger than I was. I had to be smart about it. So I practised on the cat."

"I knew it! I knew you killed Angel."

She laughed, a strange tinkling laugh in the darkness. "Over the side she went and I didn't even have to get close. The next thing I needed was an alibi. Ramon wasn't much, but he was the best I could do, so Ramon it was."

"I knew you killed Kent, too," Cornelia said. "That's why I asked about the nails."

"Why, honey, I figured that out the minute you said it. That's why it tickled me so. You see, you sounded like a very odd little girl when you asked that question. Like maybe you were off your rocker or something. And that's what I wanted you to sound like, an odd little girl."

If Cornelia could only get to the light... She put one foot out toward the floor. She would have to be quick. The light switch was way across the room.

"What about Ramon? How did you do that?" She slid forward on the seat an inch.

"That was trickier. I lost my head for a minute when he tried the old blackmail routine. That made me mad. Too many creeps have treated Trudy like that. So I grabbed a handful of sleeping tablets and carried along a vacuum flask full of sherry for our 'date.' Ramon wouldn't drink hard liquor before a performance, but like all

To page 48

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## RELATIVE TO DEATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

Latins, he thought wine was water. I had to be careful to give it to him at the right time, because thirty minutes is all it takes, so I stalled right up to the last minute."

She giggled. "It must have hit him just as he got to the top. I had to see it. I couldn't miss it."

Cornelia made her leap then. She flew across the room, heard a thundering from her heart and from running feet behind her. She reached the switch, flicked it on, then Trudy had her, twisting her arm, and Trudy's shoulder moved the switch, returned the room to darkness.

"Please," Cornelia cried, "the light!"

"Not on your life. I'm not going to have Terry Innes' eyes looking at me while I finish this job. You just settle down, young lady. You aren't going anywhere. All the doors are locked and I've got the keys." She was breathing hard as she herded Cornelia back to the swing.

"Now you sit there while I get my wind. It won't be much longer."

**C**ORNELIA, defeated, sat and waited. Trudy was doing something near the fireplace, she couldn't tell what. She could try the lights again—if Trudy only stayed there long enough, but, 'no, here she was back.

"All the doors are locked, like I said, except for the porch door. The hook's gone, you know. I gave Sara hell for it. Told her to keep you off that porch. But knowing you, you're just the kind of kid that goes where she shouldn't."

"In fact, Sara said it for me, she said it would be just like Cornelia to go out there and fall off. So we've got to make sure she does, that's what we've got to do. You come with me, Cornelia, right now, and I'll show you why you shouldn't go out on that porch."

She had something in her hand. What was it? "No," said Cornelia, scrunching back into the swing.

Trudy reached for her. "You—come!" She gritted the word between her teeth. Her hands were hard and strong. They hurt. She pulled Cornelia up, pushed her into the hall toward the screen door.

There was a late evening light on the porch, and Cornelia could make out now what Trudy carried. It was one of the long oars that stood by the fireplace.

Then she knew. Trudy had used the oar before. On Angel, sitting in the sun. A little nudge with a long oar. From inside the hall, where you couldn't be seen. And Kent, standing by the rail with a drink in a shaking hand. A quick thrust with an oar and a cry in the night.

"No," cried Cornelia. "No!" Trudy shoved her—pushed her on to the porch, was raising the oar.

"Pidge! Pidge!" screamed Cornelia.

And miracle of miracles, his voice spoke from the hall behind Trudy.

"Hold it, lady," he said. "I'm here, Cornelia."

"Sleeping tablets?" Mr. Baldwin asked the question.

"Yes, the medico who did the autopsy verified it. I had already asked them to check for something funny. Cornelia had put me on to her. No reason, either. Just a mixed-up kid is all she sounded like. But when Ramon fell—I got the wonders."

Cornelia twisted her head so that she could see better through the crack of the door.

Pidge and Mr. Baldwin had sent her into the other bedroom of the hotel suite, and she refused to be left out. She was a little angry at them, in fact. As though she had no right to hear the end of the story.

"Did you talk to that psychiatrist?" Pidge asked.

"Yes," Mr. Baldwin answered. "He called her a classic case. A twin that hated her alter-ego. She sent Terence Innes off the deep end by threatening to tell his wife about their romance. But what bothered her most was that she couldn't take out her frustrations on Judy because of the money. Judy was supporting them when Whitney was ill. So Trudy had to let the part of the grateful, loving sister."

"She said Ramon asked her for the sleeping pills. Said that she didn't know he would be stupid enough to take them before his act. Cool as a cucumber."

"She's a remarkable woman. Doesn't even act like she's got a conscience."

Pidge growled. "I don't think she has."

"How did you get in the house? Cornelia said all the doors were locked."

"Our Cardiff giant, King Phillip, is eight feet ten. And Hop-O-My-Thumb is three feet four. Add those together and you get twelve feet two inches. Hop-O got on Phillip's shoulders and crawled in a second-floor window."

"The flicking of the living-room light alerted you to trouble?"

"Yeah—I was there Hop-O with Phillip and myself. We'd been doing sentry duty, you might say. We thought night might be the worst time. If it hadn't been Sunday, though, we'd have had to be at the show."

"Cornelia's a lucky child."

"You really think so?" said Pidge.

"No, I don't guess I do. But she was last night."

Pidge got up. "What are you going to do about Cornelia?"

"I've sent for Mrs. Hildreth."

"It's a damn shame. She's the best little kid I ever saw."

"She, in her way, is just as remarkable as Gertrude Fraser. If Cornelia weren't the stubborn little near-genius she is, no one would ever have been the wiser."

"She thinks like a grown-up in a lot of ways," said Pidge.

"I guess you know she's asked to stay with me. With the carnival? I knew it was no go. I mean, what kind of a place is a carnival for a girl like Cornelia? And what kind of a guy am I to raise a girl like Cornelia? But I would have taken her. I would have been proud to. And it has nothing to do with the money."

"I know that," Mr. Baldwin said.

Pidge went to the door and Mr. Baldwin followed. "Where will you be going now?" asked Mr. Baldwin.

"Connecticut. New Hampshire. Maine. Vermont."

"Don't you want to say goodbye to her?"

Pidge looked toward the door where Cornelia waited. "I'm not sure I could."

"I understand. Maybe you'll see us one of these days. On the carnival lot."

"I'd like that." He pulled the door open and Cornelia, though she wanted to run to him, made herself stay where she was. She wasn't sure she could say goodbye to him, either.

**The End**

The novel "Relative To Death," by Stanton Forbes, is published by Robert Hales.

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## LITTLE SUZY



Little Suzy always thought  
She knew more than her Mother  
taught,

"If ducks can swim in that cold water,  
So can I," said know-all daughter.

Alas. She caught a nasty cold.

"Mother knows best," she soon  
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need  
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# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The Chanel-type suit and overblouse (below) — a paper pattern is available — are my choice for a Melbourne reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

*"Is the casual cardigan suit still being worn? If so, I would like a pattern for such a design in size 18. I want to make the outfit in a lightweight patterned wool."*

A cardigan suit — the Chanel look — has never been more popular. The design, which includes an overblouse, is illustrated below. The box jacket has a contrasting bind trim and patch pockets. The straight skirt has eased fullness. Under the illustration are full details and how to order.

*"I have a hostess skirt in orange silk. I have tried to buy some matching silk for a top, but it is not obtainable. Would you please suggest some other color?"*

I like pink with orange. If you feel this combination is too vivid, white is my second choice.

*"For between seasons I have a navy, light wool coat finished with gold buttons. What color should I wear under it to make a smart spring ensemble?"*

An A-line dress in white shantung. Navy and white is an unbeatable spring color combination.

*"I am being married in October. The wedding is at 5 p.m. and informal. I want to wear white, but*

*wondered what fabric would be correct. I also would like advice about accessories."*

Textured white silk or crepe would be a good material choice. Keep the outfit all-white — short white kid gloves, white low-heeled shoes, and carry a white bag. It is a pretty idea to fasten a flower or small corsage to your handbag.

*"I have bought a dark brown linen dress for summer, but I now have second thoughts about the color being correct for hot weather."*

Wear your dress with chalk-white accessories and I am sure you will be delighted with the new look of dark brown and white.

*"What would be a suitable*

*wrap to wear with a floor-length evening gown? I don't own an evening fur and I don't want to go to the expense of a long evening coat. The occasion for which I have bought the frock is at the end of October."*

I suggest you wear a long evening stole. The material choice de-

pends on the type of material in your dress. It is quite a pretty idea to have a reversible stole in two colors and two different materials. For instance, a stole made in white satin could be lined with pink organza.

*"On a cruise ship is it correct to wear formal dress for dinner?"*

It is correct fashion to change for dinner, but this does not mean formal evening dress. For most evenings, a pretty, short-skirted dress is quite adequate. But during most cruises there is at least one special gala occasion and for this it is nice to have something a little more special — a cocktail dress or a short dance dress.

## light as a feather

(AND SO ECONOMICAL, TOO)



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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This smart one-piece design frock is available cut out to make in black, gold, and pink sundek. Sizes 12 and 24in. bust \$5.55; 36 and 38in. bust \$6.75; 40in. bust \$6.95. Postage and dispatch 40c extra.

No. 470.—LINEN BAG  
Attractive linen bag is available cut out to make in blue, white, yellow, and deep lilac casarine. Price is \$1.25 plus 8c postage and dispatch.

No. 471.—GIRL'S SHIFT  
Pretty shift is available cut out to make in multi-colored check cotton in yellow/turquoise/pink, turquoise/aqua/lemon, and blue/white/pink. Sizes 2 and 4 years \$2.50; 6 and 8 years \$2.75. Postage and dispatch 10c extra.



Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## For teenagers

### TOPS IN FASHION . . .

ONCE it was only Mum who said: "Girls these days don't know how lucky they are to have such nice clothes."

Today, big sister agrees, when she sees the dresses available for kid sister—and the fun that goes with them.

Take the sisters and friends of the five teenagers who make up an advisory panel at a Toorak, Vic., fashion store, Sportsgirl Junior.

They turn pea-green when they hear about the doings of the young panellists.

These pretty, personality-plus schoolgirls not only suggest to the store what they and their friends would like to be able to purchase but serve there on Saturday mornings, and model for photographs and fashion parades.

Panel members are Penny Hackworth Jones, 16, of St. Catherine's, Toorak; Jan Garratt, 14, Presbyterian Ladies' College; Lindy Hobbs, 14, Firbank, Brighton; Lisa Hilbert, 16, Merton Hall; and Rae Adams, 15, Sacre Coeur.

Sportsgirl Junior's manager, attractive blonde Pauline Moy, describes the panel as "so with it" and "they're fabulous."

"They've given us some best-seller ideas," she added, "like colorful braces to hold up skirts, with ties, watchbands, and garter tabs to match."

The panel members love to discuss fashion, and almost every idea they've put forward since the panel was formed six months ago, has made good fashion sense and sold well.

**RIGHT:** Who wouldn't be "teacher's pet" wearing this denim lumber jacket and skirt, belted in floral to match the breast pocket handkerchief? Pretty Jane Shepherd, 14, looks too good in it to be punished for scribbling on the blackboard. Jacket \$10; skirt \$9. Available in XSSW to SW.

Panel members aren't the only eager-beaver fashion followers who want to give their ideas. Hordes of schoolgirls drop suggestions in the shop's bright red letterbox.

Pauline Moy studies the suggestions, then seeks to find them in manufacturers' ranges. If she can't, she puts the ideas up to a board of young executives, who give a green or red light to ideas after discussing their sales appeal.

Pauline said: "Recently one of the panel girls suggested a striped denim beach shift for the summer range. Something very short, with a big, useful pocket in front, to wear over bathers. We made some up—they're very cute, and popular."

"The girls have so many ideas for evening wear. They all moan that no one designs evening dresses for the 13- to 16-year-olds."

"They say they don't want hostess skirts and tops but ankle-length formals in pretty prints and muted colors—not pale blues, lemons, and pinks."

"One girl asked for a Thai silk dress with smocking to the waist and a skirt slightly flaring out."

"They all wanted evening frocks, not too low cut, with back interest of bows, buttons, or braid. They're not interested in showing bosoms or bare backs!"

"And they don't want evening wear in red," she added. "They steer clear of that color in everything!"

They love orange, and one of our 11-year-old advisers, Agnes Taylor, who is a student at Windsor Presentation Convent, suggested a striped shift in orange and brilliant pink. She represents the very young group, with 10-year-old Peta Adams, of Sacre Coeur.

"I adore listening to the girls," said Pauline. "They're so positive about fashion. And they all have such delightful taste in clothes."

She said that latest requests include culotte skirts in flowered cotton, bell-bottom Bermuda shorts, sleeveless men's style shirts with button-down collars, witches' britches in stripes.

From one of the shop's regular customers, Jane Shepherd, of Lauriston, Toorak, came this bright suggestion . . .

"I'd love to be able to buy masculine singlets in bright colors, plain or in stripes and checks," said Jane. "The sort you could wear as underwear in winter, or beach tops in summer. They would be SO kinky."

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# IDEAS GIRLS



MEMBERS of Sportsgirl Junior Shop's fashion advisory panel not only give the shop ideas for clothes and accessories but serve and model, too. Standing (from left): Lisa Hilbert, 16; Rae Adams, 15; Jan Garratt, 14; Penny Hackworth Jones, 16. Seated: Lindy Hobbs, 14. Granny evening dress costs \$23; stripe slack suit \$14; spotted slack suit \$13.50; panelled dress \$14.25, and hat \$3; striped shift \$7.25. Where the clothes are available — see below.



RIGHT: A trail of bows adds the final demure touch to this pique evening gown — which school-girl panel members chose as perfect for a first long dress in the 13-16 age group. Model: 14-year-old Lindy Hobbs. Evening gown retails at \$30. Only available in white, in sizes XSSW to SW.



A TRUNK full of clothes and nowhere to go, sighs Lauriston, Toorak, Vic., schoolgirl Jane Duffield, 13 — modelling what she'll wear for best in the summer: Corded cotton with dark banding at the low waist and hem of the pleated skirt. Dress costs \$15.50, in sizes 30 to 39. Colors: Citrus and navy; navy and white; pale blue and navy; orange and navy.

● Stripe and spotted slack suits, and striped shift (in picture top, right), and evening dress (bottom, right), available from Sportsgirl Junior. All other fashions available from stores throughout Australia. (Clothes from Sportsgirl Junior were photographed at St. Catherine's Girls' School, Toorak.)





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## HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

### Solution to sister trouble

"I'M 14½ and have a problem concerning my 16-year-old sister. She uses all my make-up and has never bought any of her own. As soon as I buy something new she tries it out. I don't like to tell her not to all the time, as she makes me a lot of clothes. If we had any big argument she might stop making them. We both still go to school, so I use my pocket-money, which is normally \$1 a week. Do you think I should hide my make-up or tell her not to use it?"

"Fed-up," Vic.

The simplest way would be to hide your make-up — but the simplest way isn't always the right one. In your case I think the best action to take would be to have it out with her — as tactfully as possible — and risk losing your home dressmaker. Something tells me that she'll be more understanding than you imagine. At the moment she obviously assumes that anything which belongs to "baby" sister is hers, too.

### THEY SHARE ONE BOY

"WE'RE two dreamy girls who are loved by one boy. We have dating problems and are not sure which of us he likes the better. We're too good friends to take this problem seriously, but we would appreciate it if you would help us for the future. We're great hits at parties and have often been referred to as 'the perfect females.' We are quite brainy, but find it hard to concentrate on our schoolwork as this boy is continually on our minds."

"The Perfect Females," N.S.W.

My only advice to you both is, the sooner you get this boy OFF your minds the better. You say that people refer to you as "the perfect females" — yet you are letting a mere male get away with emotional murder. You could make him choose which one of you he really wants as his date, stressing "one," but, personally, I think it would be wiser to find new boyfriends — one each this time — before your friendship, which you obviously value highly, is stretched to breaking point.

### Eye for an eye

"I AM a 16-year-old student. I have been seeing a boy from the country quite regularly for nearly two months. He is 20. We get on well together and enjoy each other's company very much. But just recently he has started to make eyes at girls as they walk past and then he turns and laughs at me. This makes me annoyed. He asks me all the time whether I go out with other boys while he is not there, and is quite concerned if I do. Do you think he is trying to make me jealous?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Yes, I most definitely do — and, poor boy, he's using the oldest ruse in the world. If you like him a lot be patient with him. He must care for you a lot, too, to go to such lengths to make you jealous. If you decide that you must take more drastic measures, why not start playing flirt yourself.

### In the past

"FIVE years ago—when I was 14 — I got into trouble with the police. To help me, Father took a job on a farm, miles from the nearest town. A year later Mother became ill. I left school to nurse her, do the housework, etc. Because of her condition we never go out, which makes it very hard for me to meet people, especially boys, and, anyway, when I do meet a boy Father won't let me go out with him. Isn't he being a little unreasonable? How can I show him I have changed in the past five years?"

"Lonesome," S.A.

Could you talk to your father the way you've written to me, or show him this letter and answer in the paper. Two things are sure: One is that he must love you very dearly. The other is that on no account must you DEMAND your "rights." Any defiance on your part would sweep aside five years' "good behaviour." Gentle persuasion and lots of patience are the answer.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

## ROUND ROBIN



Adair

## HOW THE WEST WAS FUN

I SEE that an American Western sheriff packs a gun — in her purse.

Yes, the sheriff of Ventura County, California, is a girl — pretty, 25-year-old Linda Lee Beggs.

Actually, the law-enforcers and baddies in the old West were mostly women. Perhaps that's why it was so wild.

The famous bankrobbers were, in fact, the James Girls — of whom Jessie was the star turn.

And what turned a girl called Masterson into a gunslinger was when a bloke called her a "bat."

About the only masculine things about the West were the cowgirls' trousers — chaps.

Much of the drama of the West is misunderstood today.

Take, for example, the expression "They died with their boots on."

In fact, the saying originally referred to Wild West girls tinting their hair (sometimes it turned out Apache effect) — and the wording was, "They dyed with their boots on."

Famous Indians, too, were often really girls.

I say that without reservations.

It was only masculine pride that caused survivors of the Battle of the Little Big Horn to blame Sitting Bull.

Actually, the Indian leader was Sitting Cow, a squaw who went berserk after a long period of dieting and tried to steal the cavalry's food supplies.

That's why the battle is also known as Custard's Last Stand.

The Indians feared the white girls, knowing they would fight hard even after scalping.

You know, hell hath no fury like a woman skinned.



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... Margaret Merril

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# School's in —for advice



## LETTERS

\* Some of the girls in our class felt that they could not speak freely to their parents. We now have a discussion of general problems once a week, with our teacher reading out the problems that have been put, and then asks the class theirs, hoping that the discussion will be of some help to an unknown student. Subjects are freely discussed, in a serious manner, and I think it does girls good to hear the views of others of their own age.

—“STUDENT,” Warradale, S.A.

### A stitch in time

HAVE you ever thought of starting a sewing club and meeting in different homes each week? Everyone should put in a fixed amount of money to buy material for making up the latest fashion ideas. The finished clothes form a wardrobe from which any of the garments can be hired, the fee going toward buying more material. Accessories can also be made or bought. This means that the maker-hirer will always have an inexpensive and limitless wardrobe on hand.—“Sewer,” Wynyard, Tas.

### Tall story

A NORMAL girl of 15, I do well enough at school, and go out regularly and enjoy myself. There is only one thing that stops me from being an average teenager, and that's my height. In my stockings feet I'm 5ft. 10in. Now I'm not moaning about it, though at times it does bother me, because some people seem to think being tall is a terrible fate. The boys I date are usually mv height and taller; sometimes shorter boys take me out, too. Clothes and shoes are a little more expensive, but they're worth it, as I'm always noticed—no one could miss me! I am proud of being tall, and any girl who is my height or taller should be proud, too.—Deborah Burt, Eastwood, N.S.W.

### Curtain up!

MY school has combined with a local boys' school to put on a play. Besides learning interesting and valuable points about acting, we find it tremendous fun. I am

### NOT SAFE

• Parents of 12- to 15-year-old sons should pay more attention to what their offspring do, and not allow them to roam the streets at night looking for fights. Such boys are known as sharpies, and if parents aren't more careful they may find their sons ending up in prison for some major crime, perhaps even murder. My sister and her boyfriend find it difficult to go out at night without being pestered by these roaming sharpies. People who want to go out for a walk after dark should be able to do so and feel safe.—Heni Lenk, Niddrie, Vic.

getting to know many boys, and once a week after school we hold a barbecue, where everyone can mix. I think it would be a terrific idea if many more schools combined in this type of activity.—Mary Bryan, Camberwell, Vic.

### Good neighbor

AUSTRALIA is the only nation in the world which covers an entire continent, and, whether we like it or not, it is part of Asia. The sooner we realise our White Australia policy is outdated and cease frowning on immigration from South Pacific nations, the better our popularity will be with our neighbors.

Europeans are no better migrants than Asians, and the fundamental idea that whites are superior to colored people is a big problem. We are only provoking it by our old-fashioned policies. The majority of Southern Pacific peoples are Christian, and their standards of living and education are just as high as ours. English is one of the major languages, and I feel

### BEATNIK



they would make ideal citizens.—G. Newton Loveday, Magill, S.A.

### “Prefect” night

AN original idea which our prefects adopted this year was to hold a social inviting prefects from neighboring high schools. We engaged a popular band and between the 20 prefects arranged the supper. Everyone seemed to mix quite freely and the evening proved to be a great success.

The money needed to meet expenses was raised by holding pop-record sessions and football-kicking competitions. The prefects also donated a few shillings and the school helped by giving some money from school funds.—“Prefect,” Chigwell, Tas.

### HOW TO THINK PINK

• If you're crazy about pink, as was the reader whose letter started off these suggestions, you might find some ideas here for giving your bedroom a new look for spring:

HAVE the ceiling white, wallpaper with a pink heart motif, wall-to-wall sea-grass matting on the floor, and all furniture painted white. Finishing touches can be a tailored bedspread of hessian dyed pale turquoise, and matching curtains with brass rod and rings; cushions in bright pink and lime-green.—Sandra Powell, Cabramatta, N.S.W.

PAINT the walls white, woodwork and ceiling pink. Cover bed (from which the head-board has been removed) with a tailored pink spread, then scatter with deep purple cushions. Paint two wicker chairs white, and place a cushion on each with your own name sewn in large letters on one and “?” on the other. Buy two circular second-hand frames, put in a light board backing, and join together with a piece of wood so that they form a spectacle-shaped notice-board. Or make a pink felt scroll, which can be hung on the wall for the same purpose.—“Pink-Dink,” Crystal Brook, S.A.

PINK and white checks look very mod and go with all styles of furniture, white or polished wood. Have three walls pink and one papered in pink and white checks. This teams with check curtains and bedspread in the same colors, trimmed with white.—R.T., Pymble, N.S.W.

PALE pink walls are a perfect foil for bedspread and curtains checked in navy and white. Add white furniture, woodwork, and ceiling; pink-toned carpet or mat, and a table-lamp with a white base and a navy-blue shade.—J. Turner, Highton, Vic.

## Follow your chosen career —



## — and travel as well

For many years the Royal Australian Air Force Nursing Service has been regarded as an effective, mobile force responsible, both in Australia and overseas, for the care of the sick and injured members of The Royal Australian Air Force.

As a part of their normal duties nursing sisters in the RAAF are trained and employed on tactical and strategic aeromedical evacuation systems within theatres of operations, and in travel to Australia.

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QUALIFICATIONS: Nursing Officers must be registered as general nurses in one or more states of the Commonwealth of Australia. They must be unmarried or a widow or divorcee without dependent children, physically fit and be aged over 21 but under 40 years.



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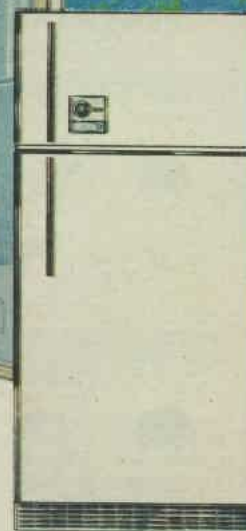
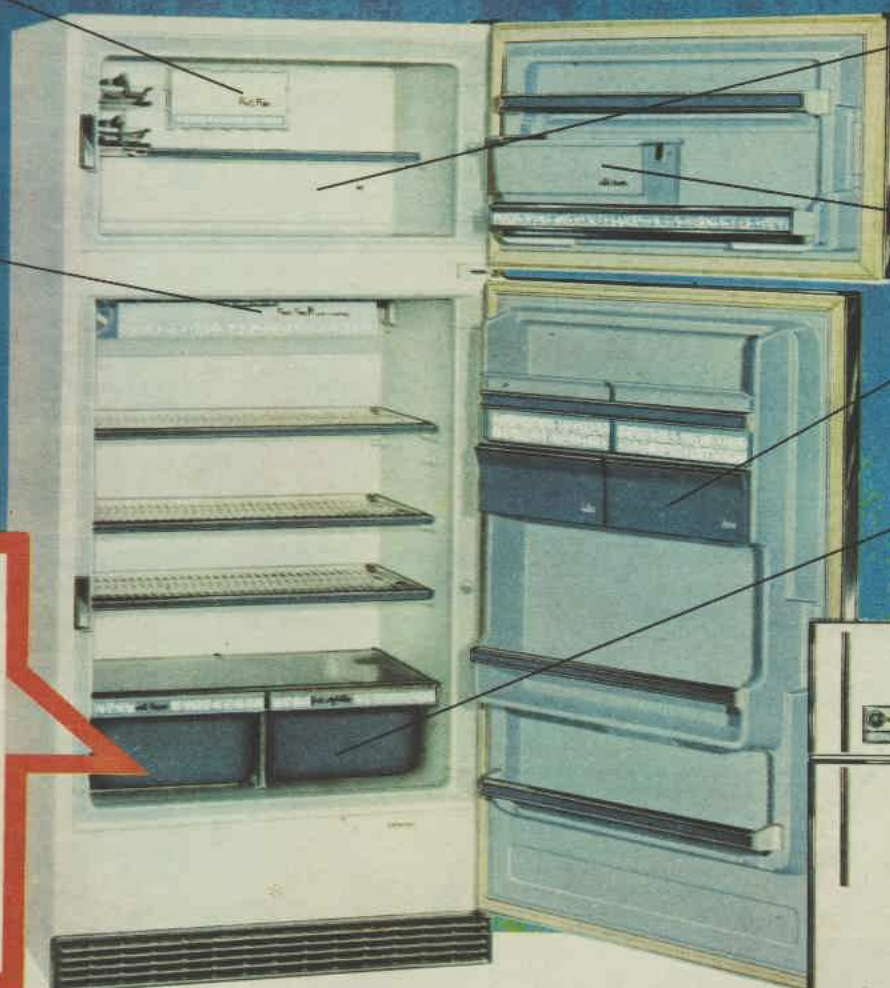
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# DAPHNE— a garden favorite

By ALLAN SEALE

● With the simple cut of its starry flowers, like pink-frosted porcelain, its clean, definite perfume — never overpowering — daphne must be the most popular plant in the garden.

DAPHNE isn't really fickle. It just likes to be left undisturbed, and its death for no apparent reason is often due to lack of understanding.

It cannot tolerate root disturbance. A plant may die suddenly after well-meant cultivation which has been deep enough to disturb and injure the sensitive root system. Therefore, when choosing the location, select one away from plants that involve digging and cultivation.

Mulching will minimise weed growth and the need for cultivation. Any weeds should be pulled carefully, not dug out.

Daphne to be grown in a garden where circumstances make it difficult to avoid cultivation is best separated from its surroundings.

## ASPECT

Daphne grows well in most temperate parts of Australia, but doesn't like humid, tropical regions. In very cold districts, overhead protection from frost is necessary, particularly where severe late frosts may occur after new growth is formed.

Daphne is at its best in a partly shaded position. Morning sun is ideal, or broken sunlight.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 30



● Daphne astronomica, an interesting newcomer bred from Daphne odora variegata, carries flowers right along its stem. It is a vigorous grower, and one in Victoria is reputedly 12ft. high, 12ft. across. This picture taken at Andrews' Nursery, Picnic Point, N.S.W.

## SOIL

The condition of the soil has a definite bearing on the life of a daphne. It can be comparatively short-lived in heavy, clayey soils, probably because when these soils dry out after puddling they crack, rupturing the brittle roots of the plant.

In light, sandy soils such as in the hills behind Perth, parts of Melbourne, and the sandstone areas of Sydney, daphnes can flower well and retain their vigor for 25 years or more, even during drought.

Heavy soils should be broken up before planting, and a mixture of coarse sand, rotted leafmould, or peatmoss added to prevent the clay particles fusing together again. The surface mulch of leafmould will prevent puddling.

## ACIDITY

The soil needs to be slightly acid. If it hasn't been heavily limed within recent years and azaleas grow in the area, it will need no correction.

If the soil is alkaline, treat with 2oz. of sulphate of iron, sulphate of aluminium, hydrangea bluing tonic, or powdered sulphur raked into the soil and watered in well. Allow three or four weeks before planting for the chemical to diffuse.

Occasional use of peatmoss or leafmould as a mulch should retain this acidity. Except where a soil-testing kit is available, the foliage will be the best indicator of the need for future acidifiers. If the young growth develops a pale, yellow-green appearance, dust again with sulphur, or water-in one tablespoon of any of the other chemicals mentioned dissolved in a gallon of water.

## FEEDING

Daphne responds to gentle feeding, particularly from spring to autumn, but avoid heavy dressings of strong fertilisers. Light applications of a proprietary daphne or azalea-camellia mixture are quite safe, or packeted liquid manures.

After feeding, don't let the plant dry out.

## PRUNING

Daphne benefits from light pruning, but fortunately this is best achieved by

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 31

cutting the flowers during the season. The extent depends on the size and age of the bush. As a rule, about two-thirds should be removed, but, if doubtful, visualise about three new growths (future flower stems) emerging from each remaining flower head.

## PESTS AND DISEASES

Daphne is subject to a virus disease which gradually retards the performance of the plant but rarely causes sudden death. A symptom is a yellow mottling of the foliage, but fungus or deficiencies of minerals due to alkaline soil can cause similar symptoms.

There is no positive control for this virus. Cuttings or layers should only be taken from healthy stock, but insects such as aphids can transmit the disease.

Collar rot can cause sudden death of the plant. Although a parasitic organism is the direct cause, plants damaged by cultivation or heavy applications of manures are the most susceptible.

Mealy bug is the chief insect pest—a dull, white, downy, oval-shaped thing about 1/16 in. long, found under the foliage along the midrib of the leaf, in leaf or stem junctions, or below the flower buds. Suspect it if the young foliage is distorted or the plant limp and lustreless. Spray with malathion or a complete pesticide mixed with one tablespoon of white oil to each gallon of solution.

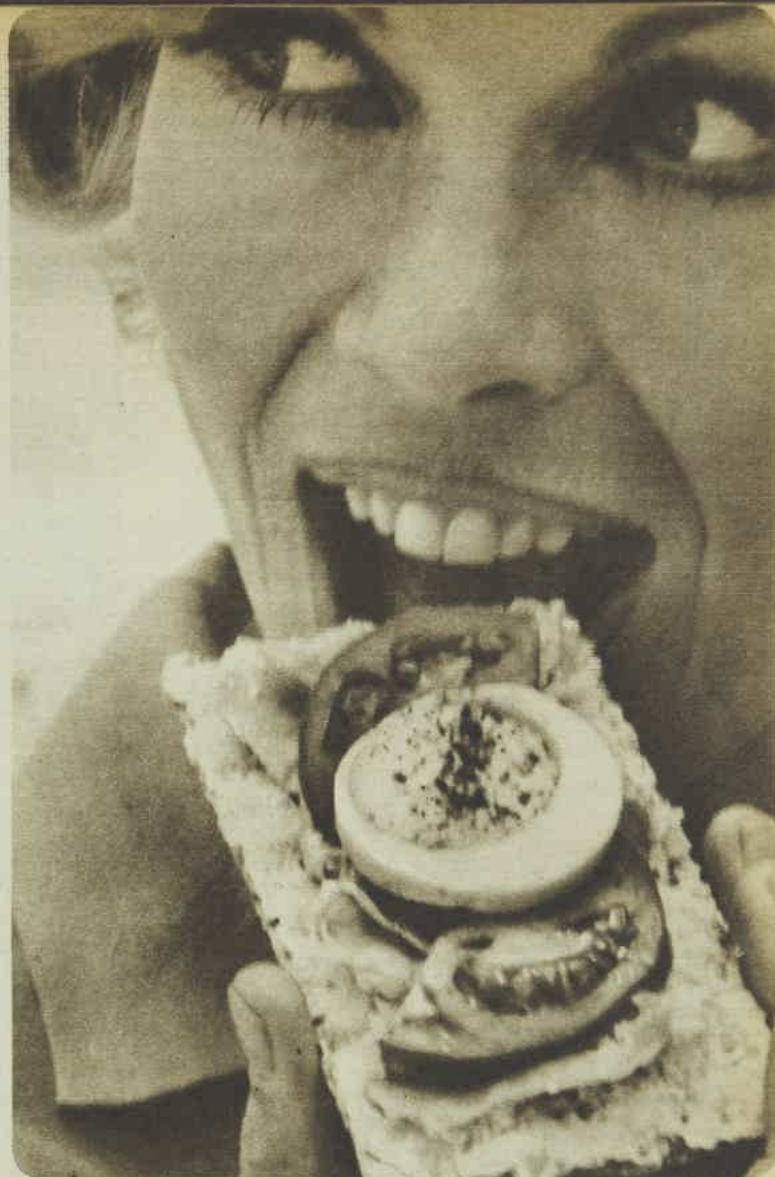
## VARIETIES

The evergreen daphne so well known in Australia is Daphne odora, and the most popular variety is rubra, sometimes known as Red Daphne because of the ruby-red color of buds or backs of petals.

There is an attractive, variegated-foliage form available from Victorian nurseries, but not yet plentiful in other States. It has creamy-white flowers.

Alba, another variety of Daphne odora, usually develops a more woody, not so well-clad appearance as rubra, but with large flower clusters.

Other species such as D. burkwoodii, not yet readily available, should be suitable for colder districts.



## Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.

After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

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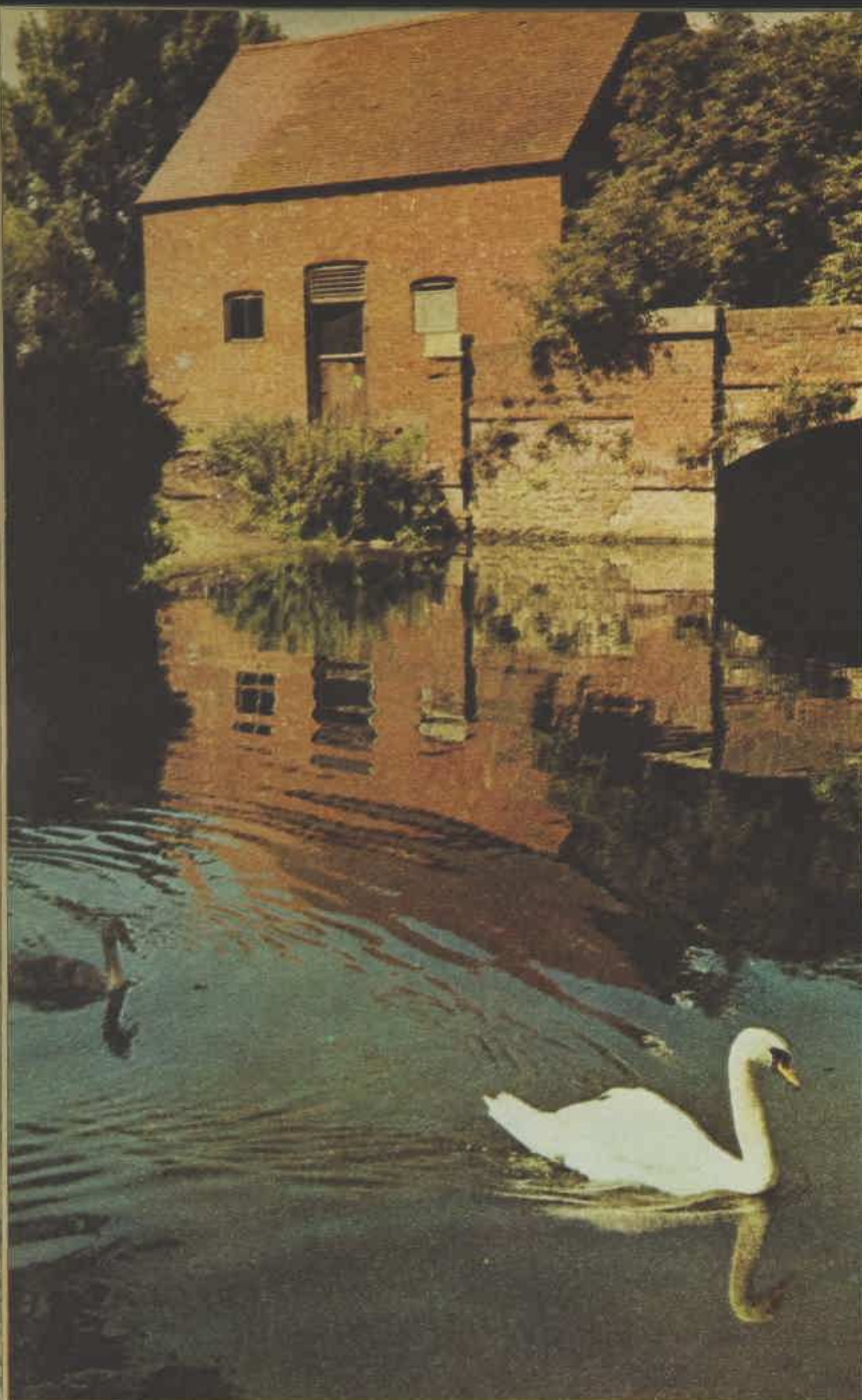
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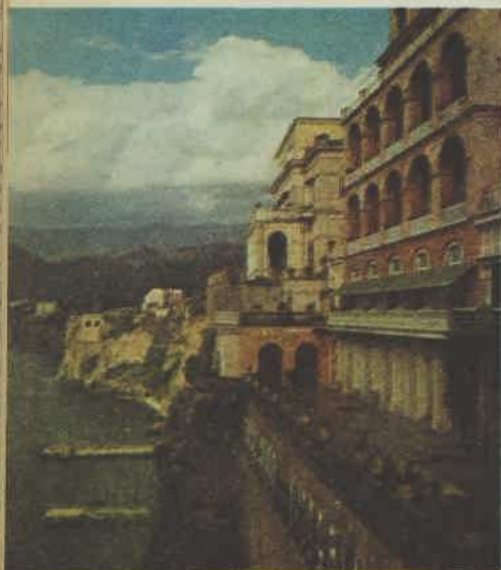
All of the liner Himalaya's 1300 berths have been reserved for the voyage to England, and the entire tourist section of the Oriana for the return voyage.

The tour price allows for accommodation in four-berth cabins. Two-berth cabins, with and without private facilities, are available for extra payment, ranging from \$26 to \$166 (£N.Z. 11 to 67) in the Himalaya, and from \$26 to \$130 (£N.Z. 11 to 53) in the Oriana. A few de luxe suites are available in the Himalaya.

From Wellington, Sydney, and Brisbane, the Himalaya will call at Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona. Tours at these ports, although not included in the tour price, may be booked before you leave Australia.

On the return voyage the Oriana will also follow the Suez route, but will call also at Athens and Colombo.

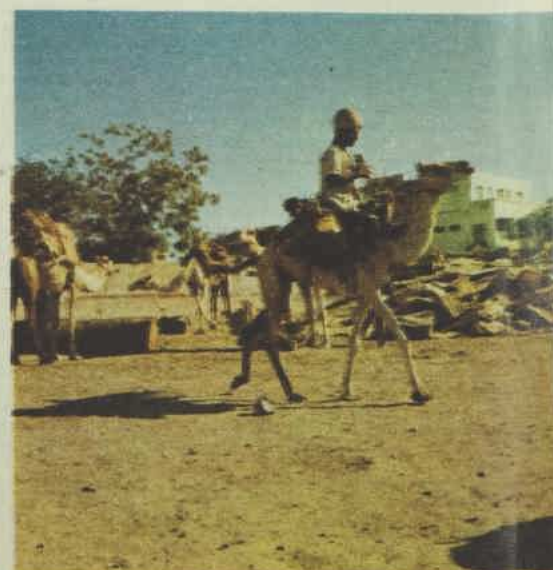
**TOUR DETAILS: PAGE 60**



SORRENTO—Waterfront scene



EDINBURGH—From the castle

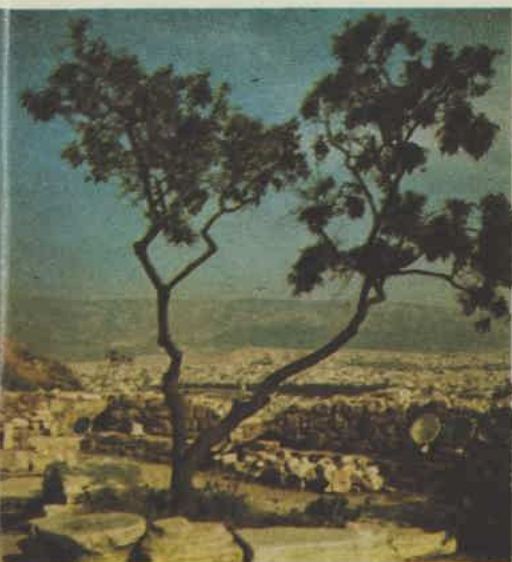


ADEN—Timeless Arabia





**AUSTRIA** — Europa Bridge, near Innsbruck



**ATHENS** — Ancient and modern



**LONDON** — St. James's Park



**ZURICH** — Lakeside scene





## Who wants to be covered by the 'Bri-Nylon' label?

**...everybody !**

*(for these very good reasons)*

You know that no manufacturer can use the name 'Bri-Nylon' unless his garment has been tested and approved by Fibremakers.

In other words, whether you pay a little or a lot, the 'Bri-Nylon' label is your assurance of quality and value for the money you spend.

If you go for a bargain, it will really be a bargain. If you invest in the best, you will get the long wear, the easy care, and all the other advantages of 'Bri-Nylon', plus the fashion appeal your manufacturer has put into the garment.

The 'Bri-Nylon' label is your guide to basic value and quality. Without it, you can't be sure you're buying wisely no matter how much you spend.

That's why we remind you once again to look for the 'Bri' before you buy spring and summer wear.

Here is a list of the eight main quality tests carried out by Fibremakers Ltd. before permission to carry the 'Bri-Nylon' label is granted: Ease of care, Resistance to shrinking, Stretch and recovery, Shape retention, Colour fastness, Correct stitching, Fabric construction, Resistance to abrasion.



95 Collins St, Melbourne; 55 Hunter St, Sydney  
'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trademark



# My children are my passport to pleasure

● *Here's a mother of six who enjoys the school holidays. She simply becomes one of the kids.*

**H**AS the patter of not-so-little feet ceased in your living-room, as the schoolies face up to the final term? Are you really glad to see them off to school again, or are you

one of my mob — facing up to third term very reluctantly?

I have one tremendous advantage over most mums. My husband is a teacher, and thus THE advantage of the holidays for me, the morning sleep-in, can be enjoyed with a clear conscience. However,

I know many obliging dads who wistfully butter their own toast and eat a solitary breakfast in holiday-time, while the family sleeps blissfully on.

Fortunately, all my small-fry, from baby Ed to big sister Kate, have inherited my love of that

extra snooze in the mornings.

Andy, aged two, will rouse his very reluctant mother at 9 a.m. or so, with a plaintive plea for someone to "Git me bekka!"

We then stumble to the kitchen and prepare a hearty repast. What a pleasure it is to sit round a

table, all eight of us, and enjoy a relaxed meal.

The children take it in turn to wait on the rest of us, as time is of no concern, and I am actually SEATED AT BREAKFAST, SMILING SERENELY, instead of screaming at various defaulters, turning eggs with one hand and a tunic hem with the other.

Having spent the first day of the holidays in an orgy of house-cleaning, I forget about the chores and consult the entertainment pages of the daily Press, while the boys clear the table and the girls wash-up.

At a conference, we plan our day and rush off to dress suitably. My children are my passport to pleasure. I am really an overgrown child.

By JANE CHANTAL

I can persuade the world I am watching "Mary Poppins" and similar fantasies because the children enjoy them.

I would look utterly ridiculous astride a merry-go-round alone, but Andy needs my physical and moral support, so I pretend that is why I give a fair imitation of Alexander the Great astride Bucephalus.

**W**HAT a superb alibi the holidays are for leaving the house behind, and joining the world at large. Now I can pop across town and visit friends who never see me in term-time, because I like to be home to greet the weary scholars as they stumble in.

How blissfully empty are the pages of my engagement book. No Mothers' Club meetings, no school-crossing duty, no tuckshop roster, no school bankdays, and no special outings or morning-coffees to attend. My time is actually my own.

What a reduction in the volume of washing! No more is the basket filled each night with soiled school uniforms. There is no panic to keep up with the supply of clean clothes. The ironing will wait an extra day or two — or more.

**No sandwiches to cut, no uniforms to press...**

Comes dinnertime, and my work is done — no list of sandwich fillings on the note pad for the cut lunches, no uniforms to be checked and spruced up. I can actually relax and enjoy my husband's company, or even watch television, while the happy, weary small-fry retire early.

When their company does inevitably pall, I divide the children into two teams, and give them a cheap compass and home-drawn map apiece. They set off on an expedition to a local park by a most circuitous route, with a prize promised for the team to arrive first, or even at all.

I then bath the babies (a sure soporific), bed them down, and settle back with the Women's Weekly.

Page 59

When you buy nightwear with this label attached



you know its beruffled beauty needs only the easiest of care!

'DOMINANT' NIGHTDRESS AND NEGLIGEE, STYLE 136





# Dizzy values, fine fashion at Woolworths!

FOR THE LIVELY LOVELIES . . . Biggest fashion news-break ever! Stunning up-to-the-minute styles with a wonderful new-fashioned idea about price . . . dollars less than "exclusive" stores, yet every inch as fine in quality. Look at these skimmers . . .



Easy-to-wear skimmers in crisp easy-care cottons. 4 styles, including ever-popular button-thru, in breezy florals, pert checks. XSSW to XW. (30/-)

**\$3**

WOOLWORTHS VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS

Prices may vary in some country areas.

WORLD TOUR 1967

From page 57

## THIS IS WHERE YOU GO

January 27. The Himalaya departs WELLINGTON.

February 2. Departs SYDNEY.

February 4. BRISBANE.

February 12-14. HONG KONG. Duty-free, tax-free, fabulous shopping city.

February 17. SINGAPORE. Also duty-free, tax-free shopping.

February 22. BOMBAY. "Gateway of India." Bazaars, hanging gardens, temples.

February 26. ADEN. Ample time for shopping and sightseeing.

March 1. PORT SAID.

March 5. NAPLES. Only a short drive to Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius.

March 6. BARCELONA. City of fountains, monuments.

March 11. Arrive TILBURY. By coach to your hotel in London.

March 12-17. LONDON. Several sight-seeing trips to Trafalgar Square, Scotland Yard, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Whitehall, Buckingham Palace, etc.

March 18. LONDON-BRUSSELS. Begin 23-day coach tour. To Dover for the cross-Channel trip to Ostend, Bruges, Brussels.

N.B.: To ensure smooth running of tour, some groups will begin U.K. tour or have their free leisure period at this time.

March 19. BRUSSELS-COBLENZ-STOLZENFELS. Visit Royal Palace and other landmarks in Brussels, cross the border into Germany, Aachen Cathedral, Cologne, and Bonn, along the River Rhine.

March 20. STOLZENFELS-EBERBACH. Continue along the Rhine, past vineyards, castles, monasteries, and the Lorelei Rock. Visit Heidelberg. Spend night at the wine village Eberbach.

March 21. EBERBACH-LUCERNE. Drive through the Black Forest, dotted with Alpine chalet-type houses. To Zurich, Switzerland, via ancient town of Schaffhausen.

March 22. LUCERNE. Morning at leisure. afternoon excursion on the lake or to beautiful surrounding mountains can be arranged.

March 23. LUCERNE-INNSBRUCK. Along Lake Lucerne and across the Rhine into tiny Liechtenstein. Enter Austria by the Arlberg Pass, visit ski resort of St. Anton, follow the River Inn to Innsbruck.

March 24. INNSBRUCK-CORTINA. Morning spent exploring. Depart via Brenner Pass for overnight stay in the Dolomites.

March 25. CORTINA-VENICE. Coach descends toward plains of Northern Italy.

March 26. VENICE. Visit the Doge's Palace, Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's.

March 27. VENICE-FLORENCE. Through valley of River Po.

March 28. FLORENCE. Tour of architectural and art treasures.

March 29. FLORENCE-ROME. Continue up the valley of the River Arno to Arezzo, Perugia, and Assisi (birthplace of St. Francis).

March 30-31. ROME. Two full days and three nights. Morning sightseeing (included

in tour's cost) takes in St. Peter's and other landmarks. Tour Director will arrange individual tours.

April 1. ROME-PISA. Along the coast through Livorno to Pisa (Leaning Tower).

April 2. PISA-GENOA. Morning free. After lunch, tour resumes via the Italian Riviera and up the Apennines to Genoa.

April 3. GENOA-NICE. Morning free to explore the old areas, which remain much the same as in days of Columbus. After lunch to Nice along the Riviera.

April 4. NICE-MONTE CARLO. Morning free in Nice. After lunch, visit Monte Carlo.

April 5. NICE-LYONS. Through Cannes, Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Rhone Valley.

April 6. LYONS-PARIS. Drive through famous vineyard country, valley of the Yonne, forest of Fontainebleau.

April 7-8. PARIS. Two days and nights in Paris. Morning sightseeing includes Notre Dame, Place de la Bastille. Ample time to explore. Tour Directors will arrange additional tours if required.

April 9. PARIS-LONDON. To Calais through Boulogne-sur-Mer. Across Channel to London hotel.

April 10-12. LONDON. Another three days for sightseeing, with hotel as your base. Theatres, Covent Garden, restaurants, shops.

April 13. LONDON-BUXTON. Begin coach tour of England and Scotland through the central counties of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire to Northampton. Lunch in Kettering. Visit Leicester, pass through Derbyshire and Lancashire.

April 14. BUXTON-LOCKERBIE. Through the fells country to Lancaster, site of John of Gaunt's castle. After lunch through beautiful Lake District. Tea at Ullswater, then cross the border to Gretna Green.

April 15. LOCKERBIE-EDINBURGH. Through the Scottish Lowlands, Tweedmuir Hills, valley of the River Clyde to Edinburgh.

April 16. EDINBURGH-TROSSACHS-EDINBURGH. Drive into the Highlands across the Firth of Forth to the famous Trossach country. Return by the field of Bannockburn. Afternoon tea at Aberfoyle.

April 17. EDINBURGH. Morning free. An afternoon city sights tour.

April 18. EDINBURGH-HARROGATE. Back into England via the east coast of Scotland. After lunch at Alnwick, south via Newcastle upon Tyne. Tea at Darlington.

April 19. HARROGATE-LONDON. Through Doncaster, Stamford, with its Georgian and Queen Anne houses, Stilton, Broadwater, the County of Hertford.

April 20-May 11. LONDON. Left free to visit friends or relatives. Tour Director will make any necessary travel arrangements.

N.B.: To co-ordinate tour, dates for free period will vary from group to group.

May 12. Last night in LONDON.

May 13. SOUTHAMPTON. By coach to Southampton to join Oriana for trip home.

## Your \$1392 covers:

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Himalaya, tourist four-berth in the Oriana.
- European tour, full board, comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, and dinner, all table d'hôte, and tips, taxes, service charges, excursions as in itinerary.
- United Kingdom tour (escorted), full board (table d'hôte), afternoon teas, service charges, specified sightseeing. Single rooms, private bathrooms may be reserved, when available, for an extra charge.
- Sightseeing in London, as in itinerary.
- London accommodation at well-situated hotels, including breakfast, dinner (table d'hôte), and service charges, for 13 nights. (Accommodation: double rooms without bath on European and U.K. tours and in London. Single room may be booked ahead for a small extra charge.)
- Transfers on arrivals and departures for the tour itinerary.
- Porterage of one average-size suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours; two average-size suitcases per person on initial arrival and final departure from the U.K.
- Tour Director will accompany the group from Sydney to the U.K. and back. He will be resident in the U.K. to ensure efficient tour operations.

### NOT INCLUDED:

Coffees, teas, alcoholic beverages, mineral waters, baths at European hotels, lunches during London stay, and accommodation and additional sightseeing tours during the leisure own-expense period in London.

(Booking arrangements for leisure period in London will be undertaken before the tour as a free service by your agent.)

Personal and luggage insurance, passports, other travel documents, and travellers' cheques, although not included in tour cost, will be arranged as a free service.

Excursions at ports of call, sightseeing trips not in itinerary, cost of launches between ship and shore at ports of call are not included.

## HOW TO BOOK

• Full details of the wonderful day-by-day itinerary are in the special tour brochure which you may obtain NOW through any of the General Sales Agents listed below, or your travel agent.

NEW SOUTH WALES-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

NEWCASTLE: Jays Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND-NORTHERN TERRITORY-NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wafarmers Travel Service, 369 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 20-959.



● A grazier's wife from Central New South Wales has written this graphic, touching account of what drought means. "The poem written by a grazier about his flock of pet sheep, recently published in The Australian Women's Weekly, found an echo in my heart," she says. "Drought is very much a family

affair. Throughout the stricken areas, wives and children are working side by side with their menfolk, helping to look after the stock, sharing in the heart-break of seeing animals hungry and flocks dwindling, sharing the hope when clouds appear in the sky—and the despair when they disappear again."

## DROUGHT: The end of old Daisy, and Cherry, and Roaney, our friends

MY day begins when I rise at 3 a.m. to get breakfast for my husband, who is making an early start on a 150-mile trip to bring home a load of hay for the cattle. Saturday was chosen for the trip so the children would be home from school to help me attend to the stock while father is away.

Waiting for daylight, I catch up on housework which has been sadly neglected since I have been helping outdoors.

With the first rays of sunlight, the poddy calves clamor loudly for their breakfast. Seven pitiful little orphans of the drought, they share the lawn of my once thriving garden with a one-eyed sheep and an ancient horse.

They ravenously drink the large quantity of milk-mixture I have made for them, their sides swelling in contrast to their skinny bodies. The children are up by now, and after breakfast they help to feed the other animals.

We load the truck with bags of wheat, whistle up the sheepdogs, and head for the paddocks where the sheep are. They are scattered all over the large paddock, ever moving restlessly in search of food.

Some rush to the truck, while others have to be driven all the way. With the help of the dogs we muster them in, and operation meals-on-wheels begins.

The truck crawls slowly among the milling horde, spilling out the golden grain (golden in price, as well as color).

Driving the truck is a nerve-racking job as the bleating sheep race toward it. An even pace must be maintained, or the one on the back spilling out the grain will be unbalanced as he leans over.

### Squawking of crows

The wheat all gone, we make a round of the paddock to look for weak sheep which have fallen down and cannot get on their feet without assistance.

The raucous squawking of crows leads us to the first victim. It is struggling feebly, blood streaming from the gaping hole where its eye was before the crows picked it out.

We load it on to the truck to be taken home to join my little flock of convalescents. We may not be able to save their lives, but at least we can ease their deaths by saving them from the crows.

We find three more down, but two, untouched by crows, were able to walk away. The other had to be destroyed.

The fast-drying waterhole has to be checked. We find two sheep hopelessly bogged, and have to go into the sticky mud. Mud comes up to our knees. After tugging and pulling, we manage to extract them. One walks unsteadily away. Its companion flops weakly and is loaded on to the truck.

Our work in that paddock completed, we go home, unload our cargo, and treat the crow-picked eyes with antiseptic.

Entering the garden we find the poddy

calves have climbed on to the patio and are clustered round two flower-pots, munching contentedly at what was once my pride and joy—a thriving daphne and frangipani—just two of the many trees and shrubs destroyed by starving animals.

It is long past lunch-time, so we make a hasty meal of sandwiches washed down with tea. We must go attend to the cattle.

We find them standing around under the trees which had been lopped for them yesterday, poor gaunt creatures, mere shadows of their former selves. They have eaten all the leaves from the cut branches and as high as they can reach, so we must climb the trees and cut more.

My 12-year-old son shins up the tree like a monkey, but I find it harder than it was 20 years ago. I perch precariously in the tree, hanging on with feet and one free hand while I hack away at the tough branches. The two younger boys pull the branches out. The cattle eat hungrily.

### The old cows die

After cutting four large trees, we count the herd and find two are missing. A thorough search of the paddock is made, and we pass the carcasses of many of the old cows which have died. Drought is particularly hard on the very old and the very young. They need the green grass.

At last we find the cow stretched out under a tree, her calf beside her patiently waiting for her to get up. We try to get her on to her feet, but she is too weak even to defend herself against the crows.

Son gets out the rifle and I hear him say "Sorry, old girl," as he pulls the trigger.

This incident took me back to another drought when I was not much older than my son is now. I was helping my father on his property. While mustering sheep I found a ewe with her eye picked out, dying, her tiny lamb beside her.

A flock of crows flew up from her and waited in the tree nearby. I could not leave her to their mercy, so had to destroy her, the first sheep I had ever killed.

I caught the lamb, and carried it in front of me in the saddle, and cried for the whole five miles home. I had to put many sheep out of their misery during that long and disastrous drought, but never became reconciled to it.

With the help of the dogs we catch the orphan calf to take home to join my little flock. The sun is setting as we drive home, another day of drought over. There is a bank of clouds in the sky. Tomorrow the hay will be here.

Those to whom the drought is not a personal thing must feel regret when they read in the newspapers that so many thousands of sheep and cattle have died. But to us, those still and silent forms lying on the plains and under the trees, and in the dried-up waterholes, are not just statistics on a sheet of paper.

They are old Daisy, and Cherry, and Roaney, our friends of the past and our hopes for the future.

## STRETCH LACE... terrific news at Woolworths!

You've seen these stretch-lace creations in exclusive fashion stores. Now you can buy them at Woolworths — but at half the price! It's true! They're every inch as fine in quality and style... the only difference is Woolies price — dollars less than you'd pay elsewhere.



**\$3**

SHORTLINE BRA—White. A, 32 to 36. B, 32 to 38. C, 34 & 36 (30/-)

PANTIE-GIRDLE White, Small, med, large. (45/-) **\$4.50**

WOOLWORTHS VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS Prices may vary in some country areas.





● Family portraits decorate the walls of Mrs. H. A. Nossiter's unit at "Arrunga," which houses 16 independent elderly people in the Sydney suburb of Lindfield, eight miles from the city.



● Mr. Reginald Kirkwood, on patio, talks to Mr. William Shephard (right), the only two men tenants. Both of them are 87.

— Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

## "Arrunga" lives up to its name

**W**HEN four hard-working committees added their spirit and zest to the generosity of a well-aware local council, the result was "Arrunga" units at Lindfield, eight miles north of Sydney, housing 16 independent elderly people.

"Arrunga" is an aboriginal word meaning calm, and one resident said, "It's a wonderful place to live. I've never had such a sense of security and I haven't been lonely for a minute."

Four years ago the Kuring-gai Old People's Welfare Association (KOPWA to its members) was trying desperately to raise funds to provide more suitable housing for elderly people and pensioners.

KOPWA heard that the Sundial Circle, the Soroptimists' Club of Kuring-gai, and the Gordon Service League also were trying to help pensioners, so they asked them to join forces.

Four elderly people made substantial founder donations to "Arrunga" through KOPWA, which gave them life occupancy. The four organisations then pooled their resources to make a fund of \$24,000. The Kuring-gai Municipal Council provided the land at a peppercorn rental and, with a Federal grant of \$2 for \$1, construction of the \$72,000 project began.

Tenants for the remaining ten units were nominated for life, free of charge, by the four groups, according to the ratio of the group's original contribution. All tenants now pay an upkeep fee of \$3 a week. Each pays electricity and telephone bills separately.

Recently "Arrunga" had its third birthday. Designed by architect Miss Ellice Nosworthy, each unit has bed-sitting room, kitchen, and bathroom with small dressing-room. If ill or in distress, a tenant can push a button switch that flashes a red light outside the flat and rings an alarm.

"Arrunga" sits happily in the midst of a big community development. In front is the \$32,000 Centre for Seniors, built as a community project by the Kuring-gai Lions Club with the help of the council and KOPWA. Opposite the units are tennis courts and the Baby Health Centre, and close by is the library, which gives "Arrunga" tenants great satisfaction.

Some of their comments:

"The hours go by so quickly when you always have something to look out on" . . . "We are so much a part of things living here" . . . "Mothers and children stop to chat as they go by to tennis or the Baby Centre."

Encouraged by the success of "Arrunga," further up the road KOPWA is building "Kalinda," a 22-unit building to house 25 elderly people.

"Arrunga" and "Kalinda" are typical of the "founder-donor" group housing units which many church groups also have been organising in and around Australian cities.

**FOOTNOTE:** Only two men live at "Arrunga." Asked if he ever felt outnumbered, Mr. Reginald Kirkwood, an 87-year-old widower, who retired only four years ago after being a woolclasser for 60 years, said, "Bless my soul, no. Why, we can still teach them a thing or two, can't we, William?"

"William" is Mr. William Shephard, also an 87-year-old widower, who says he is not a good cook and enjoys the soup Mr. Kirkwood sometimes makes and gives him.

"I AM a good cook, too," chipped in Mr. Kirkwood. "I say, would you like to try some of my orange conserve? Made a batch of it this morning."

— ANNE OLSEN



● This 22ft.-long bed-sitting room is in Mrs. E. H. Hawkins' unit. Curtained-off shelf along one side of the room conceals two foldaway beds.

● Brick units are all built around a courtyard (below) and the occupants care for the garden. "Arrunga" is an aboriginal word meaning calm.





# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● A 25-year-old reader, who "hopes to become a mother of the future generation," has written asking my views on co-education. She tells me she is heartily against the system — though she hasn't told me why.

I'VE been pondering this for a couple of days, but without reaching any very settled conclusions.

I should say at once that I have no qualifications—educational, personal, or parental—to lend any weight to my views. My education was segregated, and so, except for a limited time, was my children's; so it's rather natural that the first disadvantages that leap to my mind should be the ones that follow an educational scheme that keeps the two sexes separated.

I went to a girls' school which, for some peculiar reason, admitted boys at kindergarten level. I don't remember that it seemed odd to have them then, or that it seemed odd when they were abruptly turfed out at eight.

All I remember is a violent disagreement, across a kindergarten-sized table, about a ruler. This was on my very first day at kindergarten, and the other party to the dispute was a small boy called Jimmy. I don't remember whose the ruler was, or who won.

But I do remember that Jimmy and I became firm friends and remained firm friends until the day on which he reached an age when it was considered no longer suitable for him to be educated with young females.

He disappeared from my life, not to reappear for 18 years, when I went to a friend's wedding and discovered he was the bridegroom.

## Grew from the mad and bad old days

IF you look at the thing historically, segregated education seems to be a natural growth from the mad and bad old days when girls didn't get any formal education at all.

It was considered enough if they could sew and cook and scrub and clean and do a little sick-room nursing.

Then a few fathers with advanced views and soft spots for favorite daughters they were proud of decided that even the illogical female mind might benefit from a little formal study. French and Latin and some history and English were added, but mathematics was generally not thought necessary, or any of the sciences.

By the time education had become a natural and automatic thing for girls, the repulsive sexual morality of the Victorian era had been so accepted it was unthinkable that boys and girls from different families should be allowed to spend the greater part of their days together.

In this country, there's infinitely more segregated education than co-education. Even if we mix them at the primary level, we separate them again at the secondary.

Mightn't this be simply a sort of historical necessity, forced on us by the fact that our schools were built and the main lines of our educational policy laid down at a time when it simply didn't seem feasible to anyone to let the young grow up together in a normal way?

It has always seemed to me quite crazy that in the modern world, where girls are supposed to be able to hold their own, fill jobs, balance budgets, take higher degrees, stand on their own feet (especially in trains), and make their own marriages (instead of having them made by an all-powerful father), they should be virtually cut off from male society during those formative secondary-school years.

That's perhaps a bit of a sweeping statement. They're not cut off from male society, but all they get of it is in social situations.

For the rest of their lives they're going to have to work with and for men (just as the boys are going to have to work with and for women). We let them compete with each other at the primary level, and we make them compete with each other in the adult world, but in-between we force on them this hiatus period of five or six years in which all they can do is compete for each other in more or less immature ways.

I think this is bad under any circumstances. It's not

a good thing even for the child who has a nearly-the-same-age brother or sister bringing plenty of friends of the opposite sex into the house. But it's much worse for the only child or for the child of an all-girl or all-boy family. If they go to segregated schools, it's just not possible for them to rub shoulders in a natural way with enough members of the opposite sex to learn to be easy and selective in their choice of friends.

Mightn't this tend to make them grow up not knowing what makes people of the opposite sex tick? Not knowing how to choose a marriage partner? Not knowing how to work with them on equal terms without using their sex as a weapon — a trick men are guilty of just as much as women?

Having used up all my space on "for" arguments on the co-education question, I think I must be fair and come back to the subject again next week. There are plenty of arguments on the "against" side as well.

This is a **BAND-AID** Strip

... a spot ...

... a patch ...

... an extra wide strip

## "Now, where did you say it hurt?"

Hurts come in different shapes and sizes. So do BAND-AID Brand Strips, Patches, Spots, Extra Wide Strips. They're flesh-coloured to hide as they heal. Air-vents all over let healing air through. Super-stick keeps the dressing put. Keep some of each shape handy.

**BAND-AID** BRAND

PLASTIC strip patch spot

**BAND-AID** BRAND

PLASTIC patch & spot

**BAND-AID** BRAND

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**BAND-AID** BRAND

plastic strips

Johnson & Johnson

### LULUBELLE



"I can imagine the man PD like to marry . . .  
But I can't imagine the man who'd like to marry ME!"





# Modess<sup>\*</sup> SUPER

for the woman who seeks extra protection . . .

This special napkin is larger, wider, deeper and more absorbent than **any** other napkin. You will find all the famous Modess features including the exclusive full-length "safety shield."

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## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their Staffordshire china, and an interesting moulded parian ware jug.

QUITE recently I acquired this stone-ware ornamental dish (at right). The only thing known about its history is that it was bought at an auction, packed in straw and left undisturbed for 35 years. It is not known whether it was bought on the Continent or in Australia.

It is in perfect condition. The only marking is on the bottom of the con-

tainer and looks like two petals of a flower. I am very curious as to its age and for what purpose it was made. Could you supply the information?—L. Janze, Melbourne, Vic.

Your ornamental dish is a nineteenth-century Staffordshire pie-dish with cover and stand. It was made between 1845 and 1860.



Potpourri jar

I WOULD like some information about a potpourri jar and cover (above) and a beautiful dish designed by De Morgan and made by his craftsmen. I understand there is only one plate of each design. These belonged to my late father and he was noted for his knowledge as a collector of old china. — Mrs. Phyllis M. Macdonald, Mandurah, W.A.

This most attractive Staffordshire-style pottery example of what appears to be a potpourri jar and cover, decorated in the "Japan" style—hence the peony and bird motif—exemplifies the kind of pottery that was fashionable in England during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Similar examples were made in iron-stone pottery by Miles Mason who took out a patent in 1813. The Spode factory also made similar specimens during the 1820s.

I have encountered a similar example marked "Swansea," indicating that the piece in question was made at J. Dyllwyn's pottery in Wales about 1815 to 1820. Regarding your De Morgan dish—De Morgan was a famous potter, active during the latter half of the nineteenth century. His productions were of a singular design. The pottery was established about 1872, and was under William De Morgan's control until he retired in 1907.



Parian ware jug

MY jug (above) carries a coat of arms on the base, and above is "T. J., & J. Mayer's." Below the coat of arms is the word "Patent" and under that "Dalehall Pottery Longport." I also have a plate with the words "Eat Thy Bread with Joy and Thankfulness."—Miss M. Hewlett, Sydney, N.S.W.

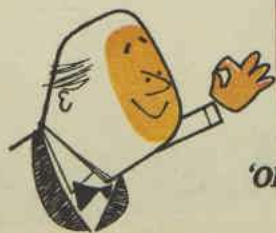
Your jug is an interesting example of moulded parian ware. Thomas, John, and Joseph Mayer established both the Furlong and Dale Hall potteries, Bursalem, about 1843. Your plate is English Staffordshire made 1870-1880.



Staffordshire pie-dish

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When first they met  
she likened him  
to an ancient god  
of old Mexico

## QUETZALCOATL AND THE LADY

**I** HAVE an ancestor who came over on the Mayflower. I think I must have inherited what my mother called his "New England conscience." She was proud of this family characteristic, but as far as I could see it only got in my way.

I never could lean back in a hot, oil-scented bath at the end of a long, hard day; a brisk shower was less guilt-inducing. A narrow cot was somehow more virtuous than a soft bed; a pebble in the shoe, better proof of character than walking in comfort.

When there were parties at school I always signed up for the clean-up committee. Perhaps this explains why I am a schoolteacher; it's a job that offers few occasions for self-indulgence.

The first two summers after I began teaching I dutifully did graduate work in Visual Aids and Parent-Child Communication. By the third summer I was ready for a real vacation. But somehow it had to be educational; it couldn't be just fun.

Miss Henderson, in fourth grade, had gone to Holland. Holland, she told me, was a good fourth-grade country. That fall her room was full of wooden shoes and posters of windmills and tulips; it made a good unit for social studies.

Mr. Muster, our principal and sixth-grade teacher, had gone to Alaska. He came back with Eskimo art and

To page 70



photographs of igloos and northern lights to display to his class.

On my budget, Mexico seemed suitable. I would learn about Mexican history, plan a unit, and it would look good in my dossier.

I flew to Mexico City, where I stayed at a pension, which is a fancy name for a boardinghouse. It was filled with teachers like me.

Two weeks went by. I climbed to the tops of the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon; I took colored slides of churches and colonial buildings and children with big brown eyes; I went to the famous market-place, the Merced, and bargained for fake antiques, allegedly dug from archaeological excavations, and for straw baskets and pottery and papiermache dolls. I wasn't sure about the dolls for my classroom. They looked like prostitutes.

One afternoon I "did" the Zocalo

## QUETZALCOATL AND THE LADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE

— the Plaza de la Constitucion, where Montezuma's Palace once stood, and the public buildings around it. I emerged with my head buzzing a bit wearily with Mexican history. An Indian city. A colonial city. A revolutionary city. Regal viceroys, foreign emperors, dictators, presidents. Assassinations, reform, free elections, soldiers and priests. Battles turned into murals, great men into statues, palaces into restaurants, slums into skyscrapers.

Elegantly dressed women, and Indian beggars squatting on the pavement in front of the cathedral. And beneath it all, under the shaky subsoil, filled-in canals into which the Spaniards had hurled the dethroned Aztec gods.

How would I translate all this into third-grade language? I thought wearily. My feet hurt and I decided to hail a cab to go back to the pension. But they all sailed past me without stopping.

"That isn't the way to do it," a voice said in my ear.

I looked up. A tall young man with a blond beard and very suntanned face and blue eyes was watching me. His obvious amusement made me shy. He was a very handsome man, and I was wearing my old tan mackintosh, which the guidebooks had said to bring, and rubber-soled walking shoes.

"That isn't the way to do what?" I said.

"To catch a cab. You never wave

your arms that way. You just hiss, like this, under your breath."

"How do they hear you?" "That's one of the ancient mysteries of Mexico."

I felt foolish, but I copied his hiss. It didn't come out right. I sounded like an angry cat.

"You'd better come with me," he said. "I have a car. I can take you where you're going."

I remembered all the warnings to single ladies travelling alone in Mexico.

"Thank you very much," I said quickly, "but I'm waiting for a friend."

"Then you ought to wait until the friend arrives before you catch a cab," he said.

"I didn't mean a friend, exactly," I said, flustered. "I meant it really isn't necessary."

"What isn't necessary?" he asked,

giving me an odd look with those blue eyes.

I couldn't remember what I had meant now. I blushed hotly.

He laughed. "You're far more apt to be killed in a taxi than assaulted by me," he said, smiling. "I'm exceedingly respectable."

Perhaps I was in an uncharacteristic mood because I was on vacation. I hesitated — but I liked his eyes and I liked the way he talked, and I thought, why not? So I said, "All right, if it isn't too much trouble."

"Where are you going?" Chapultepec Park. That answer was more characteristic of me. It just popped out. I was somewhat ashamed of my boardinghouse, and I certainly was not one to give in to my aching feet when my pride was at stake.

"Fancy! What a coincidence!" he said.

In his car he told me that his name was Peter O'Malley, that he taught archaeology at the University of California at Berkeley, and that he had just spent six months in the jungles of Yucatan on a dig.

I said, "My name is Laura Mason, and I'm a third-grade teacher in Ashland, Oregon."

"And you're down here on vacation?" he said.

"I am here to collect third-grade material."

"Good heavens, what's that?" I told him, "We call them Visual Aids," I said, and laughed. It was the first time I'd laughed in two weeks.

He shuddered. "Thank goodness I have no children. I shouldn't want them exposed to anything with a name like that."

# W

HEN we got to the park he said, "I assume you're going to the Museum of Anthropology and Archaeology."

"Yes," I said. "I might be able to tell you some things, if you like."

So we went in together. We wandered among the giant stone images, the massive monoliths, the grinning gods that were half-beast, half-human. Strange names rolled off his tongue. Huitzilopochtli, the god of war; Tezcatlipoca, the god of destruction; Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent.

"Quetzalcoatl was light-skinned, with a beard and blue eyes," he said. "When the Spaniards came, the Indians thought Cortez was this god returning to save them."

I thought perhaps Quetzalcoatl had looked like him, but I did not say so. "It must be fascinating to be an archaeologist," I said instead.

"Sometimes I get tired of the past," he said. "It's nice, for a change, to put on city clothes and think about the present. Especially when you are with a pretty girl."

I smiled. He had a way of making me feel shamelessly lighthearted.

"I haven't seen a real-life modern girl for six months," he went on. "I'd almost forgotten how they look. Are you representative? Either I have jungle fever or you're prettier than most."

By now my conscience was reasserting itself. We had stopped in front of a great stone block. "Heavens, what's this?" I asked, steering us back to more instructive matters.

"That's something for your third grade," he said. "Imagine a warm, pulsating human heart lying there."

I shivered in horror and drew my mackintosh around me. This was a habit I had acquired in Mexico, where the men stare openly at blondes.

"The Spaniards counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls in just one of the Aztec sacrificial buildings. Of course, the Spaniards weren't above shedding a bit of blood themselves. Still, we mustn't be too critical. The Aztecs considered it the highest compliment to be a victim."

"A funny compliment," I said.

"It meant you were a gift for the gods. They always chose the handsomest young man. They dressed him in the finest clothes and provided him with servants, good food, and the prettiest girls. When he went out on the town, the people threw themselves on the

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## QUETZALCOATL AND THE LADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

ground before him. He was like a king."

"And then they murdered him?"  
"Please. Sacrificed. It was a gala occasion. Everyone came from miles. He was symbolic, you see, of human destiny."

After we left the museum we walked for a while on the parapet of Maximilian's castle, looking down upon the city.

"Poor Maximilian," he said. "So well intentioned and so very stupid. They had to hang him."

"Is it all so violent?"  
"Violent?"  
"Isn't there anything more — more civilised?"

"You mean for third-grade Visual Aids?" he asked, laughing. "I'll tell you what we'll do! Come out with me tonight and we'll see some modern civilisation."

"Oh, I couldn't," I said. "There is this friend . . ."

"The one you were waiting for in the Zocalo?" he asked. He sounded amused.

"Yes, that's the one," I said.  
"Whoever he is," he said, "he's so furious with you now, nothing more could matter."

"I suppose he is," I said.  
"I'll pick you up at nine," he said. "Nothing starts early. We'll have dinner."

Again I thought, why not? Why shouldn't I do something just because it was fun, like other people? I did like him. And I was far from home.

HE took me to a small restaurant with whitewashed brick walls and brightly colored tablecloths. He helped me off with my coat. For some reason I felt self-conscious as I slid out of it. I was wearing my black sleeveless dress with the low neckline. I had not had an opportunity to wear it in Mexico before.

"I wasn't sure you'd let me do that," he said.

"Do what?" I asked him.  
"Take off your coat. I was beginning to wonder if you had on anything under it. It's a sin to hide your figure like that."

"The guidebook says that ladies in Mexico . . ." I began primly, and then stopped and laughed. He made me feel comfortable even without my coat.

I let him order for me. We drank Margaritas first. After the second one I felt a bit giddy, but not in an unpleasant way. I thought, it's probably the altitude. I remembered the warnings in the guidebooks about that.

After the Margaritas we had a strange rice called *arroz al Mexicana*, and a marvellous fried bread stuffed with sausage, and drinks called *aguas frescas*, which he said were made from flowers.

"I haven't tasted flowers since I was a child," I said. "I used to eat nasturtiums."

"Are they good?" he said.  
"Aguas frescas are better."

"Let's go dancing," he said. "I've never danced with a girl who ate nasturtiums."

We went to a part of town where the bullfighters and mariaches gather in the early morning. "You don't go here by yourself after dark," he said. "It isn't exactly a third-grade sort of place."

"I like it better than third-grade places," I told him.

We danced well together, not saying much. I thought, this is the best thing about Mexico so far.

"I had no idea it was so late," I said when he took me home.

"I'm glad. That's a compliment," he said. Before I knew what he was doing, he had leaned forward and kissed me.

"I don't really—" I began.

"Believe in kissing on the first date?"

I laughed. "I guess I don't have any special rules." Just saying that made me feel marvellous. I had lived by rules all my life.

"Good. I've been looking for a pretty, unprincipled female. Why don't you come to Jocotepec for the weekend? It's on Lake Chapala."

To page 74

A ZIGZAG stitch carefully sewn round the armholes and neck of men's and boys' singlets while new will double the singlet's life and prevent fraying.—Miss Barbara Hunt, 24 Charles St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

For a different junket, make the junket with one pint milk and one tablet and pour it over squares of stale sponge cake which have been spread with raspberry jam. When set, sprinkle with coconut.—Mrs. M. Griffith, 107 Clarinda St., Parkes, N.S.W.

A discarded shaving brush (or

a cheap one bought from a chain-store) makes an excellent applicator for white shoe-cleaner. It spreads the cleaner evenly and thinly and gets under the laces and on to the tongue.—E. Robinson, 58 King St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Shorten a child's coat-sleeve quickly and easily by taking a tuck in the sleeve lining only. The outside material will be

pulled up inside and need only be pressed at the wrist. It is simple to unpick the tuck when the sleeve needs lengthening.—Mrs. F. E. White, Comboyne, via Wingham, N.S.W.

To pick up stitches in knitted garments, use a finer needle than required in the directions and the stitches will slip on easily. Then slip or knit on to the larger

needles.—Mrs. P. Cameron, 17 Wyuna Pde., Belmont, Geelong, Vic.

Use one tablespoon of salad oil with each egg when preparing egg and breadcrumbs for fish, cutlets, etc. It is economical, holds crumbs well, and has no perceptible flavor.—Mrs. M. Lawson, 22 Eric St., Cottesloe, W.A.

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The old doctor had  
left a legacy of  
selfless love to all  
who had known him

## ALIVE AGAIN

By ISABEL JOHNSTON

**E**ACH year B.J. promised himself he'd spend at least part of his vacation visiting his father, the Old Doc, in the little town of his boyhood. Each year B.J. would dictate a hurried note to the old man, saying he'd try to make it for sure this year and maybe they could do a little fishing in the creek.

Nowadays B.J. went in for deep-sea sport fishing on his yacht, but he was willing to humor the Old Doc and dangle a boring line in the creek for oldtimes' sake. Each year something always intervened — and now it was too late.

"The key's always under the mat. Come any time you can make it," the Old Doc always wrote back—and B.J. told himself he should have noticed how the Old Doc's handwriting was growing more and more wavering.

B.J. had been out of town, up to his ears in a tough battle to force stubborn old Rawlins and his little business machine outfit to knuckle under and sign up as a subsidiary of B.J.'s International Computer Co.

It would have been to old Rawlins' advantage. With the up-to-date methods, modern machinery, and advertising resources of B.J.'s people, old Rawlins would have doubled his profits.

But try to get an old-fashioned, independent old cuss like Rawlins to see it! It was more a matter of prestige than profit for B.J. and his firm. Old Rawlins only controlled a handful of loyal customers in a small territory, but it looked bad on the sales charts.

The minute the wire about Old Doc was forwarded to B.J., he delegated the Rawlins fight to his live-wire young assistant and hopped a jet. He even chartered a private plane to get there quicker. He'd hoped against hope to have a few last words with the Old Doc, but the fastest jet and chartered plane weren't fast enough.

The little church was packed, warm, and heavy with the sweetish smell of many flowers. Some of the faces looked vaguely familiar, but he couldn't have attached them to names. He sat in the front pew, reserved for relatives, sick with remorse. Why, he hadn't felt as badly since he'd been caught playing hooky as a kid and the Old Doc had only reproached him with a look!

Hardly listening to the services, B.J. probed into the reasons why he'd postponed his visit for so many years.

One year B.J. had been involved in a tough battle for a vice-presidency and hadn't taken any vacation at all. The next year he'd been sent on a business trip to Europe. His wife and daughter had accompanied him. After his business was finished, they naturally used his vacation time for travel and shopping and sightseeing.

Then there'd been his older son's wedding to a rich girl. The Old Doc had been invited to the ceremony, but one of Doc's patients was expecting a baby. The Old Doc feared it would be a difficult birth and felt he should be on hand.

Other years there'd been a golf tournament with influential customers participating, a hunting trip with the president of B.J.'s firm. With the president's choice of a successor in the balance, B.J. couldn't pass that up! Then there'd been his daughter's debut.

Was it six, seven, or eight



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Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, tomb of St. James, patron saint of Spain.

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years since B.J. last visited the Old Man? Uncomfortably, B.J. remembered that the last visit hadn't been altogether a success. Somehow he and the Old Doc had grown apart. They couldn't talk to each other any more.

When B.J. reviewed his big deals and business plans, the Old Man listened politely, but he didn't seem to take it in. Nor could B.J. feel much interest in Johnny Jones' mumps, Mrs. Griswald's rheumatism, or how little Annie somebody had made a remarkable recovery from polio. In his youth B.J. often had asked his father for advice and profited by his wisdom, but who could expect an old country doctor to be well informed about high finances?

That last visit, they hadn't even had a chance to go fishing. In his own way, the Old Doc worked under as much pressure as B.J. himself, except that he didn't make money out of it. There'd been some sort of flu epidemic. Night and day, the Old Doc was on call, visiting patients without regard to whether they could pay.

To tell the truth, on that last visit, B.J. had been bored stiff. He'd outgrown the town. The old fogies who dropped in to play chess with the Old Doc, the long-ago school friends who stopped B.J. on the street only made him stifle yawns.

As a boy he'd enjoyed making calls with his father, glad to wait outside in the car. As a successful executive, used to tension, he was too restless, too full of drive to just tag along. He'd actually been relieved when a wire from the main office summoned him back to the rat race.

**C**OULD a man help being a success? If only he'd been able to recapture the father-son relationship of his boyhood—just for a few minutes—before Old Doc died! Then he would have been freed of this suffocating remorse.

A nudge from his neighbor, some remote cousin, prodded B.J. up to pay his last respects to the Old Doc. The old man looked at peace, but so frail it doubled B.J.'s sense of guilt. The ceremony at the graveyard was almost intolerable, knowing he'd never see the Old Doc alive again.

Back at the house, a matronly woman B.J. didn't recognise had brought in home-cooked dishes, but B.J. couldn't force himself to eat. Then neighbors, friends, and patients, some familiar, some complete strangers, came piling in to offer B.J. condolences. He wanted to escape, but he knew he'd have to go through with it.

"The Old Doc brought me into the world, my daughter, and her baby, too," one woman boasted.

"The Old Doc wasn't like these new-fangled specialists," an old man told B.J. "You could call him any hour of the night and he'd come."

"Only last year Old Doc drove ten miles through a blizzard," a husband related, "Otherwise my Jenny wouldn't be alive today."

"The Old Doc treated my family year after year and never sent a bill," a farmer apologised. "I was always going to bring him some corn. He always liked fresh corn so much. But I never got around to it."

"Doc always had time to sit by your bedside," an old lady remembered, "and just having him visit a bit made your pains and aches go away."

"I was just a cocky young squirt when I came here," the new young doctor confessed to B.J., "but the Old Doc took me under his wing and taught me more than I'd ever learned at medical school. It's going to be tough, living up to him."

Though their eyes were moist when they spoke of the Old Doc, they smiled, too, as if just remembering him and his goodness made a person feel happier.

As B.J. listened to their stories of the gentle Old Doc's kindness and wisdom, his father's presence

seemed to fill the room. It was as if the Old Doc was still alive, still healing their hurts, still giving of himself with no thought of any return—through his selfless, kindly love, lifting even B.J. out of his grief and self reproach.

It would be tough, living up to the Old Doc, but even a successful executive could try. On his way to the station, B.J. stopped to send a wire to his shrewd young assistant to let up on Old Rawlins.

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"With you?" I said.  
 "Who else?"  
 "Oh, but I couldn't."  
 "You just said you didn't have any special rules. Besides, it will be educational." He said "educational" in a kind of teasing way.  
 Perhaps it was the Margaritas, or maybe the altitude. But more than likely it was he. Somehow I couldn't say no.  
 "So it's settled, then?" he said.  
 I felt a kind of sinking sensation. I must be crazy, I thought. I'm not that kind of girl. This isn't me.  
 "I'll pick you up Friday morning," he said.  
 I went into the pension. I lay in bed and thought, I'll have to call him; I'll have to get out of it. But he had not told me where he stayed. I'll do something. I told myself. When he comes, I'll tell him I'm sick.  
 But when he came, I couldn't. I

## QUETZALCOATL AND THE LADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

looked at him and knew how much I really wanted to go. I got into his car with my overnight bag. Something will happen, I thought. He'll have to know I'm not that kind of girl. Something will occur to me. But I won't think about it right at this moment. Right at this moment it's too nice being with him.

The posada, or hotel, where he took me had once been a rich man's country villa. It was a pink stucco palace covered with bougainvillea and surrounded by tall palms. There was nothing educational about it; it looked built for pleasure.

I looked away when he registered with the landlady. I wondered if he put "Mr. and Mrs." down. I didn't dare ask.

Our room was large, with an old-fashioned armoire for a cupboard and an old-fashioned brass bed. I went to the window and looked down at the lake. It was dark and choked with hyacinths, like a luxuriant, uncontrolled swamp. I shivered and drew my mackintosh around me.

He came to the window and stood beside me and lit his pipe; then he put his arm around my shoulder. "D. H. Lawrence lived in this village for a time," he said. "He wrote a book about it. In the book he told how the people believed that Quetzalcoatl, the Aztec god, would return to save the people of Mexico. They thought he would emerge from this lake."

"And did he?" I asked, uneasily.  
 "Not yet. Perhaps he will — this weekend. Who knows? Perhaps he will if you take off that raincoat?"  
 I took it off and threw it on the bed.

"What a brazen hussy you are!" he said.

But I could no longer laugh. "Tell me more about — about the book," I said to change the subject.

"Lawrence, you know, was disturbed about the relationship between men and women. He thought our civilised ways kept us from deeper, more natural emotions. He wanted us to be closer to the primitive earth gods."

"Those grinning monsters in the museum?"

"Well, they're not for the third grade," he said, smiling. "Let's go for a walk."

We walked on the lawns surrounding the posada. On the

ground were abandoned gazebos, an old pavilion built like a Greek temple, and giant crumbling statues of Greek and Roman goddesses in flowing stone robes.

"Lawrence wouldn't have approved of those goddesses," he said. "They're imported from another culture. A sign of decadence, alienation. A rich man's toys."

The air was heavy, hot. A lightning bolt flashed across the dark lake. In the distance, bells rang sombrely.

"Those bells?" I asked.  
 "They're ringing for the fiesta," he said.

We had stopped in front of one of the statues—Venus with a chipped nose, holding a bare electric light bulb in one outstretched hand.

"Poor Venus," he said. "She has fallen upon bad days. It's hard to imagine her as the goddess of love, isn't it, all wrapped up in those Victorian garments?"

I thought, he is thinking of my raincoat. He is thinking of me.

"Let's walk into the village," he said.

It was a tiny village, mostly one cobblestone street and a plaza, with a church at one end of the plaza. The church bells kept ringing.

We had lunch in a small cantina. The bells did not stop ringing. Everything around me seemed exotic—designed for gaiety or emotional self-indulgence. I was desperately homesick for a pebble in my shoe. After lunch we would go back to the posada. And I had not thought of anything yet. I had not thought of a way to tell him I was not that kind of girl.

We walked back to the posada holding hands. I wondered why it had to be this way. But there was nothing to be done. I was thinking furiously. The bells tolled on.

Then it came to me. I might lose him—but such a delightful man was not for me anyway. I said, "Let's walk on the lawn for a moment."

We stopped in front of Venus again, and he lit his pipe.

"Look," I said, "it's terrible, but I have something I must tell you."

He looked at me curiously.

"Those bells," I said.

"The church bells?"

"It's hard to explain, but I can't stay here. I have to go back. I thought it was all over, that I had recovered, but the bells keep reminding me."

"Reminding you of what?" he asked gently.

"Of . . . of this other man."

"Tell me about it," he said.

"He was the principal of the school where I teach. We were in love."

"And he left you? He was married?"

"No, he died."

"I'm terribly sorry," he said.

I began to weep. They were real tears, but not for the reason he thought. My story was becoming more extreme than I had intended. Why did I have to drive him away?

"Were you going to be married?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I had my trousseau and — and we had even sent out the wedding invitations."

To page 75

### OUR TRANSFER



LETTERINGS in pretty borders are from Iron-On Transfer No. 26. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents, 4 cents post.



**Tomorrow, make them a school Vita lunch**

*(a crisp change from the same old thing)*

Tomorrow give your children a lunch that will stay crisp and fresh all day long. Give them a Vita lunch. Vita-Weat and anything. Anything tasty. Anything nourishing. Give them the goodness of 100% whole wheat. P.S. Don't forget Dad would thoroughly enjoy the change too.



**Peek Frean's Vita-Weat**



"I see, was he sick?" he asked. "No, he . . . he was on his way to school one morning in his car and . . . he didn't hear the train coming at the crossing."

He put his hand under my chin and looked at me gently and said: "You mustn't worry. I'll take you back right away."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'd hoped to forget everything here, but I can't. I've ruined your holiday."

"You haven't ruined it at all. I'm a very adaptable sort of guy."

On the ride home he talked of Mexico and of his work just as if nothing had happened at all. But I sat frozen with sorrow.

I had planned to stay longer in Mexico. Instead I got on a plane for home the very next day. Not because I was afraid he would call me again, but because I knew he would not, and the thought was too awful to bear.

In the fall I arranged my Visual Aids around my classroom. I told the children about the pyramids and fiestas and mariache bands. I let them examine the fake antiques and the baskets and pottery and dolls. I taught them the Mexican hat dance and a Mexican song.

But somehow the flavor of Mexico seemed to be missing. I felt a kind of emptiness inside me when I talked about it.

**T**HEN one morning, just before recess was over, I returned to the classroom and he was there. I thought, I can't stand it—he looks so wonderful! It wasn't fair that he could still make me feel this way. I thought, why has he come?

He was examining the posters and souvenirs. He looked at me and grinned.

"Very nice Visual Aids," he said.

I blushed and forced myself to shake his hand.

"How very formal!" he said.

"But then, I forget. You're a formal kind of girl."

"Not really," I said. "I mean—it's nice to see you."

"Do you mind if I sit in the back of the room until lunchtime? I won't say a word—I promise."

"If you like," I said stiffly.

Then the children came in. They were very curious; they could sense an excitement in the air.

"We're going to practise our Mexican hat dance," I said to the class. I felt very awkward. I was not sure I could go through with it.

But somehow we did. And he sat there, smiling. Afterwards he said, "Can we have lunch together?"

I couldn't make it easy for him. I said, "I brought a bag lunch."

"I thought you might, somehow. So did I."

We sat on a bench in the playground. "Your hat dance is quite charming," he said gravely. Then he gave me a long look. "I came to apologise."

I stared at him.

"But perhaps you owe me an apology, too," he said gently.

"I do? Whatever for?" I said weakly—although I suspected the answer.

He took my hand, right on the playground. I didn't even try to take it away. "You're a very poor liar."

"Me?" I said, trying to sound indignant.

"You. All that business about waiting for a friend at the Zocalo. Then you just ran off and left him without a second thought."

"Oh, well," I said. "I mean . . ."

"Little white lies lead to big ones," he said. "When I arrived here I asked where the train station was. They said no train comes through here. Then I came to the school. I chatted a bit with Mr. Muster, your principal. He has some interesting Eskimo art in his room. I just happened to ask him how long he'd been principal here. He said twenty years. You really might have invented a better story."

"I never dreamed you'd check it," I said sheepishly.

"You had every reason to walk out on me," he went on. "After all, I was trying to seduce you. You looked so good after that six months in the jungle, I was simply carried away. But I genuinely liked you. And I thought you rather liked me."

Then he asked gently: "Did you?"

"Oh—yes," I breathed.

"Couldn't you have given me a clue?"

## QUEIZALCOATL AND THE LADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

I knew now was the time to tell him about me. "I have to do things the hard way," I said. "It's a— a habit of mine. I feel guilty if things come too easily. It's my New England ancestor, I'm afraid."

He thought about that for a moment. "You were doing these things the hard way. And I was trying to do things the easy way—which was just as bad. Look, couldn't we try to meet each other half-way? Will you have dinner with me tonight so we can try?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" I cried. "I mean—I couldn't go through anything like Jocotepec again. I still have my principles!"

"It's very simple," he said. "Let's go back to where we were

before Jocotepec. I like you. You like me. If I overreach myself—and I promise to try not to—well, then, you can simply tell me with great dignity about your principles and that New England ancestor."

It was all too much for me. It sounded so invitingly easy. I laughed. "You mean we can erase the last chapter, just like that?"

"Why not? You can even wear your raincoat, if you like."

I laughed again. "Oh, the coat," I said. "I gave it away after I got back from Mexico. It was one of the easiest things I ever did."

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## THE BOYFRIEND



## Why do you get so much more fresh raspberry taste in KRAFT Raspberry Conserve?

For a start, KRAFT use more fresh raspberries. One spoonful proves it. Then there's the secret way KRAFT 'quick cook' these juicy berries—at temperatures 'way below boiling

point, to keep in the fresh-fruit flavour that's so often boiled away.

This wonderful taste is one good reason you should try KRAFT Raspberry Conserve. Another is that now you can buy it, and nine other KRAFT Conserve and Jellies, at new lower prices. Why not try them all?

**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas.

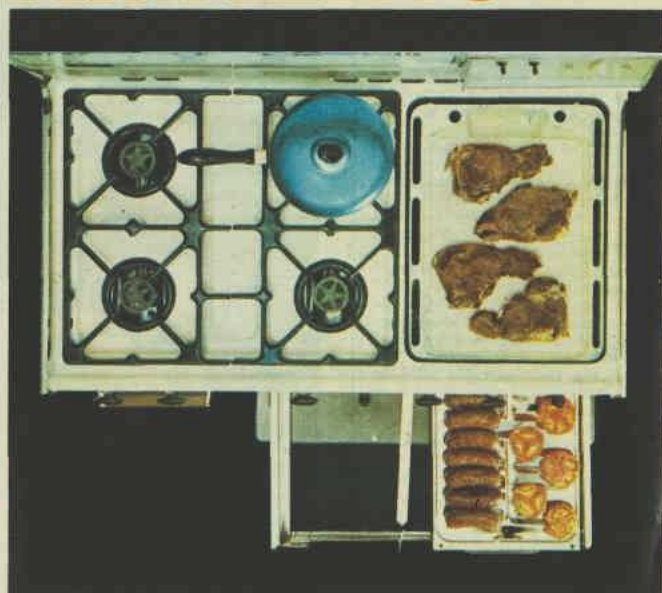
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## MAGNIFICENT 'M'

## NEW GAS COOKERS FOR '67!!!



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# SIMPSON

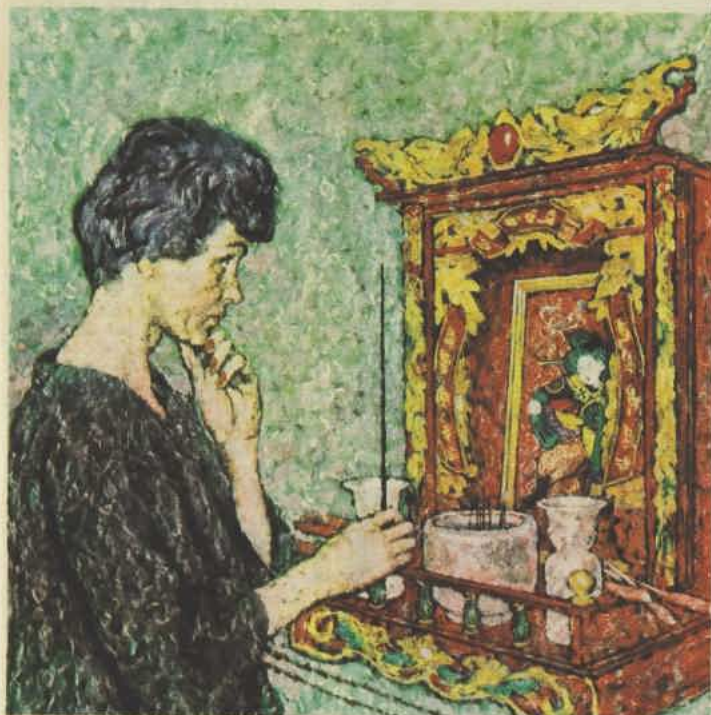
AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY  
OF HOME APPLIANCES





# THE CHINESE TEMPLE

By MARY DRAKE



**W**HEN Gail got home that night the first thing she noticed was the envelope with its foreign stamp.

"So you've heard from your 'boy-friend' again," she said teasingly to her mother.

Last year they had gone on a cruise to the East, and while in Hong Kong had met Ben Stafford. He was the manager of a shipping company, on the point of retirement, and had befriended the dainty little widow and her daughter.

Now Mrs. Nicol blushed prettily. "Don't be silly, Gail. But read it. He's sending us a present."

Gail took out the thin airmail pages and skimmed through them.

"Mother—a Chinese Temple? Where on earth will we put it—and how big is it?"

"Why, in here, I suppose." And her mother looked vaguely round the small sitting-room. "I don't remember noticing it, but if it fitted into his flat it can't be very large."

Ben Stafford had invited them to his Hong Kong flat one night and had served them a Chinese meal. Prior to that, Mrs. Nicol had resisted all Gail's persuasions to try Eastern fare. She did not believe in doing as the Romans do when in Rome, and while Gail experimented with exotic-looking dishes she stuck solidly to her grills and salads.

But Ben Stafford insisted that she at least try before she condemned. They sat on small bamboo stools and ate from fragile porcelain bowls.

"Why, Emmie," he had said to her. "Cantonese cooking is the finest in the world!" With his own chopsticks he selected a succulent morsel of steamed duckling and placed it in her bowl. "My amah will be most offended if you don't

*Emmie stood pensively in front of the ornate little temple.*

taste it. She has been preparing for this all day."

And Emmie Nicol had been completely won over.

"That's the best meal I've ever had, Ben," she had admitted graciously as she wiped her hands on the small damp towel provided by the amah. There had been other guests there, too—cultured Chinese gentlemen and their lovely wives—and altogether it had been a memorable evening.

Ben's flat, too, was not one to be easily forgotten. It was a penthouse with a breathtaking view of The Peak, but once inside one scarcely noticed the view.

When the amah opened the front door to them it was like walking into a miniature exotic jungle. A vivid parakeet screamed a welcome from a gilt cage, and several budgerigars flew to meet them, one settling enchantingly on Mrs. Nicol's blue-tinted hair. Underneath the window stood a huge fish tank where large and small tropical fish swam like jewels among the swaying plants.

Yes, it had been a memorable evening, but neither of them could recall a Chinese Temple among the oriental furniture and bric-a-brac.

Ben Stafford's letter said that he was returning to England to spend his retirement with his only brother.

"I have disposed of everything, but I would like you to have the temple, Emmie," he had written. "And I am

To page 80



be desk



or be discotheque

Efficiency-plus or wildly go-go... either way you're always deliciously feminine, with Lady Pelaco. Blouses way-out or way-in in today's most delightful colours, and fabrics—for morn 'til dawn girls.

Above: Bemsilkie/cashmilon \$5.99. Below: Polyester crepe \$6.99

*Lady Pelaco*

LOVELIEST BY DESIGN





# Patchwork bedcover to crochet

WORK OUT your own color scheme round room furnishings or use odd scraps for a more variegated patchwork effect.

Directions at right are for the bedspread and cushions shown in color at left and on page 9. See diagram below for color arrangement on individual squares for the bedcover.

**Materials:** Villawool Speediknit. **Bedcover**—first color (A) white, second color (B) lime, third color (C) blue, fourth color (D) chartreuse, fifth color (E) pink, 5 balls, i.e., one of each color, will make 5 to 6 motifs approximately. **Cushion covers**—9 balls make one cover. No. 9 Aero Crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Size of motif for bedcover, 6in. square. Size of motif for cushion cover, 3in. square.

## MOTIF FOR BEDCOVER

With A, make 4 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

**1st Round:** Into ring work 3 ch., 2 tr., (3 ch. 3 tr.) 3 times, 3 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

**2nd Round:** Join in yarn at corner space, 3 ch. 2 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space, (3 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space) 3 times, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

**3rd Round:** Join in yarn at corner space, 3 ch. 2 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space, (3 tr. in next space, 3 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space) 3 times, 3 tr. in next space, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

Proceed as follows with B:

**\* 1st Row:** Leave a length of 7in., then make 7 ch., 1 d.c. in corner 2nd ch. of motif, 1 d.c. in top of each next 9 tr., 1 d.c. in 1st ch. of corner, 1 ch. for turn.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. in each d.c. of previous row, then 1 d.c. in each of 7 ch., 1 ch. for turn. (18 d.c.)

**3rd Row:** 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Rep. the 3rd row 7 times (10 rows in all from beg.), break yarn leaving a length of 12in. for sewing up.

Following diagram, work with C from \* to \*.

Following diagram, work with D from \* to \*.

Following diagram, work with E from \* to \*.

Using the lengths of 7in., neatly join ends.

## TO MAKE UP

Join all ends neatly round centre motif, then join motifs to required size for bedcover.

## MOTIF FOR CUSHIONS

Make 4 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

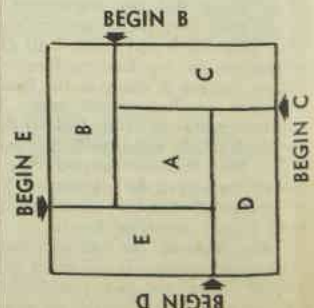
**1st Round:** Into ring work 3 ch., 2 tr., (3 ch. 3 tr.) 3 times, 3 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

**2nd Round:** Join in yarn at corner space, 3 ch. 2 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space, (3 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space) 3 times, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

**3rd Round:** Join in yarn at corner space, 3 ch. 2 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space, (3 tr. in next space, 3 tr. 2 ch. 3 tr. in corner space) 3 times, 3 tr. in next space, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

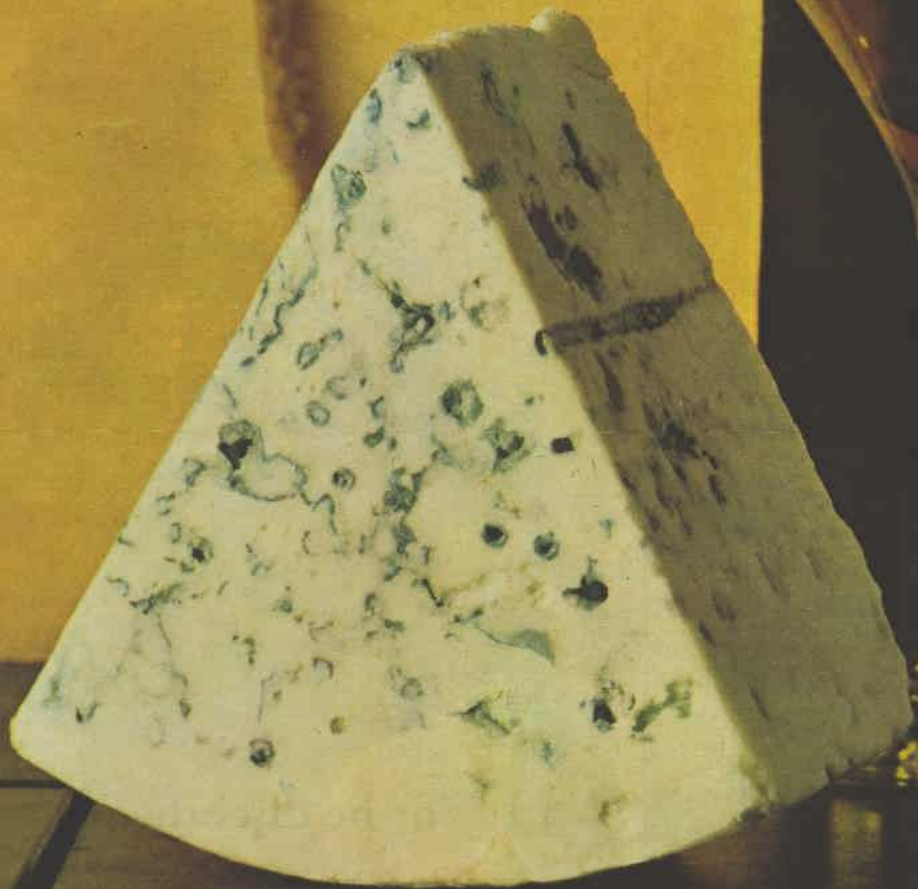
## TO MAKE UP

Neatly join motifs to selected shape then insert small cushion and join ends.



## Cheese Simple Simon

One big, rich, piquant wedge of Australian Blue Vein cheese makes a memorable dessert with crisp crackers and claret or sherry or any mellow wine! Australian Blue Vein on a platter with Australian Cheddar and Australian Swiss and Australian Edam . . . (why pay more when Australian cheese is as perfect as any). Australian Blue Vein as an appetiser or a dip, or a salad dressing or a spread. An aristocrat among cheeses. And so simple!



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Robust, often salty flavored Australian Provostone has a firm smooth texture, makes wonderful omelettes and pasta dishes. Goes well with dry red wines and crackers.



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Firm, close textured Australian Samsoe has small "eyes" and a rich, mellow flavor . . . good with dry and medium white wines or Sauternes.



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Australian natural Cheddar is firm, smooth, light yellow colored. Enjoy Cheddars mild to sharp flavor with red wines, Port, Muscat, Madeira or Brandy, white wines too.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board



## NEW SUMMER BAGS

- Make these two new bags for summer —one is crocheted in raffia (left), the other knitted in synthetic yarn (right). Directions are complete on this page.

● Crocheted in raffia straw.

● Knitted in loop stitch.

### Crocheted in raffia straw

**Materials:** 2 spools Jolly Italian Raffia; 1 pair slotted bag handles with bars; a No. 9 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Bag measures approx. 10½ in. across base and 9½ in. deep.

#### PATTERN STITCH

##### Loop Stitch

Yarn over hook, insert hook, wind yarn round index finger and hook in anti-clockwise direction, draw through, and drop loop off finger, y.o.h., and draw through rem. 3 loops.

**Note:** Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

#### MAIN PIECE (2)

Make 55 ch. Work 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. (54 d.c.) 1 ch. turn.

**\*\* Next Row:** 1 loop st. in each d.c. to end. 1 ch. turn.

**Next Row:** 1 d.c. in each st. to end. 1 ch. turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 12 times.

**Next Row:** \* 1 h.tr. in base of next st., 1 d.c. in top of next st., rep. from \* to end. 1 ch. turn.

**Next Row:** \* 1 h.tr. in base of former d.c., 1 d.c. in top of previous h.tr., rep. from \* to end. \*\*

Rep. last row 20 times.

**Next Row (handle holes):** 1 tr. in each st. to end.

Place 2 main pieces right sides tog. and join base with d.c.

#### GUSSETS (2)

Make 16 ch. Work 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. 1 ch. for turn. Rep. from \*\* to \*\* of main piece, dec. 1 st. at beg. of last d.c. row.

**Next Row:** Dec. 1, \* 1 h.tr. in base of next st., 1 d.c. in top of next st., rep. from \* to end. 1 ch. turn.

**Next Row:** Dec. 1, work 1 h.tr. in base of former d.c. and 1 d.c. in top of former h.tr. to end. 1 ch. turn.

Rep. last row until all sts. are worked off.

Pin into position with gusset centre bottom meeting bag base and d.c. gusset to sides of bag.

Thread handle through bag.

### Knitted in loop stitch

**Materials:** 6 balls Villawool Gold Label Ban-Lon; 1 pair No. 7 needles; 1 lin. bag handle; lining.

**Measurements:** 11 in. by 9 in.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to 1 in.

#### FIRST SIDE

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 55 sts. and knit 14 rows. Knit and cast on 9 sts. for gusset at end of the next 2 rows. (73 sts.) Proceed in patt. as follows: 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 9, \* insert needle into next stitch as if to knit, wind yarn 3 times round right-hand needle and first finger of left hand, winding from right to left, then draw all 3 loops through stitch on left-hand needle, transfer the 3 loops to left-hand needle and knit all 3 loops tog., with right hand pull the 2 loops down making them the same length, rep. from \* to last 9 sts., k 9. 3rd and 4th Rows: Knit.

Rep. these 4 rows until gusset sts. measure 5½ in., ending on 2nd row. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cont. in patt. with 1 knit stitch at each end until work measures 3½ in. from cast-off sts., then cast off on a knit row.

Work another side the same.

Neatly join bottom and gusset seams, then join gusset to lower ends. Make and insert lining. Attach bag to handle.

**LOOK!**  
neat new spaghetti  
you can eat  
with a spoon!

New Kia-ora  
**SPAGHETTI<sup>o</sup>s**



**—circles of spaghetti even  
the small fry can handle!**

They're so easy to spoon up! Kia-ora SpaghettiO's. Small circles of firm spaghetti. Simmered in their own special tomato and cheese sauce that all children will love. Cute little circles that are fun to eat. In four different sizes. From teeny-weeny ones up to small ones. All easy to spoon up. And easy to eat up because Kia-ora makes them so delicious! Treat the little kids soon, to new, neat Kia-ora SpaghettiO's!

"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark



## RIVETS



dispatching it per favor of my old friend Tom Fisher, captain of the Eastern Queen. The freighter should be in Sydney shortly, so watch for its arrival and telephone Tom. I've told him to treat it carefully — it's centuries old.

"The framed picture set in the back of a couple of warlords, and the bamboo sticks are sacred candles. One of the jars, which I have sealed, contains ashes, and there is a packet of incense tapers, too. Use them sparingly, because they are all I can send. I always feel there is a certain mystic magic about them, and their perfume is delightful."

"Ashes?" murmured Mrs. Nicol dubiously. "Could they be of somebody's ancestors?"

Gail laughed. "Of course not, Mother. They're probably from the used tapers. I suppose that's where you stand the new ones."

Emmie Nicol was pleased to see

her daughter looking so animated — she had been very depressed lately. So far Gail had evinced little interest in the opposite sex, but at the beginning of the University term she had fallen in love with one of the senior medical students. So far the feeling did not seem to be reciprocated.

There had been one day some weeks ago when over a shared cup of coffee he suggested dining together one night, but nothing came of it. For a while after that Gail ran to the phone each time it rang and took extra pains with her appearance. Mrs. Nicol's heart yearned for her daughter, but there was nothing she could do.

When the Eastern Queen berthed

in Sydney, Mrs. Nicol lost no time in phoning the captain.

"Yes, I have your package, ma'am, safe and snug in my cabin."

"How large is it?" she asked. "I mean, will it fit into a small car?"

"Bless you, yes. It's only a couple of feet high."

They drove down to the docks and were impressed by the luxury of the small freighter — particularly the captain's spacious quarters. One of the crew lifted the package into the boot of the car for them and when they got home they carefully unwrapped the layers of newspaper covered with strange Chinese characters.

The little temple was made of wood, lacquered in red and gold, and

when they stood it on a small black teak table it looked slightly incongruous in the elegant suburban sitting-room. Gail placed the three china jars in position — the two slender ones each side of the squat one containing the ashes.

Then she eyed it doubtfully. "It looks kind of — odd, doesn't it?"

"Nonsense. It's very nice," her mother said. "But I don't like the flowered wallpaper behind it. I'll buy one of those sea-grass mats and hang it at the back."

It was not till she was screwing up the newspaper that she noticed the flimsy packet of incense. It only contained six tapers, and two of them were broken.

"I think it's supposed to bring good luck when you light one, isn't it?" Emmie Nicol asked.

Gail laughed. "I doubt it, darling. But we may as well use one now. I can always buy more down at the Chinese stores in Dixon Street for a few cents."

She balanced the taper in the jar containing the ashes and put a match to it. It glowed for a minute, then a thin blue spiral of smoke drifted up, filling the room with the delicious odor of jasmine.

At that moment the telephone rang. When Gail came back from answering it her face was radiant.

"Mother, it was him. Jim Curran! He wants me to have dinner with him tonight."

THE temple was forgotten while she prepared to go out. Emmie Nicol met the young man when he called and liked what she saw. Was it only coincidence, she asked herself, that he had phoned just after they had lit the taper? As they were going out she glanced meaningfully at Gail and then at the Chinese temple, but the look was wasted on her daughter. Well, it had certainly brought happiness with it tonight, she thought, at the same time laughing at herself for her superstition.

When Emmie Nicol's friends saw the temple they were rather quiet. Not one of them liked to say it brought a garish and bizarre note to her tastefully furnished room. But her sister Agnes was more outspoken when she paid her weekly visit.

"It looks downright heathenish, Emmie. And don't burn any of that incense stuff while I'm here. I can't bear the smell of it."

Mrs. Nicol had no intention of wasting one of the precious tapers on her sister. Gail had bought some down in Dixon Street last week, but after lighting one they had hastily snuffed it out. It smelt exactly like the dried kippers that Mr. Milos sold in his Continental delicatessen.

So the three jasmine-scented tapers remained in their packet in the sideboard drawer, awaiting for Mrs. Nicol didn't quite know what occasion.

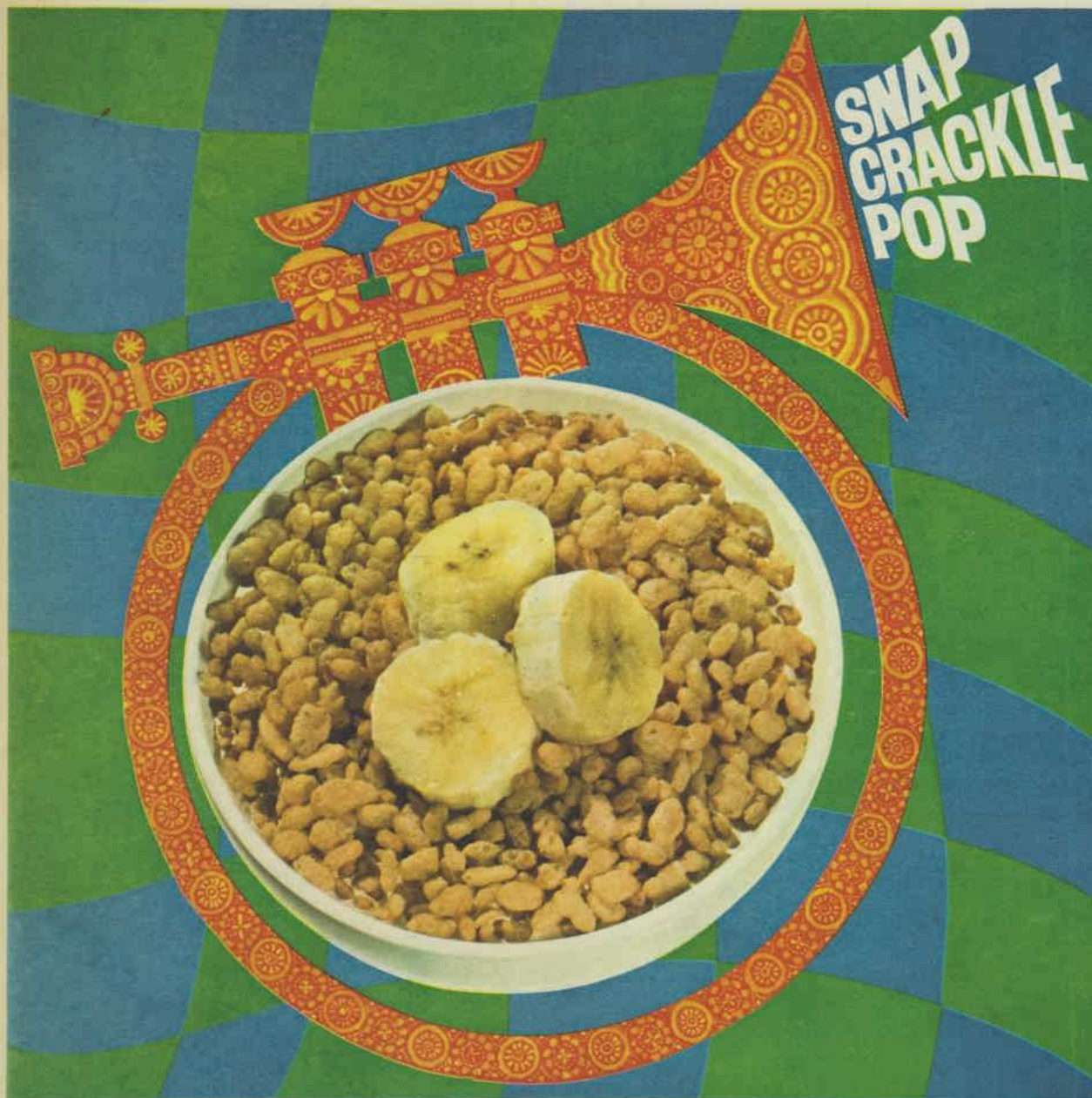
Periodically, they heard from Ben in England, and then Emmie Nicol would look at the temple and think about him for a few minutes. But at other times she almost forgot the temple was there, apart from running a duster over it when she did the room.

Because these days there were more important things to occupy her thoughts. From seeing Jim occasionally Gail was soon spending every evening with him, and it came as no surprise to her mother when they announced their engagement after he passed his final exams.

Soon after that he was offered a position in a country hospital, so it seemed only natural that they should marry immediately. There had been a few hectic weeks of sewing and shopping, followed by a simple ceremony, and then they were gone.

Mrs. Nicol stood at the window till the car was out of sight, then busied herself with tidying the rooms to keep herself from feeling miserable. She plumped up the cushions and emptied the ashtrays, then opened the windows wide to rid the rooms of smoke. She straightened the Chinese temple, which someone had almost knocked off the little teak table, and paused.

To page 81



Snap-Crackle-Pop art

WAKE UP TO THE HAPPY SOUND...

OF KELLOGG'S RICE BUBBLES

Every Snap! Crackle! Pop! you hear, is a grain of nourishing rice bursting with hearty goodness and fun and crisp, delicious flavour!

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K572



## Flavorsome pork dish wins \$10

• A well-flavored, oriental-style pork dish wins a prize of \$10 in our regular recipe contest this week.

THIS prize dish will make a substantial, delicious main dish for the family.

### CHINESE-STYLE PORK

1lb. lean pork  
2oz. butter or substitute  
1 crushed clove garlic  
1 medium onion  
2 red peppers  
1 tablespoon shrimp or anchovy paste

1 tablespoon grated lemon rind  
1 teaspoon coriander  
salt and pepper  
2oz. blanched almonds  
1 small can pineapple pieces  
1 pint pineapple juice  
1 teaspoon saffron  
1 1/2oz. drained preserved ginger  
boiled rice

Cut pork into 1in. cubes. Saute pork in melted butter with garlic, chopped onion, and sliced peppers. Mix together the fish paste,

chopped ginger, lemon rind, coriander, and almonds. Add this to the pork mixture, fry few more minutes. Add pineapple juice and seasoning, cover, and simmer gently until meat is tender. Add pineapple pieces and saffron; cook few minutes longer.

Serve very hot with fluffy white rice.

Prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. Worthington, 3 Rosslyn St., Blackburn South, Melbourne.



CHINESE-STYLE PORK wins the \$10 prize.

## THE CHINESE TEMPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Surely this was a fitting time to burn one of the tapers? As she lit it she told herself she didn't believe in the gods, of course, but there was no harm in wishing a long and happy life to the young couple while the scent of jasmine filled the room.

Gail and Jim proved to be ideally suited, and Gail's happiness was only marred by a miscarriage during the first year of their marriage. Mrs. Nicol was staying with them at the time and did her best to console her daughter.

"There's plenty of time ahead of you, dear. You and Jim are so young."

IT was the second time she had visited them in the country, but only for short periods. The children had tried to persuade her to make her home with them, and she had been sorely tempted. There was nothing to keep her in Sydney, but she believed in young people living their own lives. Although she knew she had made the right decision, she felt intolerably lonely sometimes and lived for the letters that arrived regularly from her daughter.

"It's time I went up to see them for a few days," she told herself. Her last visit had been cancelled because of a bout of flu, and since then she had gone on an extensive tour of New Zealand.

"Why, I haven't seen them for months," she realised, with a glance at the kitchen calendar. "I'll write and tell them I'm coming." And she got out her notepaper.

When the phone rang that evening it was a trunk line call. She waited expectantly for Gail's voice, but it was her son-in-law who greeted her.

"Mother? This is Jim."

"What's wrong, dear?" she asked anxiously. "Is Gail sick?"

"No, she's fine. But Mother—" His voice sounded excited — "she's having a baby."

"That's splendid news, dear. I'm sure everything will be all right this time if she's careful. I was just writing to invite myself up."

"Mother, you don't understand. She's having it now. I've just taken her to the hospital."

"What?" Emmie Nicol sank weakly on to the low telephone chair. "Jim, what do you mean? How could you keep it from me?"

"We didn't want to worry you too early, Mother, in case things went wrong again. And then we thought you might cancel your New Zealand tour if you knew. Gail was going to write in plenty of time for you to be with her, but now it's coming early."

"Oh, Jim — I just can't believe it! Do you think she'll be all right?"

"Sure she will. But try and get some sleep. It'll probably be hours yet."

But Emmie Nicol was too excited to sleep. She sat in the small sitting-room trying to absorb the fact that



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Page 81

To page 82

KK357

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 21, 1966



she was about to become a grandmother. Thrust upon her so suddenly as this it was hard to believe. She had no intention of going to bed before the call came from Jim, but she felt too restless to read.

Her eyes fell on the Chinese temple, and she thought of the jasmine tapers. Somehow she could not help associating them with good luck, and yet it seemed slightly sacrilegious to think of lighting one just now while she was awaiting the birth of her grandchild.

She sniffed delicately. Was it her imagination, or could she smell a faint left-over aroma from the fish she had eaten for dinner? Yes, she felt sure she could. With a decisive movement she got up and put a match to one of the two remaining tapers, then as the scent of jasmine wafted into the room she sat down to await the telephone call.

## THE CHINESE TEMPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

It was a long vigil. But when Jim phoned in the early hours of the morning it was to tell her that her grandson had arrived, hale and healthy. She replaced the receiver with trembling hands, after telling him that she would be on the first available train. Then as the sun came up she drank Jim Junior's health in a cup of strong black tea and crawled into bed.

When Emmie saw her grandson she was quite sure there had never been such a wonderful baby. She needed no persuasion to stay a month while Gail regained her health and settled into her new routine, but after that she was adamant.

"I must go, dear. I can't leave

the garden for longer. And you can manage quite well now on your own."

But when she got home the house seemed very empty. There was her garden and her television and her knitting. She turned countless skeins of wool into small garments for the baby, but it wasn't enough. There were her friends, of course, and there was Agnes. But with the best will in the world she and Agnes had never seen eye to eye. She always had the feeling that her elder sister disapproved of her.

More and more she lived for Gail's letters, but lately they had been less frequent. It was over a week now since she had heard, and tonight she decided to ring up.

"I was worried about you, dear," she said when she heard Gail's voice. "You haven't written."

"Oh, Mother, I'm sorry. I've been meaning to, but there never seems to be time these days. What with the baby, and the washing — and at night I'm always so tired."

Emmie Nicol said she understood — and she did. But she was lonely.

The light was fading when she went back to the sitting-room and she switched on the standard lamp. No use feeling sorry for herself, she thought. She would get her knitting and start that romper-suit for little Jim. The intricate pattern would keep her mind occupied.

Her knitting-bag was in the side-board drawer, and as she got it out she noticed the packet containing the last incense taper. Why not light it now? It would be pleasant to fill the room with that delicious per-

fume, and there was no point in saving it.

She thought of the previous ones she had burned. Of the evening when Gail had received her long-awaited phone call from Jim—of the time when they had left her to start their married life—and of the night their baby had been born. Well, she was a grandmother now (although she didn't feel like one)—and too old to indulge herself in foolish superstitions. She would light the last one.

She had just settled down to her knitting when the door-bell rang, and she stood up eagerly. Any company would be better than her thoughts tonight, she told herself. Even Agnes. Though if it were her sister she wouldn't stay long. The scent of the incense would soon drive her home.

She patted her hair and removed her reading glasses. Then opening the front door she peered out at the dimly lit porch. A large masculine figure stood there.

"Yes?" she began. And then, "Ben! Oh, Ben, how good to see you! You didn't tell me you were coming to Australia."

HE took both her hands between his large ones before stepping into the hall.

"Thought I'd surprise you, Em," he said, beaming. He followed her into the sitting-room and sat down. His face was serious now.

"Matter of fact my brother died. There seemed to be nothing to keep me in England, and as he left me his money I thought what better way to spend some of it than by going to see Emmie? And so here I am."

"Oh, Ben," she said tremulously. "You don't know how good it is to see you again. I get pretty lonely now that Gail's married."

"Can't imagine a pretty young woman like you feeling lonely," he said gruffly. "I've often thought about you, Em, but then I'd think what would you see in an old codger like me?"

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Use the present opportunity to the full, for these are evil days. So do not be fools, but try to understand what the will of the Lord is. —Ephesians 5; 16, 17. (New English Bible)

To hide his embarrassment he drew hard on his pipe.

"Should have asked you before if you minded this thing," he said, taking it from his mouth.

"No, I can scarcely smell it, Ben," she answered truthfully. "Because of the incense."

"Incense?" And he sniffed. "Ah, I see you've got the temple there, Em. I felt sure you'd like it."

"Yes, and that's the very last of the incense you sent me. I've used them sparingly as you told me, Ben. Are they supposed to have any magical properties?"

He laughed. "Bless you, no. Though I believe the Chinese burn them to ward off evil spirits. That was all I could send because I had no more money. I'd changed my currency for sterling before leaving and found at the last minute I had a couple of coins jingling in my pocket."

Emmie Nicol picked up the flimsy green paper that had contained the tapers.

"Then you don't believe," she asked quietly, as she folded the empty packet, "that they could bring good luck?"

"No. I'm not a bit superstitious. Are you, Em?"

"Of course not," she answered, slipping the scrap of paper into her knitting bag. Then she smiled to herself as she glanced first at the Chinese temple then at Ben — sitting so solidly in her favorite chair.

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3893.—Side-wrapped, V-necked dress with fitted bodice, A-line skirt. Sleeveless with patch pockets, contrast binding and ties. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents (6/6) includes postage.

3895.—Shift dress with short raglan sleeves, self belt, and lined-to-edge or reversible collarless A-line wrap coat with three-quarter-length raglan sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents (7/-) includes postage.

9946.—Cool muu-muu dress with short, straight sleeves, turn-back cuffs. Pattern also has puffed and cape sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents (5/-) includes postage.

3598.—Short-sleeved, semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress, collarless or narrow self collar included in pattern. Sizes: Young jun., 30½, 31½, 33in. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents (5/-) includes postage.

4002.—Easy-to-make two-piece. Slightly fitted overblouse (in two lengths) with V-neckline, with or without patch pockets, and bow-trimmed demi-belt or purchased belt. Slightly fitted slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents (6/6) includes postage.



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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

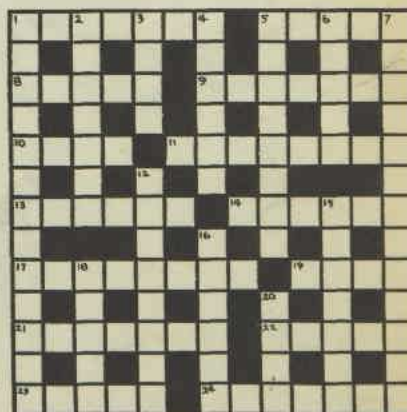
AFTER foiling the thieves, Mandrake and Lothar make their way to Intel headquarters. There Jed — fearing Muggs' gang is planning to destroy Intel — tells Skinny to trail them. READ ON:



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Outline figure of a dim rag (7).
- Its story was written by Mary McCarthy (5).
- He wanted a pie without any money (5).
- Nerve tissue (7).
- Woman's name used in a goal (4).
- Nice peas (anagr., 8).
- Remote brawl in a litter of pigs (6).
- You found this language group in a rug (6).
- Pleaders (anagr., 8).
- Bookie to turn in this locality (4).
- Power of entrance made by singers (7).
- Birthplace of Karl Marx (5).
- Dry as units of measure (5).
- Pertaining to the fingers (7).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Record on shape starts this inconsistency (13).
- Are grim for an esquire (7).
- Browning wrote about it and the Book (4).
- Swift in his Journal to Stella says that it is the parson's holiday (6).
- Measuring of casks holding excisable liquors (8).
- A constellation or electrically charged particle (5).
- Abnormal (13).
- Greek god of dreams (8).
- Devil starts to stamp (7).
- See lad (anagr., 6).
- Regal beer (5).
- Most agitators keep such deer (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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The Australian  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**  
presents

# SPRING DESSERTS

FROM OUR  
LEILA HOWARD  
TEST KITCHEN



**FRESH FRUIT SALAD**  
Recipe on page 2

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 21, 1966

SPRING DESSERTS — Page 1



# I N D E X

	PAGE
Apricot Floating Islands	15
Baked Bananas with Orange Butter	4
Banana Cream Pie	4
Brandied Coffee Ice	2
Butterscotch Cream	15
Caramel Hazelnut Cream	15
Cherries Jubilee	10
Chinese Gingered Junket	10
Chocolate Mallow	4
Cinnamon Apple Snow	4
Creamy Rice with Pears	7
Creme Brulee a l'Orange	15
Creme Caramel	4
Crystallised Flowers	12
Fresh Fruit Salad	2
Fruit Fool	2
Fruit Fritters with Apricot Sauce	10
Fruit Salad Cream	5
Fruit Zabaglione	6
Ginger Souffle with Cream	10
Golden Puff Shells	13
Grapefruit Cheesecake	14
Ice-cream with Caramel Fruits	2
Lemon Ice	3
Lemon Mousse	15
Mango Sherbet	3
Orange Ice-cream with Brandied Oranges	11
Pineapple-Passionfruit Cream	5
Sherried Chocolate Cream	15
Souffle Grand Marnier	4
Spiced Brandied Peaches	7
Spiced Claret Orange Segments	10
Strawberry Ice	7
Strawberries in Rose Wine	7
Toffee Strawberries	7

## FRUIT FOOL

1 cup fruit puree      2 cups cream

Any type of fresh, canned or quick-frozen fruit, mashed or sieved to a puree, can be used. The fresh fruit will probably need to be sweetened. Strawberries, raspberries, cooked dried apricots—any of these make an attractive contrast to the cream. Cooked, sweetened rhubarb, well drained, can also be used.

Just before you are ready to serve, whip the cream, sweeten to taste; spoon into serving dish. Gently swirl chilled fruit puree through cream. Serve at once.

## BRANDIED COFFEE ICE

1½ cups sugar      2 tablespoons brandy or to  
3 cups water      taste  
2 tablespoons instant coffee      ½ pint cream

Place sugar and water in saucepan, stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved. Bring to boil, and boil 10 minutes. Add coffee dissolved in little warm water and the brandy; then stir in whipped cream. Spoon into refrigerator trays, freeze. When mixture is on point of setting, stir vigorously with fork, continue stirring from time to time until set through.

Serve in small dessert glasses. Top each serving, if desired, with a swirl of whipped cream.



## FRESH FRUIT SALAD

(Picture on page 1)

1 papaw      castor sugar  
4 Chinese gooseberries      white wine

Halve papaw, remove seeds; peel, then cut into fairly large bite-size pieces. Put into bowl, sprinkle with sugar; set aside. Peel Chinese gooseberries, cut into rings. Put into separate basin, sprinkle with sugar.

At serving time, combine both fruits in serving bowl or individual dishes. Half fill bowl or dishes with well-chilled sweet or dry white wine.



## ICE-CREAM WITH CARAMEL FRUITS

4 bananas      butter  
4 slices fresh or canned      1 dessertspoon lemon juice  
pineapple      vanilla ice-cream  
2 tablespoons brown sugar

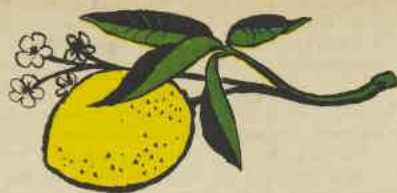
Peel bananas, cut in half; halve pineapple slices. Arrange fruit in base of griller pan, sprinkle with brown sugar and lemon juice, dot with butter. Place under low heat, and cook, basting frequently with the caramel, until fruit is hot and glazed (about 5 to 7 minutes).

Place fruit in serving dishes, top with ice-cream, spoon sauce over.

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight liquid ounce cup measure are used in our recipes. Quantities given will serve 4 to 6.

Pictures in this book by Don Cameron.





### MANGO SHERBET

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	1-3rd cup lemon juice
2 cups sugar	3 cups milk
1lb. can mango pulp	1 egg-white

Place water and sugar in a saucepan, stir over a gentle heat until the sugar has dissolved, then boil to soft-ball stage (240 degrees F., when a little, dropped into cold water, forms a soft ball between fingers). Allow to cool slightly, then pour in a steady stream on to mango pulp and lemon juice, stirring all the time. Stir in milk a little at a time. Lastly, add very lightly beaten egg-white. Pour mixture in refrigerator trays and place in freezer. When mixture begins to harden at edges, stir vigorously with a fork. Continue stirring occasionally to break down ice particles until mixture has frozen through.

### LEMON ICE

2 cups sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
4 cups water	few drops yellow
grated rind 1 lemon	food coloring

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil, boil 5 minutes. Add lemon rind and juice; cool. Tint with a few drops of yellow food coloring. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze. When on the point of hardening, stir vigorously with a fork and continue stirring occasionally until mixture has set through.

To serve: Either fill into hollowed-out lemon skins, as shown at right, or spoon into small glasses. Garnish, if desired, with lemon slice or lemon blossom.







### SOUFFLE GRAND MARNIER

- |                        |                             |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1½ cups milk           | 6oz. butter                 |
| 1 cup sugar            | 6 eggs                      |
| 3oz. plain flour       | 4 tablespoons Grand Marnier |
| 1 tablespoon cornflour |                             |

Combine in saucepan the milk and 4 tablespoons sugar, bring to scalding point. Mix together sifted flour and cornflour with butter, cut into small pieces; gradually stir in scalded milk. Separate eggs, gradually stir in beaten yolks to milk mixture. Cook over gentle heat 2 minutes; allow to cool. Stir in Grand Marnier. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in remaining sugar, continue beating until sugar dissolves. Fold gently into custard mixture. Fill into 8in. souffle dish which has been well greased and dusted with sugar. Stand in pan with hot water coming half-way up sides, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Serve with Apricot Sauce.

**Apricot Sauce:** Heat contents of 1 large can of drained apricots until apricots begin to fall apart. Remove from heat, stir in 4 tablespoons Grand Marnier.

### BAKED BANANAS WITH ORANGE BUTTER

- |                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 6 ripe bananas    | 2oz. butter         |
| 3 oranges         | little extra butter |
| ½ cup brown sugar |                     |

Grate rind from one orange. Cream butter and sugar, add grated orange rind. Peel oranges and cut fruit into thin slices, removing seeds. Peel and slice bananas. Arrange alternate layers of banana, orange, and creamed mixture in buttered ovenproof dish, finishing with layer of bananas. Dot with little extra butter. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Serve very hot with whipped cream.

### BANANA CREAM PIE

- |                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1oz. butter             | 2 eggs                  |
| 3oz. brown sugar        | ½ pint cream            |
| ½ pint water            | 3 or 4 bananas          |
| ½ pint milk             | lemon juice             |
| 1 dessertspoon gelatine | 9in. baked pastry shell |

Combine in saucepan butter, brown sugar, and half the water; cook, stirring, until sugar has dissolved (about 2 minutes); cool slightly, stir in milk. Soften gelatine in remaining water, dissolve over hot water, cool; blend in to milk mixture.

Separate eggs. Add slightly beaten yolks to milk mixture, stirring; cool. When beginning to stiffen slightly, fold in lightly whipped cream, then stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Peel bananas and slice. Dip into lemon juice; reserve some slices for decoration. Arrange remainder on base of cooked pastry shell. Pour cream mixture over carefully, refrigerate until set.

Just before serving, decorate with reserved banana slices and, if desired, whipped cream.

### CINNAMON APPLE SNOW

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 4 cooking apples       | little water        |
| piece lemon rind       | 2 egg-whites        |
| 1 teaspoon lemon juice | ½ teaspoon cinnamon |
| 4 tablespoons sugar    |                     |

Peel apples, cut into quarters, remove cores. Put into saucepan with lemon rind and juice, sugar, and 2 or 3 tablespoons water. Cook gently until apples are tender; remove lemon rind, then mash to a pulp. Set aside to cool.

Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form; beat in the cinnamon. Gradually beat in the apple mixture.

Serve in small dessert glasses. Top, if desired, with a spoonful of whipped cream.



### CREME CARAMEL

- |              |                           |
|--------------|---------------------------|
| ½ cup sugar  | 2 extra tablespoons sugar |
| little water | 1 teaspoon vanilla        |
| 2 whole eggs | 1 pint milk               |
| 3 egg-yolks  |                           |

Place the ½ cup sugar in small saucepan with little hot water, cook until it turns a rich caramel color. Pour into warmed ovenproof dish or individual heatproof dishes. Turn dish round so caramel coats sides and base.

Beat eggs and egg-yolks in bowl with the extra sugar and vanilla, slowly stir in scalded milk. Strain into prepared dish, stand in tin with hot water coming halfway up sides. Bake in moderately slow oven until custard is set (about 45 to 50 minutes for one large custard, about 30 minutes for individual servings); remove from oven, cool, then refrigerate. Turn out on to serving plate. If desired, serve with a bowl of whipped cream flavored with little rum.



### CHOCOLATE MALLOWS

- |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| ½lb. marshmallows   | 2 teaspoons vanilla |
| 2oz. dark chocolate | pinch salt          |
| 2 cups milk         | 1 cup cream         |

Cut marshmallows into quarters, set aside. Melt chopped chocolate over hot water, blend with milk. Combine with marshmallows; heat in top of double saucepan over hot water until well blended. Stir in vanilla and salt. Turn into bowl, cool, then whip mixture until it forms soft peaks; fold in whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until set.





### FRUIT SALAD CREAM

(Shown at right and below)

- |                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 large can fruit salad    | 1 cup cream              |
| 1oz. glace cherries        | 1 cup toasted coconut or |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar    | macaroon crumbs          |
| 1 dessertspoon lemon juice |                          |

Drain fruit salad. Combine with halved cherries, sugar, and lemon juice. Fold in whipped cream.

Sprinkle half the toasted coconut or macaroon crumbs on base of large refrigerator tray or 8in. springform pan. Carefully spoon over the cream mixture; top with remaining coconut or crumbs.

Freeze for several hours until firm



### PINEAPPLE-PASSIONFRUIT CREAM

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned crushed pineapple | 1 dessertspoon lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup passionfruit pulp        | 1 dessertspoon gelatine    |
| 1 tablespoon sugar                         | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water    |
|  | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream   |

Combine the well-drained pineapple with passionfruit, sugar, and lemon juice. Cover, let stand 1 hour.

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water, add to fruit mixture. Fold in gently but thoroughly the firmly whipped cream. Turn into basin or mould, refrigerate 3 to 4 hours or overnight. Unmould on to chilled plate.





### FRUIT ZABAGLIONE

6 egg-yolks  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup liqueur

2 tablespoons water  
 1 large can fruit

Place egg-yolks and sugar in the top of double boiler, beat over slowly simmering water until mixture is thick and pale in color. Gradually beat in liqueur and water; continue to beat until mixture foams and begins to thicken. Remove from base of double boiler and continue beating until saucepan is cool to touch. Place one layer of drained sliced fruit in glasses, spoon Zabaglione over, then top with extra fruit slices as shown above.

Note: Liqueurs can be varied to blend with fruit used. Some good flavor combinations are:

- Creme de Menthe with sliced Chinese gooseberries, pears, or bananas.
- Curacao, Grand Marnier, or Cointreau with peaches, apricots, orange slices, mandarin segments, pineapple pieces, or strawberries.
- Creme de Cacao or other chocolate- or coffee-flavored liqueur with bananas or pears.
- Kirsch with cherries.





## TOFFEE STRAWBERRIES

(Picture overleaf)

1 punnet strawberries      1 cup water  
2 cups sugar

Wash strawberries gently, spread on absorbent paper to dry. Place sugar and water in a small saucepan and stir over a gentle heat until the sugar has dissolved. Raise heat and bring to boil. Brush the sides of the pan with water to remove any sugar particles. Boil syrup until it becomes a very pale gold color. Remove from heat immediately. Using tongs, hold strawberries by the stem into the syrup, coating the entire fruit except the stem. Place on greased baking trays and leave until toffee has hardened.

Serve just one or two to each person with after-dinner coffee.

## CREAMY RICE WITH PEARS

(Picture overleaf)

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup rice      1 tablespoon softened butter or substitute  
2 cups water      3 beaten egg-yolks  
2 cups hot milk      1 large can pear halves  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar      angelica  
pinch salt      cloves  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla

Combine rice with water, bring slowly to boil, simmer 10 to 15 minutes; drain.

In double boiler place hot milk, sugar, salt, and rice, stir well. Cook over hot water 30 to 40 minutes, or until rice is tender. Remove from heat, stir in softened butter, vanilla, and beaten egg-yolks. Press mixture gently into wetted  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -pint mould, then turn out on to serving plate; cool, then refrigerate.

Drain pears well; reserve syrup. Use angelica strips in top to represent stalk, and clove in base. Arrange pears round edge of rice mould on serving dish.

### SAUCE

reserved syrup from pears      raspberry jam  
1 tablespoon apricot or

Place the pear syrup in a saucepan with the jam, stir until jam has dissolved. Bring to the boil and boil rapidly until syrup has reduced to half original quantity. Strain; cool.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 21, 1966



## STRAWBERRIES IN ROSE WINE

(Picture overleaf)

strawberries      rose wine  
sugar

Wash and hull strawberries, arrange in individual serving glasses. Sprinkle with a little sugar.

Pour over chilled rose wine until strawberries are about three-quarters covered. Serve at once.

## STRAWBERRY ICE

(Picture overleaf)

2 punnets strawberries      juice of 1 lemon  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar      juice of 1 orange  
2 cups water

Wash and hull strawberries, reserving a few unhulled for garnish. Place sugar and water in a saucepan. Slowly bring to boil, stirring until sugar has dissolved. Boil gently for 15 minutes; remove from heat and cool slightly.

Mash the strawberries with a fork, then pass through a sieve. Stir in strained orange and lemon juice. Pour syrup on to fruit puree. Allow to cool, then transfer to ice trays. Place in freezer. Once mixture begins to set, stir occasionally until frozen through.

Serve in glasses, topped with a whole strawberry.

## SPICED BRANDIED PEACHES

(Picture at right)

1 large can peach halves      1-3rd cup brandy  
small pieces stick cinnamon

Drain peaches, reserving syrup. Place syrup in a saucepan with the cinnamon, boil until reduced by half. Remove from heat, allow to cool slightly before adding brandy; pour over peaches. Serve chilled.





**STRAWBERRY ICE,  
STRAWBERRIES  
IN ROSE WINE,  
TOFFEE STRAWBERRIES**

(Recipes on page 7)



**CREAMY RICE  
WITH PEARS**

(Recipe on page 7)







**FRUIT FRITTERS  
WITH APRICOT SAUCE**

(Recipe on page 10)



**CHINESE  
GINGERED  
JUNKET**

(Recipe on page 10)



## SPICED CLARET ORANGE SEGMENTS

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 4 to 5 oranges          | 2 cloves             |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 2 in. stick cinnamon |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water | 3 thin slices lemon  |
| 1 cup claret            |                      |

Peel oranges carefully, removing all pith and outer membrane of the segments. Using a small, sharp knife, cut into the centre of each orange to remove the flesh in segments without the membrane. Remove any pips.

Place the sugar in saucepan with the water and claret. Stir over a gentle heat until the sugar has dissolved, bring to the boil and add the remaining ingredients tied in a piece of muslin. Simmer 5 minutes. Pour the hot syrup over the orange segments, allow to cool. Refrigerate several hours, serve very cold.



## GINGER SOUFFLE WITH CREAM

- |                                      |                        |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1oz. butter                          | 1 cup preserved ginger |
| 1oz. plain flour                     | 1 dessertspoon brandy  |
| 1 cup milk                           | 6 eggs                 |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar              | castor sugar           |
| pinch salt                           | whipped cream          |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground ginger |                        |

Separate eggs. Wash the syrup from the ginger and chop ginger finely.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over gentle heat 1 minute. Remove from heat, gradually blend in the milk; add sugar, salt, and ground ginger. Return to heat, bring to boil, stirring; simmer a few minutes. Stir in chopped ginger and brandy; cool. Stir in beaten egg-yolks, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into buttered 8 in. souffle dish which has been dusted with a little castor sugar. Stand in tin containing boiling water, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderately hot, cook further 30 minutes or until souffle is firm to the touch.

Serve immediately; top each serving with a spoonful of whipped cream, flavored, if desired, with a little of the ginger syrup or brandy.

## CHERRIES JUBILEE

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 lb. can black cherries | 4 tablespoons kirsch or |
| 1 dessertspoon arrowroot | cherry brandy           |
| little cold water        | vanilla ice-cream       |

Drain cherries, reserving syrup; remove stones from cherries. Pour reserved syrup into saucepan or chafing dish. Mix arrowroot to a paste with cold water, add the paste to syrup in saucepan and cook, stirring, until sauce boils and thickens. Add cherries, heat through, then pour over heated kirsch or cherry brandy, and ignite. Spoon over scoops of vanilla ice-cream. Serve at once.

## FRUIT FRITTERS WITH APRICOT SAUCE

(Picture on page 9)

- |                                |                |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| drained canned pineapple rings | bananas        |
| apple rings                    | plain flour    |
|                                | oil for frying |

### BATTER

- |                           |                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 6 tablespoons plain flour | pinch salt                |
| 1 tablespoon oil          | 5 tablespoons tepid water |
| 1 egg                     |                           |

Peel bananas, halve them crosswise. Cut pineapple and apple rings in half also if large. Toss in flour.

**Batter:** Sift flour with salt. Make a well in centre and gradually work in tepid water. Beat egg-yolk and add with oil. Mix well together. Cover and let batter stand at room temperature 2 hours. Whisk egg-white until stiff, fold into batter.

Dip floured fruit pieces into batter, lift and allow excess batter to drain. Fry in hot oil until golden. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot dredged with icing sugar; offer apricot sauce separately.

### APRICOT SAUCE

- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried apricots | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar   |
| 2 cups water                     | juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon |

Wash the apricots. Cover with the water and leave to soak about 2 hours. Transfer to a saucepan with the water and simmer until tender (about 15 minutes). Pass through a sieve or puree in electric blender. Add sugar and lemon juice. Stir in sufficient warm water to give a pouring consistency.

If desired, flavor sauce with 1 dessertspoon rum or brandy.

## CHINESE GINGERED JUNKET

(Picture on page 9)

- |                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 vanilla junket tablets | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 tablespoon cold water  | nutmeg             |
| 1 pint milk              | preserved ginger   |
| 2 tablespoons sugar      | with syrup         |

Crush junket tablets, dissolve in the cold water. Heat milk to lukewarm (do not overheat), add sugar and vanilla. Add dissolved junket tablets, stir in quickly. Pour into individual serving glasses, let stand in warm place until set, about 15 minutes; then refrigerate.

Before serving, sprinkle with nutmeg, arrange over top some sliced preserved ginger; spoon over a little of the ginger syrup.







## ORANGE ICE-CREAM WITH BRANDIED ORANGES

### ORANGE ICE-CREAM

- |                     |                                    |
|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 pint cold water   | 1 pint cream                       |
| 2 cups sugar        | grated rind 4 medium-sized oranges |
| 2 cups orange juice |                                    |
| 2 egg-yolks         |                                    |

Place sugar, orange rind, and water in heavy saucepan; allow sugar to dissolve, stirring, before mixture boils. Bring to slow rolling boil and maintain this 7 to 10 minutes until mixture forms very thin syrup; strain. Beat egg-yolks lightly, add to orange juice and syrup; cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring constantly; cool. Pour mixture into refrigerator trays, refrigerate until well chilled.

Whip cream stiffly, add orange mixture gradually; beat until smoothly blended. Return to refrigerator trays, freeze until firm; stir several times during freezing.

Spoon into individual serving dishes, top with Brandied Oranges as shown at right:

### BRANDIED ORANGES

- |                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 6 navel oranges           | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water  |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy |

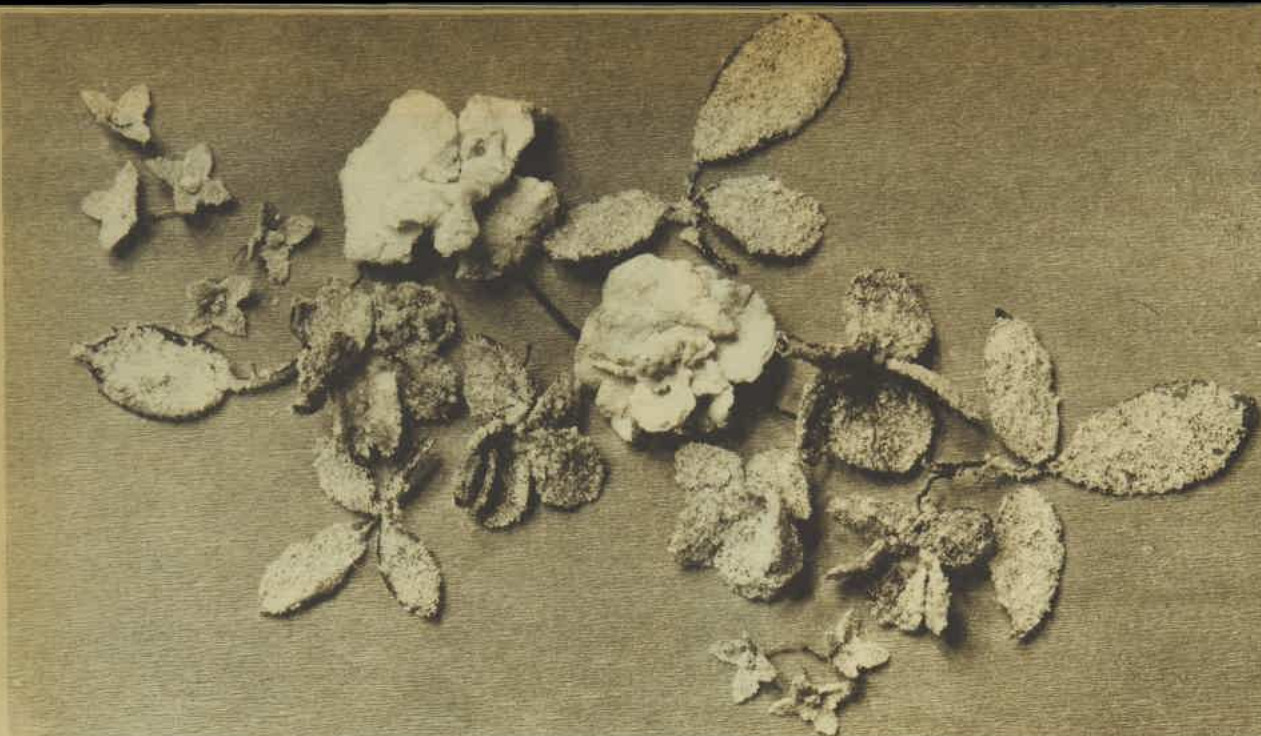
Peel oranges, cut into segments. Remove all white pith from rind of 1 orange, cut enough of this rind into thin slivers to make 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls. Combine sugar, water, and orange slivers; cook over medium heat 5 to 8 minutes, or until syrup spins a thin thread. Pour hot syrup over orange sections, add brandy, stir gently to mix. Cool, then chill.

If desired, add a section of praline for decoration, or crumble praline and sprinkle over the dessert.

**Praline:** Spread a well-buttered scone tray with even layer of brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick; leave border round edges. Place under grill, about 5 in. or 6 in. from heat. Watch, turning pan to cook evenly, until sugar is bubbling; this will take about 1 minute. Let cool a little, then with spatula loosen praline from tray. When completely cool, break into pieces.







## HOW TO CRYSTALLISE FRESH FLOWERS

**A** CRYSTALLISED violet or two to top a lemon mousse or tiny rosebuds to add decoration to a cake are unusual and delightful. Stored in airtight tins they will keep almost indefinitely.

Castor sugar is used for coating; for a finer finish, put castor sugar into blender, blend for a few seconds. This will give a much finer sugar and daintier effect when finished.

Select small flowers in perfect bud or bloom; the simpler the shape, the easier they are to crystallise. Cecil Brunner roses, rose leaves, violets, and boronia are shown above.

### CRYSTALLISING SOLUTION

2oz. rose water  
3 teaspoons powdered  
gum arabic

1 teaspoon sugar  
castor sugar

**Note:** Rose water and powdered gum arabic are obtainable from chemists.

Place rose water, gum arabic, and sugar in small basin. Stand in saucepan containing hot water and dissolve the

gum arabic over gentle heat, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, leave basin in hot water in saucepan while coating flowers. Using paintbrush, coat petals and calyx of flowers thinly with the solution, taking care every part of flower is covered. Dip in castor sugar, shaking off any excess sugar. Place on greaseproof paper over wire rack; leave to dry 3 to 4 days. Store in airtight tins in cool place.

If you want to eat the crystallised flowers, be sure to choose a non-poisonous type. Violets are a good, safe choice. Leaves are for decoration only and should not be eaten.



## GOLDEN PUFF SHELLS

### CHOUX PASTRY

1 cup water  
3oz. butter or substitute  
pinch salt

1 cup plain flour  
3 large or 4 medium eggs

### FILLING

1 large can sliced peaches } pint cream

**Pastry:** Place water, butter, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Add sifted flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick. When it is a smooth ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Paste should be very smooth and free from lumps.

Choose small, thick saucers—not too large; they should be just small enough for individual servings. Refrigerate them until they are well chilled. (This will make it easier to spread the paste.)

Allow about 1 tablespoonful of pastry to each saucer. Using the back of tablespoon, spread paste over saucer, building up edges a little to form a rim. Repeat until all paste is used. (A few puffs can be baked at a time if you have not enough saucers. Allow saucers to cool, then refrigerate and spread with additional paste.) Bake in very hot oven 15 to 20 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 20 to 25 minutes or until puffs are golden and feel light in the hand. Cool on wire tray away from draughts.

**Filling:** Reserve a few peach slices to top completed puffs. Chop remainder and fill into puffs. Top with whipped cream, decorate with peach slices. Dust edges of puffs with sifted icing sugar, as shown at right.

**Note:** Almost any type of filling can be used to advantage in these golden puffs. Try any of the following:

- Stewed, sweetened apple pulp, cooked with a piece of lemon rind; top with a light dusting of cinnamon, then cream.
- Lemon filling, as for lemon meringue pie. Top with meringue or whipped cream.
- Drained, canned pineapple; top with a scoop of ice-cream.



The Australian Women's Weekly—September 21, 1966



SPRING DESSERTS—Page 13





## GRAPEFRUIT CHEESECAKE

### CRUMB CRUST

10oz. plain sweet biscuits  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg 5oz. butter or substitute

### FILLING

2 to 3 large grapefruit 1 tablespoon gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated grapefruit rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grapefruit juice 1 dessertspoon lemon juice  
2 eggs  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar 1lb. cream cheese  
pinch salt  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream

**Crumb Crust:** Crush biscuits very finely, blend with the nutmeg and cinnamon. Add melted butter, mix well to form a shortbread. Press over base and sides of 8in. spring-form pan. Refrigerate while preparing filling.

**Filling:** Peel grapefruit, removing all white pith and membrane. Section the fruit; do this over a bowl so no juice is lost. Squeeze the juice from the membrane; there should be about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup altogether. Set aside 6 or 8 nice grapefruit sections for garnish, cut remainder into small pieces.

Separate 1 egg. In top of double boiler beat together the yolk, plus 1 whole egg, the sugar, salt, and 1 tablespoon of grapefruit juice. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring, until smoothly thickened. Soften gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water. Stir into cooked custard until dissolved. Remove from heat, cool.

Press cream cheese through fine sieve, blend thoroughly with remaining grapefruit juice, fruit rinds and juice. Beat gradually into cooled custard. Fold grapefruit pieces, stiffly whipped cream, and stiffly beaten egg-white into cheese mixture. Spoon into prepared crumb case, garnish with grapefruit sections as shown at left. Chill several hours or overnight.





### SHERRIED CHOCOLATE CREAM

(Picture overleaf)

- |                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 6oz. chocolate bits            | pinch salt                      |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet sherry | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon |
| 3 dessertspoons sugar          | 4 eggs                          |
| 1 teaspoon instant coffee      |                                 |

Separate eggs. In top of double saucepan combine chocolate bits, sherry, sugar, coffee, salt, and cinnamon. Cook over hot water, stirring, until chocolate has melted and mixture is well blended and smooth. Remove from heat, allow to cool completely.

Into the cooled mixture beat egg-yolks, one at a time; beat well. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, fold in gently but thoroughly.

Spoon into serving dishes, chill.

If desired, alternate mixture with macaroon crumbs, as shown in picture; sprinkle each layer of macaroon crumbs with a little sweet sherry.

### LEMON MOUSSE

(Picture overleaf)

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon gelatine    | 3 lemons                |
| 2 tablespoons cold water | 3 tablespoons hot water |
| 3 eggs                   |                         |
| 54oz. castor sugar       |                         |

Soften gelatine in cold water. Separate the eggs and beat the yolks with the sugar until light and fluffy. Add the grated rind of 2 lemons and the juice of all 3. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot water, stir into the lemon mixture. Place in the refrigerator, stirring occasionally. When on the point of setting, whisk the egg-whites stiffly and fold into lemon mixture.

Turn into a serving dish or glasses and chill until set completely.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 21, 1966

### APRICOT FLOATING ISLANDS

(Picture overleaf)

- |                                    |                                  |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 large can drained apricot halves | 2 cups milk                      |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ egg-yolks            | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar            | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cornflour |
|                                    | toasted slivered almonds         |

#### MERINGUE

milk for poaching

- |                          |
|--------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ egg-whites |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar  |

Beat egg-yolks with sugar and cornflour until light. Scald milk, add to yolks, stirring well. Cook in double boiler over simmering water, stirring until thick enough to coat a spoon. Strain through a fine strainer into cold bowl, add vanilla. Leave until cold.

Reserve 6 apricot halves for meringues, cut remainder in half. Fill serving bowl with apricots and custard.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually adding sugar to make a stiff meringue consistency. Press reserved apricots through a sieve and fold the pulp carefully into meringue. Using a wet tablespoon, form the meringue into oval shapes. Slip off the spoon into just simmering milk, or milk and water. Cook approximately 2 minutes on each side. Lift from milk, drain on absorbent paper.

Arrange meringues on top of custard, sprinkle with almonds.



### BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM

- |                   |                         |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup brown sugar | 1 tablespoon gelatine   |
| 3oz. butter       | 2 tablespoons hot water |
| 2 cups hot milk   | 1 teaspoon vanilla      |
| 2 eggs            |                         |

Put into saucepan butter and sugar, heat gently 5 minutes; be sure mixture does not burn. Add hot milk. Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks, add a little of the hot mixture to them, pour back into saucepan. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens a little; remove from heat, cool.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to custard. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in; add vanilla. Pour into wetted mould, refrigerate until set.



### CREME BRULEE A L'ORANGE

- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 4 egg-yolks                 | 1 pint cream                             |
| 1 tablespoon sugar          | 1 dessertspoon finely grated orange rind |
| 1 tablespoon orange curacao | brown sugar                              |

Beat egg-yolks with sugar until light and creamy. Scald cream, gradually add to egg-yolks, stirring well. Stir in curacao and orange rind. Transfer to top of double boiler; cook over hot, not boiling, water until mixture thickens and coats spoon. Stir constantly. Strain into shallow oven-proof dish, chill thoroughly.

About 1 hour before serving, dust entire surface with even layer of brown sugar, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Place under heated griller until sugar melts and caramelises. This takes only a few moments, so watch mixture does not burn. Chill again before serving.

To serve, tap the topping lightly with a spoon to break the surface.

### CARAMEL HAZELNUT CREAM

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar                  | 2 eggs                        |
| 3 tablespoons coarsely chopped hazelnuts | 1 dessertspoon cornflour      |
| 1 cup water                              | extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk                   | 1 to 2 dessertspoons rum      |
|  | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream       |

Separate eggs. Place  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar in saucepan, cook over low heat until golden brown, shaking pan occasionally so sugar does not burn. Stir in nuts until they are well coated with the melted sugar. Add water, simmer until mixture is smooth and syrupy (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat, beat in milk, egg-yolks, and cornflour, which has been blended with a little water.

Place over hot (not boiling) water. Return to heat; cook, stirring until mixture is thick enough to coat a wooden spoon. Remove from heat, add extra sugar and rum, set aside to cool. When completely cool, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and whipped cream.

Spoon into individual serving glasses. Top, if desired, with very finely chopped hazelnuts.

SPRING DESSERTS — Page 15





**APRICOT  
FLOATING  
ISLANDS**

(Recipe on page 15)



**LEMON MOUSSE,  
SHERRIED  
CHOCOLATE CREAM**

(Recipes on page 15)